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NME
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Heaven's Above!

IT'S ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN
Talking about rock, religion and porcupines
by Richard Cook

SHANNON JACKSON
KISSING THE PINK
HANNAH WILKE
BLANCMANGE
EURYTHMICS
SQUEEZE

Where there's a Will (Sergeant), there's an angel. Pic Anton Corbijn.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
	2	TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART	Bonnie Tyler (CBS)	3	1
2	1	BILLY JEAN	Michael Jackson (Epic)	7	1
3	3	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS)	Eurythmics (RCA)	3	3
4	6	ROCK THE BOAT	Forrest (CBS)	3	4
5	17	NA NA HEY HEY KISS HIM GOODBYE	Bananarama (London)	3	5
6	4	AFRICA	Toto (CBS)	6	3
7	8	LOVE ON YOUR SIDE	Thompson Twins (Arista)	5	7
8	9	TOO SHY	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	8	1
9	5	TOMORROW'S (JUST ANOTHER DAY)	Madness (Stiff)	4	5
10	11	SHE MEANS NOTHING TO ME	Phil Everly/Cliff Richard (Capitol)	4	10
11	15	BABY COME TO ME	Patti Austin & James Ingram (Qwest)	3	11
12	10	COMMUNICATION	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	5	10
13	13	TUNNEL OF LOVE	Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	6	8
14	20	GENETIC ENGINEERING	OMITD (Telegraph)	4	14
15	27	HIGH LIFE	Modern Romance (WEA)	2	15
16	7	NEVER GONNA GIVE YOU UP	Musical Youth (MCA)	4	7
17	12	CHANGE	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	6	4
18	(—)	SPEAK LIKE A CHILD	Style Council (Polydor)	1	18
19	14	HEY LITTLE GIRL	Ice House (Chrysalis)	3	14
20	(—)	YOU CAN'T HIDE YOUR LOVE FROM ME	David Joseph (Island)	1	20
21	19	WAVES	Blancmange (London)	3	19
22	(—)	RIP IT UP	Orange Juice (Polydor)	1	22
23	18	GET THE BALANCE RIGHT	Depeche Mode (Mute)	5	18
24	16	UP WHERE WE BELONG	Joe Cocker & Jennifer Warnes (Island)	8	5
25	(—)	RUN FOR YOUR LIFE	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	1	25
26	24	NUMBERS/BARRIERS	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	2	24
27	(—)	DROP THE PILOT	Joan Armatrading (A & M)	1	27
28	(—)	WE'VE GOT TONIGHT	Kenny Rogers & Sheena Easton (Liberty)	1	28
29	(—)	SOWETO	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	1	29
30	(—)	ALL TOMORROW'S PARTIES	Japan (Hansa)	1	30

Pic Chalkie Davies

Joan Armatrading turns the key at No 9 in the album chart.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
	1	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)	13	1
2	16	THUNDER & LIGHTNING	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	2	2
3	8	WAR	U2 (Island)	2	3
4	5	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS)	Eurythmics (RCA)	5	4
5	(—)	TRUE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	1	5
6	(—)	DAZZLE SHIPS	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Telegraph)	1	6
7	26	HOTLINE	Various (K-Tel)	2	7
8	3	TOTO 1V	Toto (CBS)	3	3
9	(—)	THE KEY	Joan Armatrading (A & M)	1	9
10	4	BUSINESS AS USUAL	Men At Work (Epic)	10	1
11	2	QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK	Thompson Twins (Arista)	3	2
12	18	VISIONS	Various (K-Tel)	6	10
13	10	WORKOUT	Jane Fonda (CBS)	3	10
14	15	WAITING	Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	4	7
15	6	ANOTHER PAGE	Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)	4	3
16	27	PYROMANIA	Def Leppard (Vertigo)	2	16
17	(—)	THE HURTING	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	1	17
18	9	RICHARD CLAYDERMAN	Richard Clayderman (Delphine)	13	4
19	11	THE BELLE STARS	The Belle Stars (Stiff)	6	11
20	19	HELLO I MUST BE GOING	Phil Collins (Virgin)	18	2
21	7	NIGHT & DAY	Joe Jackson (A & M)	8	3
22	12	HEARTBREAKER	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	19	2
23	17	PORCUPINE	Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	6	2
24	13	THE JOHN LENNON COLLECTION	John Lennon (Parlophone)	16	1
25	23	SHOW PEOPLE	Mari Wilson (Compact)	3	20
26	(—)	COMPLETE MADNESS	Madness (Stiff)	30	1
27	(—)	DEEP SEA SKIVING	Bananarama (London)	1	27
28	21	FRONTIERS	Journey (CBS)	5	9
29	24	MONEY & CIGARETTES	Eric Clapton (Duck)	5	15
30	14	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	38	2

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1 (6) **Fat Man** ..... Southern Death Cult (Situation 2)
2 (1) **Oblivious** ..... Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
3 (2) **Get The Balance Right** Depeche Mode (Mute)
4 (4) **Somewhere/Hide** ..... Danse Society (Society)
5 (3) **Bad Seed** ..... Birthday Party (4AD)
6 (5) **Johnny Remember Me** ..... Meteors (ID)
7 (10) **Mexican Radio** ..... Wall Of Voodoo (Illegal)
8 (—) **Blue Monday** ..... New Order (Factory)
9 (9) **Lined Up** ..... Shriekback (Y)
10 (—) **People EP** ..... Action Pact (Fall Out)
11 (7) **New Age** ..... Blitz (Future)
12 (11) **You Must Be Mad** ... Marine Girls (Cherry Red)
13 (17) **In Nomini Patri** ..... Alternative (Crass)
14 (—) **Mental Disorder EP** ..... Disorder (Disorder)
15 (19) **Shoot You Down** ..... APB (Oily)
16 (8) **Plain Sailing** ..... Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
17 (14) **As High As You Can Go** ... Chameleons (Statik)
18 (12) **Alice** ..... Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
19 (13) **Hit The O Deck** ..... Pigbag (Y)
20 (18) **Wessex 82** ..... Various (Bluurg)
21 (—) **Anaconda** Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
22 (25) **They've Got It All Wrong EP** Anthrax (Small Wonder)
23 (—) **Limo Life** ..... Urban Dogs (Fall Out)
24 (28) **Halloween** ..... Dead Kennedys (Statik)
25 (—) **Crazy About Love** ..... Wire (Rough Trade)
26 (—) **Points Of View** ..... Emergency (Riot City)
27 (—) **Reptiles For Tea EP** ..... Reptiles (Volume)
28 (20) **Out On The Floor** ..... Dobie Gray (Inferno)
29 (26) **Into The Abyss** Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
30 (—) **Heartache Avenue** ..... Maisonettes (RSG)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1 (3) **Song And Legend** Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
2 (1) **Pillows And Prayers** ..... Various (Cherry Red)
3 (2) **Wreckin' Crew** ..... Meteors (ID)
4 (4) **Strive To Survive** Flux Of Pink Indians (Spiderleg)
5 (6) **Partisans** ..... Partisans (No Future)
6 (5) **A Distant Shore** .... Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
7 (14) **What's Words Worth** .... Motorhead (Big Beat)
8 (15) **Lend An Ear** ..... Pigbag (Y)
9 (7) **North Marine Drive** ..... Ben Watt (Cherry Red)
10 (9) **Seduction** ..... Danse Society (Society)
11 (8) **1981-82 The Mini Album** New Order (Factory)
12 (11) **The Culling Is Coming** 23 Skidoo (Operation Twilight)
13 (18) **Earth** ..... Misty In Roots (People Unite)
14 (16) **The Maverick Years** ..... Wah (White Label)
15 (17) **Upstairs At Eric's** ..... Yazoo (Mute)
16 (13) **Pissed And Proud** Peter And The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
17 (12) **Embrace The Herd** ..... The Gist (Rough Trade)
18 (19) **Never Mind The Dirt** ..... Dirt (Crass)
19 (28) **Gang Wars** ..... Prince Charles And The City Band (Solid Platinum)
20 (26) **Plastic Surgery Disasters** Dead Kennedys (Statik)
21 (10) **The Day The Country Died** Subhumans (Spiderleg)
22 (20) **Call Of The West** ..... Wall Of Voodoo (Illegal)
23 (23) **Lower Technology** ..... Pink Industry (Zulu)
24 (—) **Surprise, Surprise** ..... Mezzoforte (Steinar)
25 (22) **Garlands** ..... Cocteau Twins (4AD)
26 (8) **La Variete** ..... Weekend (Rough Trade)
27 (30) **If I Die, I Die** ..... Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
28 (—) **Baby Father** Linval Thompson (Greensleeves)
29 (22) **The Last Supper** ..... Bollock Brothers (Charly)
30 (27) **Under The Flag** ..... Fad Gadget (Mute)

REGGAE SINGLES

1 **Dim The Light** ..... Winston Reedy (Carousel)
2 **Young, Free And Single** ... Loretta Graham (Intense)
3 **Don't Bite The Hand** Johnny Osbourne/Aswad (Simba)
4 **Love Trap** ..... Cornel Campbell/Ray Naptali (Shuttle)
5 **Fussin' And Fightin'** Dennis Brown (Yvonne Special)
6 **Love Come Down** ..... Barry Biggs (Afrik)
7 **Lend Me The Chopper** Johnny Osbourne (Starlight)
8 **Heartbreaker** ..... Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
9 **Kunte Kinte** ..... Aquizim (Ariwa)
10 **Gunshot** ..... Anthony Johnson (Midnight Rock)
11 **Never Can Say Goodbye** ... Sugar Minott (Carousel)
12 **Young Free And Single** ..... Al Charles (Live & Love)
13 **Take You To The Show** Anthony Johnson (Midnight Rock)
14 **Love Like This** ..... Errol Dunkley (King Jam)
15 **So In Love** ..... Junior English (English Int)

REGGAE LPs

1 **Inchpinchers** ..... Wailing Souls (Greensleeves)
2 **Night Nurse** ..... Gregory Isaacs (Island)
3 **I Am Ready** ..... Freddie McGregor (Studio 1)
4 **DJ Clash II** Little Harry vs Billy Boyo (Greensleeves)
5 **Baby Father** ..... Linval Thompson (Greensleeves)

Chart compiled by M&D Records, 36a, Dalston Lane, E8.

US SINGLES

1 **Billie Jean** ..... Michael Jackson (Epic)
2 **Shame On The Moon** Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)
3 **Stray Cat Strut** ..... Stray Cats (EMI-America)
4 **Do You Really Want To Hurt Me** Culture Club (Virgin)
5 **Hungry Like The Wolf** ..... Duran Duran (Capitol)
6 **Back On The Chain Gang** ..... The Pretenders (Sire)
7 **You Are** ..... Lionel Richie (Motown)
8 **We've Got Tonight** Kenny Rogers & Sheena Easton (Liberty)
9 **Baby Come To Me** Patti Austin & James Ingram (Qwest)
10 **Separate Ways** ..... Journey (Columbia)

US LPs

1 **Thriller** ..... Michael Jackson (Epic)
2 **Frontiers** ..... Journey (CBS)
3 **H_2O** ..... Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
4 **Business As Usual** ..... Men At Work (Columbia)
5 **The Distance** Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)
6 **Rio** ..... Duran Duran (Capitol)
7 **Lionel Richie** ..... Lionel Richie (Motown)
8 **Toto 1V** ..... Toto (Columbia)
9 **Built For Speed** ..... Stray Cats (EMI-America)
10 **Pyromania** ..... Def Leppard (Mercury)

Courtesy Billboard Publications

NETHERLANDS

1 **Fame** ..... Irene Cara (RSO)
2 **Last Night A DJ Saved My Life** Indeep (Sound Of New York)
3 **Billie Jean** ..... Michael Jackson (Epic)
4 **Vriendschap** ..... Het Goede Doel (CNR)
5 **Pa** ..... Doe Maar (Sky)
6 **Electric Avenue** ..... Eddy Grant (Ice)
7 **In The Name Of Love** ..... Sharon Redd (Ramshorn)
8 **Kristallnaach** ..... Bap (Musikant)
9 **Sollicitere** ..... Janse Bagge Bend (Sky)
10 **Sign Of The Times** ..... Belle Stars (Stiff)

Stichting Nederlandse Top 40/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Wuthering Heights** ..... Kate Bush (EMI)
2 **Denis** ..... Blondie (Chrysalis)
3 **Come Back My Love** ..... Darts (Magnet)
4 **Baker Street** ..... Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)
5 **Take A Chance On Me** ..... Abba (Epic)
6 **Wishing On A Star** ..... Rose Royce (Warner Bros)
7 **Stayin' Alive** ..... Bee Gees (RSO)
8 **I Can't Stand The Rain** ..... Eruption (Atlantic)
9 **Is This Love** ..... Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)
10 **Mr. Blue Sky** ..... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Cum On Feel The Noize** ..... Slade (Polydor)
2 **20th Century Boy** ..... T.Rex (T.Rex)
3 **The Twelfth Of Never** ..... Donny Osmond (MGM)
4 **Hello Hurray** ..... Alice Cooper (Warner Bros)
5 **Feel The Need In Me** ..... Detroit Emeralds (Janus)
6 **Killing Me Softly With His Song** ..... Roberta Flack (Atlantic)
7 **Cindy Incidentally** ..... Faces (Warner Bros)
8 **Gonna Make You An Offer You Can't Refuse** Jimmy Helms (Cube)
9 **Baby I Love You** ..... Dave Edmunds (Rockfield)
10 **Part Of The Union** ..... Strawbs (A & M)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

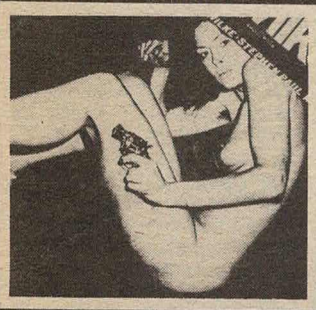
1 **Cinderella Rockerfella** ..... Esther & Abi Ofarim (Philips)
2 **Legend Of Xanadu** Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
3 **Rosie** ..... Don Partridge (Columbia)
4 **Delilah** ..... Tom Jones (Decca)
5 **Fire Brigade** ..... Move (Regal Zonophone)
6 **Jennifer Juniper** ..... Donovan (Pye)
7 **Dock Of The Bay** ..... Otis Redding (Stax)
8 **Mighty Quinn** ..... Manfred Mann (Fontana)
9 **She Wears My Ring** ..... Solomon King (Columbia)
10 **Green Tambourine** ..... Lemon Pipers (Pye Int)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Summer Holiday** ..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
2 **Please Please Me** ..... Beatles (Parlophone)
3 **Like I've Never Been Gone** ..... Billy Fury (Decca)
4 **Foot Tapper** ..... Shadows (Columbia)
5 **That's What Love Will Do** ..... Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
6 **The Night Has A Thousand Eyes** ..... Bobby Vee (Liberty)
7 **The Wayward Wind** ..... Frank Ifield (Columbia)
8 **One Broken Heart For Sale** ..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
9 **Island Of Dreams** ..... Springfields (Philips)
10 **Charmaine** ..... Bachelors (Decca)

NME

INSIDE INFORMATION



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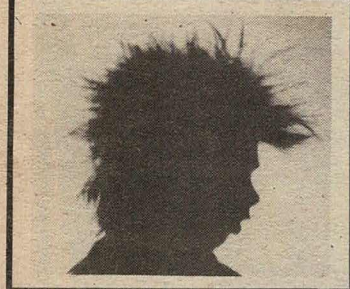

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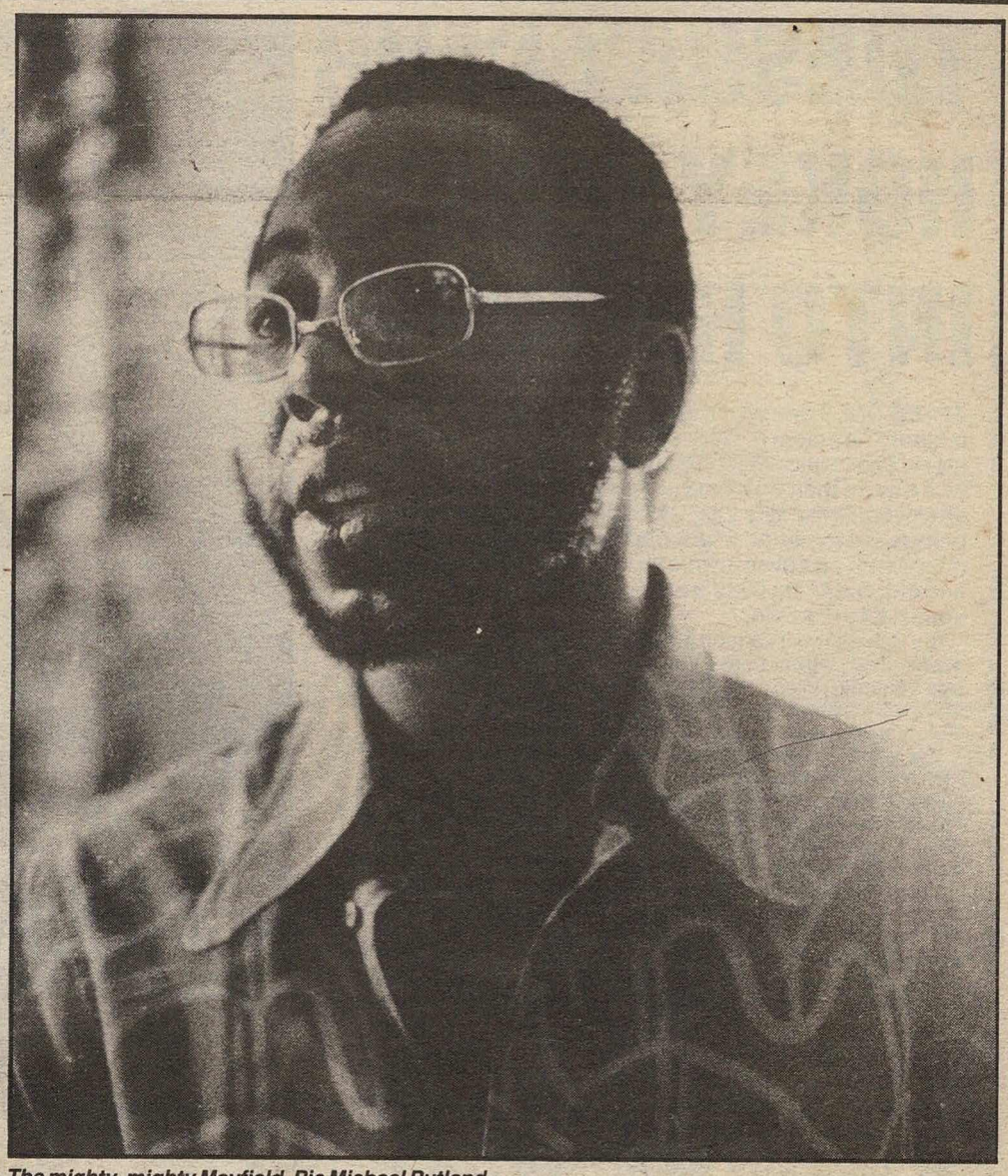
Soul star headlines at Glastonbury

CURTIS FOR CND

CURTIS MAYFIELD, the near-legendary and remarkably durable soul singer and writer, returns to Britain in the late spring after a lengthy absence to appear at the Glastonbury CND Festival.

He is the only act so far named for the event which, as previously reported, takes place over the weekend of June 17-19 — and he will be one of the three co-headliners. Promoter Andy Nazer told *NME* that he is also lining up four or five major concerts for Mayfield, at major venues around the UK, and details of these will be announced shortly.

As well as his established material, he will doubtless be featuring tracks from his new album 'Honesty', released by Epic this week.



The mighty, mighty Mayfield. Pic Michael Putland

Robinson tour, Soft Cell extras

Tom's on the trigger

TOM ROBINSON returns to the tour circuit next month, for the first time since 1981.

He'll be working with a band and presenting an extension of 'Son Of A Gun', the show he featured at last year's Edinburgh Festival. He's playing a total of 35 dates, of which 27 have so far been confirmed, and promoters Marand Music say that a similar outing is envisaged for the autumn. His series of four Sunday shows at London Stratford Theatre Royal (April 3, 10, 17 and 24) has already been reported, and the other dates set so far are:

Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre (April 1), Brighton Zap Club (2), Hull Spring Street Theatre (4), Liverpool Warehouse (5), Stevenage Gordon Craig Theatre (7), Norwich Premises (8), Luton Library Theatre (9), Sudbury Key Theatre (15), Lowestoft Seagull Theatre (16), Bath Moles Club (18), Swindon Brunel Rooms (19), Winchester John Stripe Theatre (20), Plymouth Polytechnic (21), Bridgwater Arts Centre (22), Salisbury St. Edmunds Art Centre (23), York University (26), Manchester The Gallery (27), Kendal Brewery Arts Centre (28), Workington Carnegie Theatre (29), Sheffield Leadmill (30), Harlow Playhouse (May 2), Colchester Essex University (3) and Notts Co. Football Club (4).

■ SOFT CELL — who last week played two London dates, which were originally announced as the start of a tour tied in with their 'Falling Apart' album — have now confirmed two more shows.

They are at Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (this Sunday, 20) and Derby Assembly Rooms (next Monday, 21), and tickets are available from box-offices and usual agents all at the one price of £4. It's not yet known if this is the sum total of the Soft Cell tour.

■ DURAN DURAN have been invited to headline a charity show in aid of The Prince's Trust at London Tottenham Court Road, Dominion Theatre on June 21.

The show will be attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The group's acceptance was still unconfirmed at press time, but it seems virtually certain that they will do the show.

■ CAPITAL RADIO'S Music Festival, which replaces the station's Jazz Festival of the past two years, will run for a full five weeks from June 25 to July 30.

It will utilise a number of contrasting venues, starting at Earls Court with Rod Stewart (as revealed last week), for whom booking arrangements are detailed on page 33. Festival ingredients will include an Afro-Caribbean concert, steel bands, pop and rock, reggae, folk and buskers, with a special emphasis on jazz to replace the 1982 event. Full details are expected in a week or two.

May dateline for solo tracks and gigs

Cope to re-explode

JULIAN COPE, the former Teardrop Explodes kingpin, will shortly be exploding as a solo artist in his own right.

For the past few weeks he's been busy recording his first solo material, with the ever-faithful Gary Dwyer on drums and Chris Hughes producing, and these tracks should see the light of day in May — and at that time, he'll also be playing a series of dates.

Simultaneously with his studio activities, Cope has also been rehearsing in Liverpool with a new four-piece group, with whom he'll be going on the road — and he'll also be working with them on subsequent recordings. Meanwhile, as exclusively reported by *NME* two weeks ago, the final Teardrops recordings are released by Mercury this week — in the form of seven-inch and 12-inch singles, plus a double-pack seven-inch EP.

Jenny — one for whom the Belles toll. Pic Joe Stevens

Spring tour and single for Stars

BELLES HOP

THE BELLE STARS follow their biggest chart successes to date — their single 'Sign Of The Times' and self-named debut album — by undertaking their promised spring tour.

Owing to heavy recording and overseas commitments, it's restricted to just six dates, but even so, this will be the first time they've headlined in their own right at major concert venues.

They play Manchester Apollo (April 25), Newcastle City Hall (26), Glasgow Tiffany's (27), Birmingham Odeon (29), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (30) and London Hammersmith Palais (May 1). Ticket prices at Newcastle and Hammersmith hadn't been finalised at press time, but they should be on sale by this weekend; tickets elsewhere are £3.50, on sale now. The girls will have a new single released by Stiff to coincide, titles not yet chosen.

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TUESDAY CLUB HOKEY COKEYS INTO HISTORY

AFTER ONLY one year the London club with the most membrs has closed. Gary Crowley's Tuesday Club is no more. The former *NME* telephone jockey's radio show was a more than welcome pollution of the capital's airwaves. Crowley's Capital Radio programme was a unique combination of poor jokes and constant chat, mixed with an adventurous musical selection of the new and old. Gabbling Gary's two hour Tuesday spot had an appeal all of its own.

But the essential London night-in for thousands, occasionally ventured out. The last 'Tuesday Club Night Out' was a shindig down at the Lyceum where Crowley entertained his loyal band of followers with master-mixes, plenty of dialogue and personal appearances by some of his chums.

Bananarama bounced, Junior jived, Nick Heyward grinned, then McLaren worzelled his way through the B-gal barn-dance after a boring lesson in zuluology. The bonnie Bluebells brought the memorable evening to a close before Gary jumped down to conduct a crazy Caistor carnival climax. A mass hokey-cokey then Auld Lang Syne and out.

Mourning Tuesday-Clubbers have no need to despair. The chirpy-chappie has been rewarded for his popularity amongst the metropolis youngsters by being given a slot on Saturdays: a small reprieve from the mummified Capital controllers whose policy of 24 hour AOR/MOR has been nothing but a boost to the BBC. Crowley's 'Magic Box' is on Saturday's 5-7 pm. Give it a listen.

ALAN MARKE

"And that geezer with the hat on nicked it from your shop." *Pic: Lawrence Watson*

Earth really Square — new evidence

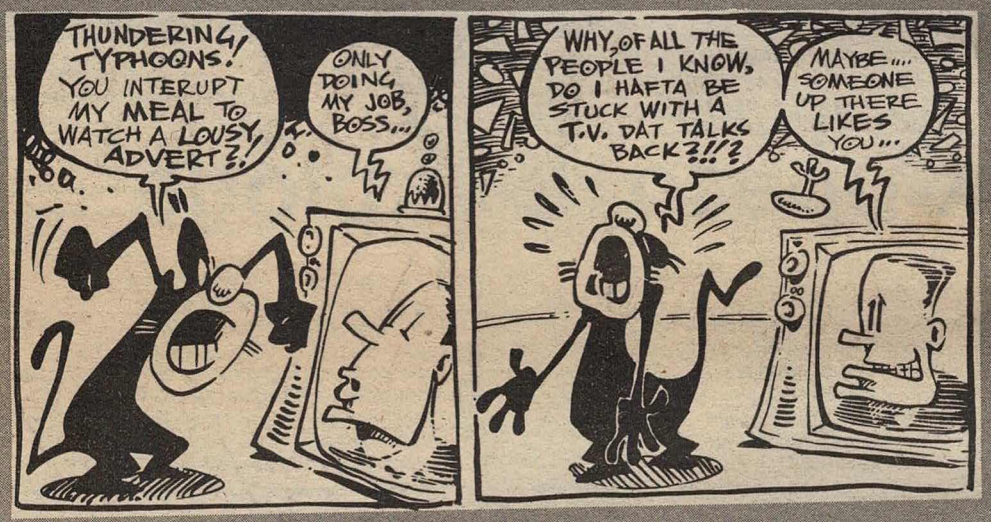
NEVER MIND the low life — in Edinburgh it's no life, with the exception of the hedonistic boogie club Hoochie Coochie and the intensely dull Playhouse. The first step towards healing the city's appalling lack of live entertainment is this strange thing called The Square Earth Club.

It is, says promoter George Duffin, "not a license to print money" but a real attempt to let small East Coast bands play in Edinburgh without making the trek to venue-packed Glasgow. The trekking in this case is done by the audience: the Square Earth is a *mobile* club, fitting the venue round the bandwith atmosphere the key element of every event.

The first public Square Earth is held in the Bedlam Theatre in Edinburgh (a converted church built on the site of the city's first lunatic asylum) on Saturday March 19, where the atmosphere will be beatnik with Alone Again Or, Fiction Factory and the hysterical So You Think You're A Cowboy providing the live entertainment. Every evening has a cabaret act which will not be advertised, on this occasion it is a tap-dancing poet (?) called Sid Ozalid.

Other Square Earths will be in venues like a Chinese restaurant, a factory basement, and a swimming pool, and the club should surface somewhere at least twice a month. Confirmed dates are April 16 in the plush crystal chandeliered King James Hotel with Carmel and The Frontiers; May 7 is in the classical atmosphere of the Queen's Hall Restaurant with Alone Again Or and Eddie And Sunshine.

ANDREA MILLER


THUNDERING TYPHOONS! YOU INTERUPT MY MEAL TO WATCH A LOUSY ADVERT?!
ONLY DOING MY JOB, BOSS...
WHY, OF ALL THE PEOPLE I KNOW, DO I HAFTA BE STUCK WITH A T.V. DAT TALKS BACK?!!?
MAYBE.... SOMEONE UP THERE LIKES YOU...

Hunt Emerson gets catty, from Escape

Comic Escapades

PETER STANBURY and Paul Gravett's *Escape* magazine — previewed by *NME* a while back — is now on sale, offering those legions of Serge Clerc fans an actual interview with the artist as well as a mini-portfolio of Clerc contributions.

There's also "Banter With Biff" in which Mick Kidd and collaborator Chris Garrett retrace their history, with a full-page illustration.

Most exclusive is a set of Bazooka Joe postcards which detach from the mag (they're full-colour and the Real Thing), but there's also news, plenty of strips and the feeling that this is one of the first rallying spots for real comics fans. *Escape*: 95 pence every three months from Escape Publishing, 156 Munster Rd, Fulham, London SW6.

CYNTHIA ROSE

Goldigger (April 6) and an extra show at London Hammersmith Odeon (15).

Chelsea too

Chelsea, realising that rock's current requirement is for at least one group to break up every week, have thrown their hats into the ring and announced their disbandment.

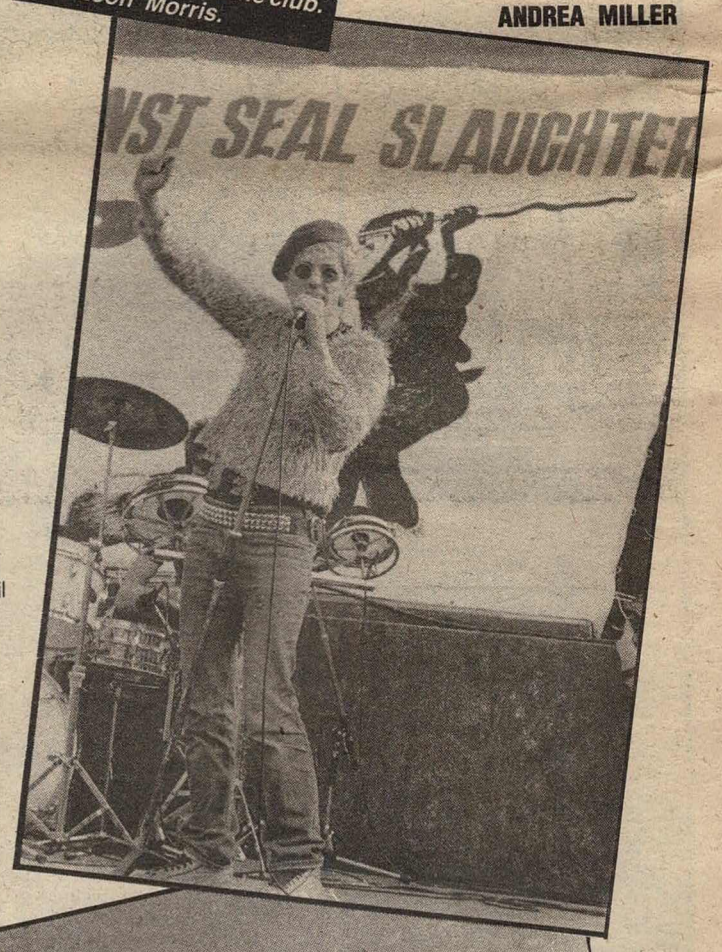
The outfit was formed in 1976, and has always been based around vocalist Gene October, with the rest of the personnel fluctuating considerably over the years — the original band included Billy Idol and Tony James, who went on to form Generation X.

The current members have now decided either to form or to join other bands, and October himself is planning a second solo single for mid-spring release.

Eno — framed and hung

Young English art maestro **Russell Mills** is currently exhibiting at Abbot Art Gallery in Lakeland's Kendal, Cumbria, until 1st May. The collection of paintings includes pieces projected for future Eno sleeves as well as works centring on the prose of Irish absurdist Samuel Beckett and "3-D political interiors/exteriors" — whatever *they* are.

SAVING the Seal — but is that pullover real yeti fur? — at Trafalgar Square's rally last Saturday. Cap'n Sensible joins the club. Pic: Leon Morris.



Knockabout: knocked about and nearly knackered

FOLLOWING the raid on British comic producers/distributors Knockabout Comics, reported in *NME* last July, publisher Tony Bennet is to face charges under the Obscene Publications Act 1959.

Knockabout are known in this country chiefly as distributors of the *Furry Freak Brothers* series. The mags that are causing all the fuss, though, are in their range of drug comics.

The case is to be heard in front of a jury and it looks as if it may go to the Old Bailey, since the Director of Public Prosecutions has gone on record as saying that "new ground is being broken".

"It's ironic that over ten years after the *Oz* Trial we should be facing the same sort of censorship again," Bennet commented. "You'd have thought that things might have progressed a little since then — in fact it seems they've gone backwards. As far as I'm concerned magazines which encourage people to soup up cars so that they'll go at 120 mph are far more worthy of prosecution than we are."

Bennet stresses that, quite apart from the expenses of defending the case, Knockabout stands to suffer very badly financially from loss of income on the 6,263 books and magazines confiscated by the police — contributions would thus be very welcome to Knockabout Comics, 249 Kensal Road, London W10.

Dial-a-lifeline

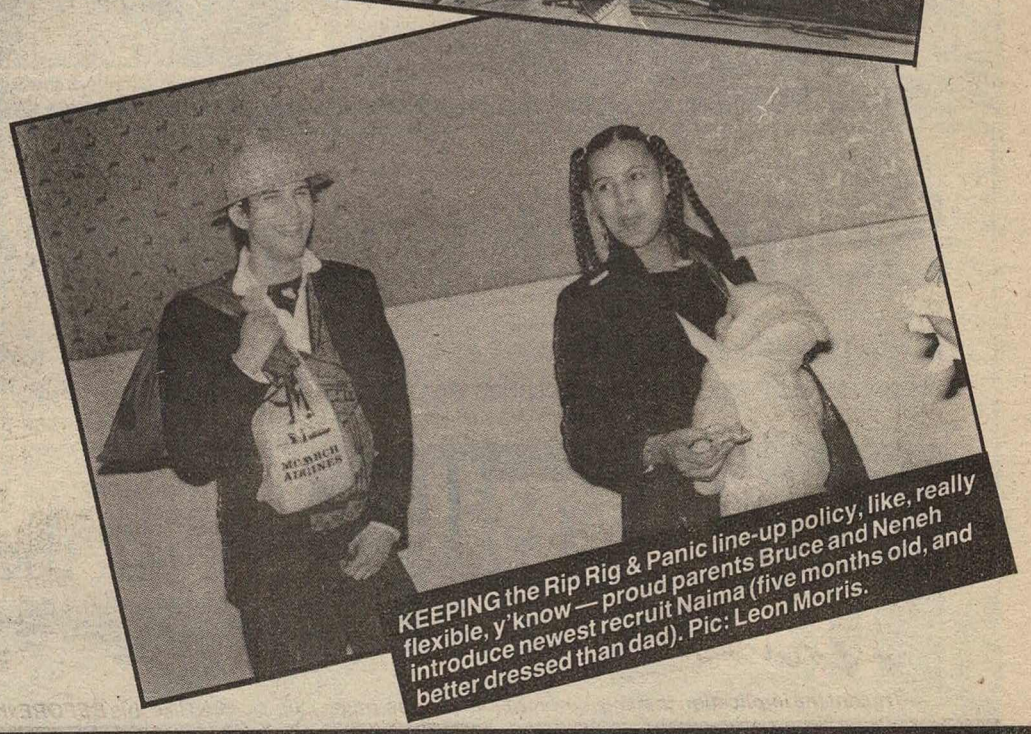
Anyone with serious drug problems can call an organisation naming itelf **Narcotics Anonymous,** which is run by addicts who are trying to stay 'clean'. The number for information is 01-834 8202. Altrnatively, there's a centre each Saturday lunchtime at the Welsh Methodist Church in RadnorWalk, Chelsea,just off the Kings Road.

UFO confirm split

UFO have now confirmed officially that they are to split after their UK tour opening next Monday (21), as they hinted in last week's *NME*.

Singer Phil Mogg, now fit and well after his recent nervous collapse, commented: "After a long look at UFO, we all feel that the time has come to call a halt." Mogg added that he is already looking to the future, and a new project is currently taking shape, with details expected later in the year.

Meanwhile, two more dates have been added to the band's farewell tour, at Chippenham



KEEPING the Rip Rig & Panic line-up policy, like, really flexible, y'know — proud parents Bruce and Neneh introduce newest recruit Naima (five months old, and better dressed than dad). Pic: Leon Morris.

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

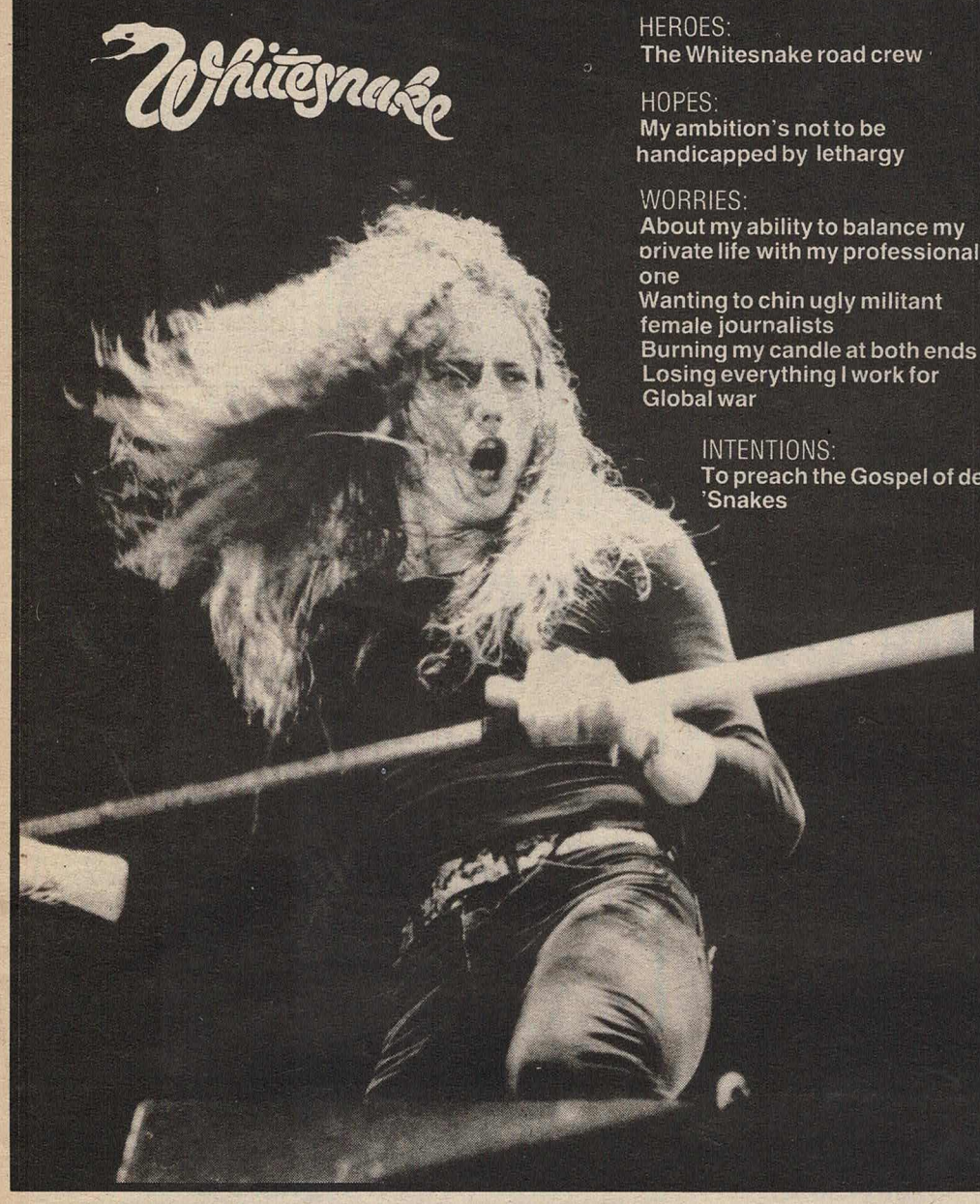
DAVID COVERDALE

AGE:
31 and counting

INSTRUMENT:
Hobson's choice

LIKES:
Japanese food
Honshu saki
Tequila
Cognac
The luxury of video
Bathroom libraries
Richard Pryor
My daughter (passionately)
Jools (the same)
Flattering photographers
Dartmoor
Sleeping
My new colleagues

DISLIKES:
Amateurs in professional situations
Pan Am—1st class to Tokyo
Turbulence
Jet lag
Dentists (recently)
Drug abuse
Europeans with American Forces network accents
In depth review of my single in *Kerrang*
Militant female journalists



HEROES:
The Whitesnake road crew

HOPES:
My ambition's not to be handicapped by lethargy

WORRIES:
About my ability to balance my private life with my professional one
Wanting to chin ugly militant female journalists
Burning my candle at both ends
Losing everything I work for
Global war

INTENTIONS:
To preach the Gospel of de 'Snakes

No longer Underground

WITH POLYDOR'S reissued Velvets LP, and new product and gigs from Reed, Tucker, Nico and Cale, to be touched by Velvet is still a timely desire.

Now there's the 'Everything You've Ever Wanted To Know About The . . . Velvet Underground' boxed set, too (£10.49 at the Virgin megastore, London). This features material from magazine flexis and "conversations", through to tracks formerly available only on Australian LPs and such . . . including 'Do The Ostrich', 'Sneaky Pete' and 'I've Got A Tiger In My Tank', as well as the likes of 'Foggy Notion' and 'White Light/White Heat'.

And for true golden banana worshippers, there is also the latest issue of upmarket Velvets mag *What Goes On,* with its previously unpublished piece on 'The Marble Index' by Lester Bangs, plus also interviews with Warhol, Nico, Cale and Mo, as well as reviews, re-evaluations, a Nico and Angus MacLise filmography — even a "Why I Despise The Velvet Underground" essay). *What Goes On No 3* is available from 15 Green St, No 3; Cambridge, Mass 02139 USA.

HERPES HELP

HERPES — YOU know, the one that everybody's got a crack about. Well, if you have it, you already know how unfunny it is; and if not, you face ever-increasing chance of contracting the virus which, just like those jokes say, is for life.

Now herpes sufferers Carole Woddis and Sue Blanks (founders of London's Herpes Association — formed to give the info your doctor doesn't have) collaborate on *The Herpes Manual,* "The Book For Everyone Concerned About Herpes". Since no one has yet determined when the virus is *not* transmissable, this is a volume anyone looking for an active sex life might peruse.

It is a sobering subject, for everybody, but *The Herpes Manual* manages to confront it head-on with all the facts presently available — and that's the most positive step so far. It costs £2.99, from bookstores or from publishers Settle and Bendall, 32 Savile Row, London W1X 1AG.

lowry

"I resent the implication that this is some kind of après-bomb chic. I looked like this BEFORE they dropped the bomb!"

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Depart morning 30th May. Return 1st June
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Paul Bradshaw unearths a new lease of life in downtown Stokie. Pic Nick Knight.

Spirits above: Tim, Sarah and John

REPUBLICAN SPIRITS

WHAT'S ON in Stoke Newington? "Fuck all," according to funny person Alexei Sayle but on a wet, blustery and uninviting Sunday night a pot pourri of lentil fondue addicts, purveyors of gentrification, 'nuff beards and student types descended on Stokie's own Pegasus to take in Republic.

The punters were dancing before they had even left their seats and once on the dance floor seemed to slip into some kinda dangerously deranged groove.

Onstage Republic weaved through a powerful set of originals with a joyous intensity. Over a rhythm section rooted in Latin America, strains of Africa and neat jazz improvisation mingled with the sounds of Trinidad and the French Caribbean.

Visible only by his black beret, the cajun inspired accordionist vied for space on the dance floor. No room onstage. The three man horn section jumped and jived in tandem with fiery red haired stepper Sarah Janes, whose vocals cover a death defying range.

Complacency is not one of Republic's characteristics. New songs appear one week and may vanish the next. They are eager to avoid being tagged esoteric and though some would call it radical dance music, they prefer Pop.

Later Tim Fienburgh and John Glyn — the group founders — singer Sarah Jane Morris and I adjourn to a nearby cafe.

Several members of the group are involved in other musical ventures through a mix of creative and financial reasons. Bassist Andy Lafone plays with salsa outfit Tres, Louis Jared, the drummer, does freelance gigs and Sarah Jane works the jazz circuit with a pianist or a trio. She performed at the Edinburgh Festival in the jazz musical *Hollywood Dreams* and in one of the darker moments of her past worked in Italy with a wealthy, Mafia based heavy rock band Wop Avenue.

Former hornsperson with X-Ray Spex and Wreckless Eric, John Glyn describes his roots as R&B but admits to being an aspiring jazz player.

Initially I'd lumped Republic together with The Ivory Coasters and Orchestre Jazira as all have their roots in jazz, African and Latin music and play similar venues. Tim was adamant that there is no connection. "Our Africanisms are much more superficial than that," he says.

"The way we adapt those forms is much looser, though there is a desire to make it authentic in parts," continues John. "It's a mixture of styles held together by the writing; mostly Tim writes the material." The comparison with The Ivory Coasters is like the one that's made with us and Cayenne, which I don't particularly like. We're much more conscious of being a pop group. We want to be a pop group."

They remain sceptical about the vagaries of the chic London club scene and in terms of their relationship to the dominant styles, John feels that the only band they really identify with are The Specials.

'Style' does not come high on Republic's priorities — they feel it's as much what people do onstage as what they wear. In truth, Sarah Jane cuts a dramatic focal point complemented by the dipping and bending of the horn section and the offbeat antics of the accordionist.

Each question is weighed carefully. Events like last year's Womad Festival and articles on African or Latin music, as carried by *NME*, have, they agree, created an interest in the music, but are guarded about its scale.

Tim: "It's interesting that I read in the *Guardian* that African music was 1982's near miss. 1981 was an attempt at Latin American music..."

John: "If you read *NME* you might get the impression that everybody right across the country is listening to authentic African music. I don't think that's true but its influence on pop music is very subtle and kind of complicated."

Tim: "It's hard to generalise but there's a lot of things happening. There's a desperate casting about for something else to do. Pop music is going in endless cycles, so people are going all over the place. — We are — but in every direction at once; generalised tropical whatever."

Shades of Kid Creole? Well, August Darnell came up in the conversation and they are unconvinced that the public identify what he's doing as having anything to do with Latin or Caribbean music. In any case does its authenticity really matter?

So what's '83 style to be? They laugh and put their pennies on soca as this year's near miss. When they formed 18 months ago Republic was intended to be a fairly rigorous calypso outfit but as other people joined so it developed in other directions.

Two standout soca numbers in their set have been rearranged and lyrics rewritten to make them relevant to Britain. 'Chivers' was originally done by the Mighty Sparrow and directed at the Trinidad government, while 'Don't Believe', the punchy anti-Falklands anthem, is based on a tune by Guadeloupe's El Conjunto. The tradition of the calypsonian as political commentator is upheld and I was curious to discover how their audience respond to their politics.

Tim: "I don't think people are listening that hard at gigs but you often see people delighted at something they've caught."

John: "I think people who aren't necessarily politicised like to hear songs that are quite hard politically but if one were to stand up and give a political analysis of what's going on then they probably wouldn't like it. They'd probably disagree with it. People are receptive to something that's anti-Falklands war and get off on it 'cause on some level they agree. On a conscious level they're much more unequivocal."

Tim: "We are a danceband really. The politics are not usually a product of group discussion. It's whoever has written those lyrics; it's just got to be about something."

John: "We're not an agit-prop group 'cause the individual members are diverse. If anybody in the band objected to a set of lyrics then we wouldn't use them. The priority of the band is to play good music."

It's been conscious policy to introduce slower numbers in the set along with the semi cha cha 'Domestic Labour' and 'Heart In Your Pocket'.

John: The set we're doing now provides a strong basis for us to think about what kind of songs we need. We've got an ambition to have 30 songs to choose from and do gigs that last a couple of hours or longer as opposed to the standard pop set which is an hour or less.

"We recognise it's important for the band to keep playing live, but the priority is also to put out records and sell them. A lot of the songs are good but they haven't been thought of in terms of recording. They don't necessarily supply the demands of a single. That means a lot of work on the songwriting."

Republic have signed to Charlie Gillet's Oval Records and they have a track on the *NME* 'Racket Packet' cassette so on with the work. Anyone who can inject a new lease of life into 'Spirits Up Above' can't be all that bad, so should I put my money on a fusion that takes in soca and cajun? Yeah. Why not?

SHORT SHARP SHOTS

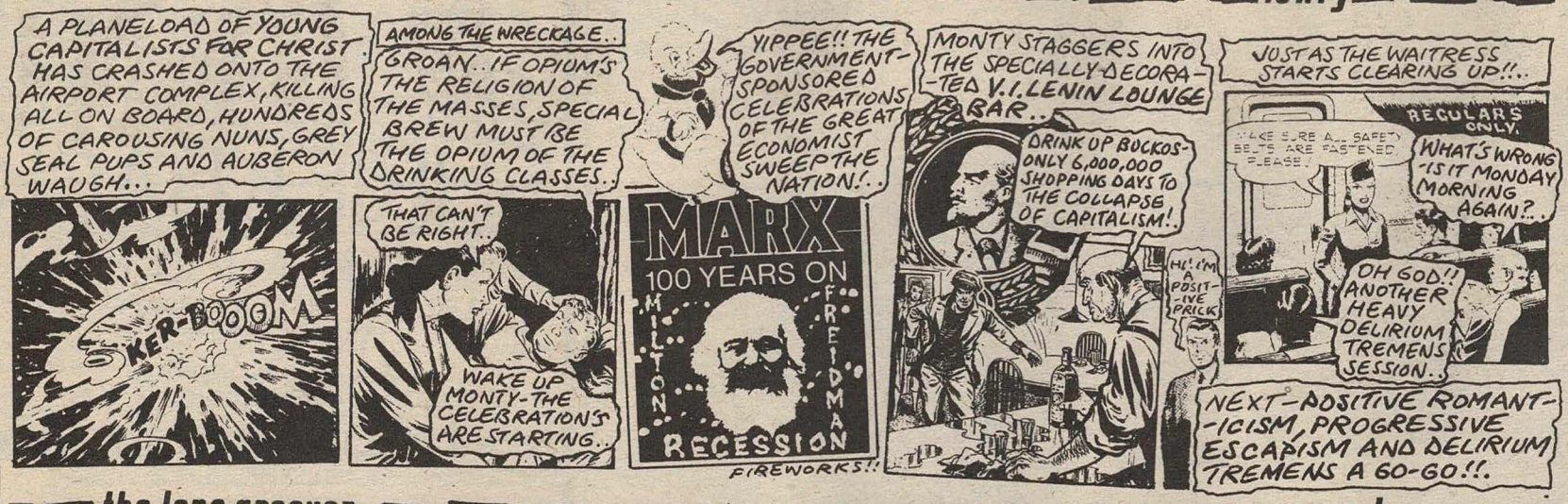
☐ At a guess, there are 40,000 DJs in Britain. At another guess, they spend an average of ten quid a week on records — an annual purchasing power of £20 million. The bad news for major retailers is that precious little of that cash is going to them.

These figures come courtesy of DJ Theo Loyla, who's just polled the 600 members of the Super Jocks Mailing List on their spending habits. According to the survey, 85% of jocks depend on independent shops to supply them with the hot new sounds. Of the Big Boys, the HMV chaim come out best, with a meagre 5%; just behind are Virgin and Our Price with 3% apiece. Despite their major High Street presence, Boots' shops scored a princely nothing.

So why, with all their resources, are the majors getting cold-shouldered in favour of your friendly neighbourhood dealers? Impersonal service, says Theo, lack of choice ("if it's not in the charts, we don't sell it, mate") and lack of initiative are all to blame. Proving, once again, that small is beautiful?

☐ Due to the overwhelming demand for space and time on the new cassette magazine '*Touch*', the makers have brought out a supplementary music only issue entitled '33'. In keeping with the first, it pursues — in their words, not ours — "the trinity achieved through a union of Eastern and Western consciousness within one medium". More simply, that means it brings you music from Egypt, Bali and South Croydon. It is available through Rough Trade. Meanwhile '*Touch 2*' proper will be out soon.

note oilskin base **lowry**


A PLANELOAD OF YOUNG CAPITALISTS FOR CHRIST HAS CRASHED ONTO THE AIRPORT COMPLEX, KILLING ALL ON BOARD, HUNDREDS OF CAROUSING NUNS, GREY SEAL PUPS AND AUBERON WAUGH...
AMONG THE WRECKAGE..
GROAN.. IF OPIUM'S THE RELIGION OF THE MASSES, SPECIAL BREW MUST BE THE OPIUM OF THE DRINKING CLASSES..
YIPPEE!! THE GOVERNMENT-SPONSORED CELEBRATIONS OF THE GREAT ECONOMIST SWEEP THE NATION!..
MONTY STAGGERS INTO THE SPECIALLY DECORA-TED V.I. LENIN LOUNGE BAR..
DRINK UP BUCKOS- ONLY 6,000,000 SHOPPING DAYS TO THE COLLAPSE OF CAPITALISM!
HI! I'M A POSIT-IVE PRICK
JUST AS THE WAITRESS STARTS CLEARING UP!!..
REGULARS ONLY.
TAKE SURE ALL SAFETY BELTS ARE FASTENED PLEASE!
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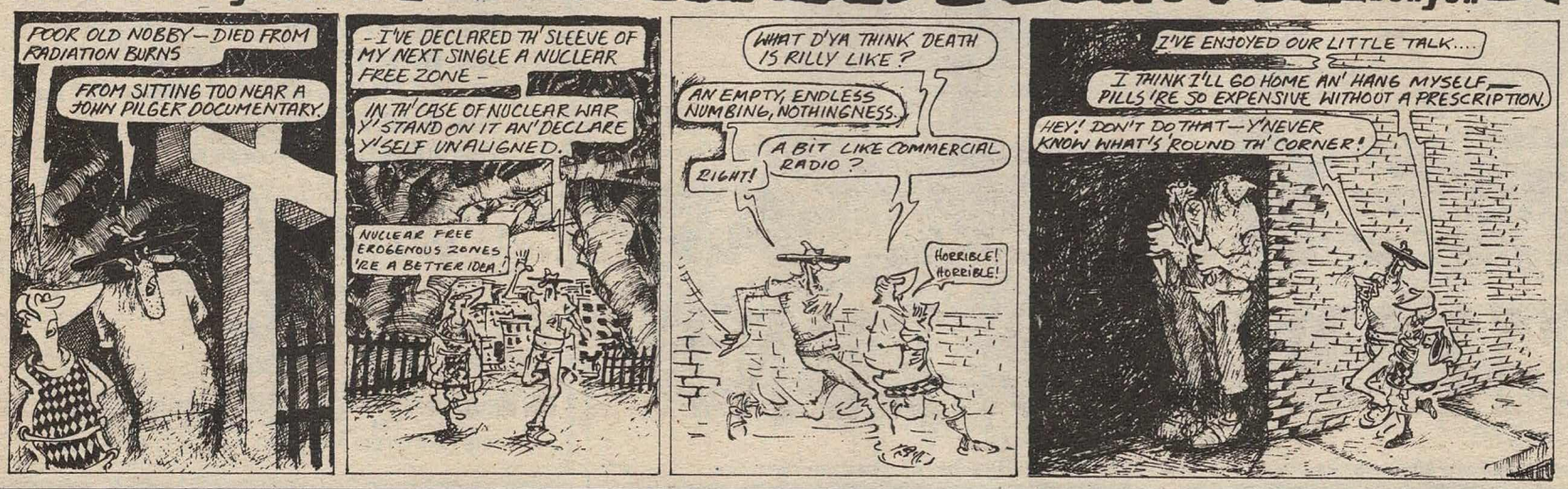
OH GOD!! ANOTHER HEAVY DELIRIUM TREMENS SESSION..
KER-BOOOM
THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT..
WAKE UP MONTY- THE CELEBRATIONS ARE STARTING..
MARX 100 YEARS ON
MILTON FRIEDMAN
RECESSION
FIREWORKS!!
NEXT- POSITIVE ROMANT-ICISM, PROGRESSIVE ESCAPISM AND DELIRIUM TREMENS A GO-GO!!.

the lone groover **benyon**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IN TH' CASE OF NUCLEAR WAR Y' STAND ON IT AN' DECLARE Y'SELF UNALIGNED.
NUCLEAR FREE EROGENOUS ZONES 'RE A BETTER IDEA!
WHAT D'YA THINK DEATH IS RILLY LIKE?
AN EMPTY, ENDLESS NUMBING, NOTHINGNESS.
A BIT LIKE COMMERCIAL RADIO?
RIGHT!
HORRIBLE! HORRIBLE!
I'VE ENJOYED OUR LITTLE TALK....
I THINK I'LL GO HOME AN' HANG MYSELF— PILLS 'RE SO EXPENSIVE WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION.
HEY! DON'T DO THAT— Y'NEVER KNOW WHAT'S 'ROUND TH' CORNER!

Pic Joseph Stevens

Shriekback claim they care very much Richard Grabel explains why he cares at all.

SHRIEKBACK IN FOCUS

THE HISTORY should be fairly familiar. Bassist Dave Allen high-tailed it out of Gang Of Four, keyboardist Barry Andrews slipped quietly out of XTC, guitarist/vocalist Carl Marsh crashed down from Out On Blue Six. They found each other. They made some records. 'Sexthinkone' and 'My Spine Is The Bass Line' were intriguing tasters.

The album, 'Care', of which I've heard only what's called 'rough mixes', shows a group busy defining a sound and pushing against the edges of that definition. And the current tour, with help from percussionist Pedro Ortiz and drummer Martyn Barker, shows a group backing up its previous fancy talk about developing "new attitudes" towards live playing with a really engaging openness.

Too much of what Shriekback record is arty throwaway: 'experimental' tracks that end up sounding odd for odd's sake. But their better songs reveal a twisted, dreamy kind of sound, simultaneously relaxed and full of strain, not funk but heavily steeped in its influence. A lot of people dismiss them on first hearing as another band of white boys trying to be funky, moody and deep.

I almost would have gone along with that easy assessment, if I hadn't witnessed the band play, at their New York debut at Danceteria, a most extraordinary gig. On record, Shriekback have a tendency to sound introspective and a bit flat; but live, they are unusually upful and communicative.

"The way I've explained it," says Barry Andrews, "is that the album is almost something to look at. There's that piece of art over there, to be looked at and examined. It invites that sort of approach, whereas the live thing works more out of participation by the people that are there."

"Last night was," he explains, "and some other gigs we've done have been — a total vindication of the approach we've taken. There are times when you lose it and just get back into your shell, doing the rock musician onstage kind of thing. And there are times — like last night — when I felt like the audience was reacting to everything I did. Beyond the evaluative thing, it really seemed like there was some kind of to and fro."

How do you define that approach?

"I'd say it's just vulnerability really. Just allowing it to be dreadful if it's going to be, being willing to make a prick of yourself, and not in that sort of just-jumping-around sort of way, but to really let go of the keep-away-from-me-while-I'm-doing-my-thing kind of attitude."

Shriekback's better music takes a funk influence but applies it to a more circular, almost convoluted structure. It's certainly got a personality of its own.

Andrews: "Funk's a real mask for us. Like 'Spine', the whole production of it, it's a real plastic thing. And underneath it is what you'd call 'weird shit' rather than 'yeah, what we're about is swinging out on funk'. That's not what we do. It's very slow and awkward and quiet. Moody, doomy."

Ah, those two words which are the bane of post-punk English rock. But Shriekback, I'll say in their defence, though they do wander into certain post-punk swamps, are never really "doomy". They lack that awful chip on the shoulder feeling.

Andrews: "We're not sad people. God, I hate whining records."

So what *are* Shriekback?

Andrews: "It's difficult to say. Whatever we put out has the focus of something like 'Spine', it has an atmosphere, it has a certain smell to it.

"I'd feel more comfortable if there was an overall thing that we could say, that Shriekback is this. So that part of my life would be Shriekback and I wouldn't have to think about it anymore. But it's actually become this thing through which we express our lives. It seems that every record is another little bit of it. Oh, here's the dark heavy one, and here's the shiny chrome one.

"It's also harder because the whole marketing thing usually has to come around an image. When we last had a spate of press what seemed to be emerging was some kind of health and efficiency, vaguely hippy kind of independent label worthy entrepreneurial, um. We've suffered and been through it all and now we're not going to make the same mistakes kind of thing. And it's like, fuck, I don't want to be that."

That's much heavier and duller than you are.

"And yet if it were possible to encapsulate it in something like psychedelic flamingo bright colours, it would be great. Thinking man's funk, all that."

At the beginning did you know what you wanted to do?

"I remember feeling quite insecure that we had no master plan to start, that we should be able to burst into interviews and say, right, this is what we're going to do. But really what happened is what usually happens anyway. Anyone who gives you a manifesto is . . ."

Making it up.

"Yeah. Or, as in Fripp's case, using it to explain something that you've already done. Somebody said we were to funk what Rip Rig And Panic were to jazz. Brrrrr."

There is room in rock's rich rug for more sounds skewed enough to make a difference. Shriekback could weave in a place for themselves. Regard that as less than a promise but more than a possibility.

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GENO

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THE WALLS OF HEARTACHE

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KEEP IT

PLAN B

MIDNIGHT RUNNERS

A bizarre confrontation with Kissing The Pink — the band with a lot of lip

NEUROTIC EROTICA

Pic Nick Knight.

IT WAS one of those moments when reality just seems to snap. The door has just crashed open and a bristle chinned, bespectacled figure has burst in on the polite conversation. He's wearing Sellotape held together by fragments of cloth, holding a hot water bottle in a rubber-gloved hand — and nobody is batting an eyelid.

Perhaps this was the sort of thing I should have expected — it was a day when the veil of normality was pretty tissue thin anyway. I'd just struggled through a Fulham bedsit land suddenly beseiged by killer winds and drowning amounts of heavenly water and there I was, sitting in vocalist Nick's front room, dripping all over his cats, desperately clutching a cup of coffee and talking to four out of the six members of Kissing The Pink.

The hot water bottle intruder turns out to be keyboards player John Kingsley Hall, who brings us to a quorate. What you want is information, and information is something Kissing The Pink have got plenty of.

Their sound is a delicate exercise in information overload — a clear vibrant pop, stretched finely over a fine boned, spiky skeleton of restless invention.

Live they are capable of dodging every defensive expectation, with a series of powerful and deliciously pointed attacks that never maintain a single direction for long enough to be fully assimilated. Kissing The Pink execute an elegant two step along the nerve ends — there's the odd floating suggestion of the elegant desire of Tuxedomoon in there somewhere, even an occasional echo of The Skids. For the most part, though, it is a departure of radical originality.

Kissing The Pink's ability has gone surprisingly uncelebrated although they've consorted with some of the best names, having been recommended to Martin Hannett, producer of their first single, by contacts from Cabaret Futura. It's only now, with the release of the tragically touching new single 'Watching Their Eyes' that some noises are beginning to be made — they've even been adopted by the dreaded Peter Powell, who probably thinks they're another tame bunch of electro-poppers, poor fool.

Oh yes, information. Kissing The Pink are Nick Whitecross, a fastidiously neat and eagle-eyed guitarist / vocalist, John Kingsley Hall, the aforementioned fastidiously scruffy keyboards player / vocalist, George Stewart on percussion, keyboards and vocals, Jo Wells on saxophone and vocals, Stevie Cusack on drums, Peter Barnett on bass and violin.

A more unlikely match of people you would be hard pushed to find, so what is it that holds them together?

"Well I think it's our taste for the bizarre really," says John, taking off his rubber gloves and putting down the hot water bottle "It's the one thing that unites us. We all have very different personalities and different interests but we all share a fascination for things that are bizarre or contradictory."

So you have no time for the simple aesthetic of the love song?

"Well, I understand why people will want to write love songs. The essential importance of music is that it should give you some form of spiritual charge, and the form of the love song is the most straightforward way of achieving that charge — it's just that we're too perverse to ever do anything in a straightforward fashion."

"We do have a love song anyway," Nick chips in, "it's about a cripple that came to one of our gigs..."

Eh?

"Well alright, it's a bizarre love song, but it's a love song all the same. I couldn't write about something as regular as 'boy meets girl' — if there's some more perverse or more interesting angle I'll go for that."

"We don't really have a style," another voice announces. "Every song is an individual entity, with the music constructed around the lyrical theme like a film score.

"Often we'll use a combination of antithetical devices, putting things together that don't really fit. It's from the conflicting emotions aroused by this that the irony emerges."

"Martin Hannet taught us a lot in that sense," saxophonist / violinist Jo continues, "he taught us to look outside of the immediate option that a sound presents."

"In fact it's often difficult working with more conventional producers now," continues John, "they'll want to put three harmonisers on a sax sound and make it sound like Michael Brecker and we'll say 'No, let's have the weediest sound possible' and come up with something that sounds like an old woman who's just picked up the instrument for the first time."

So why all this complexity?

"It's not so much complexity, it's more things that put you on edge and attract your attention — if it glides past you then you wouldn't get anything out of it all. If it leaps out at you then you might pick up something from the song. I don't really care what people make of the songs whether they interpret them as we wrote them or not, just as long as the sound communicates *something*. We'd rather provoke people into thought than just present them with some pat statement."

"We'd like to think that we're not contriving to be complex," George adds, "it's just more demanding and more interesting to involve yourself in. For us, if you're not totally involved in what you're doing then there's no point."

"It's a very physical thing," continues Jo, "at its peak we'll be really excited about the sound we're creating."

What's the last thing Kissing The Pink are?

"An elitist club band."

"A cult."

"Duran Duran."

"A gimmick."

How about a suggestion as to what it is?

Something that harnesses music to relevance."

What do you think it is anyway?"

Just a goal whose pretensions are good.

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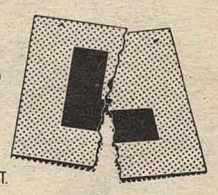

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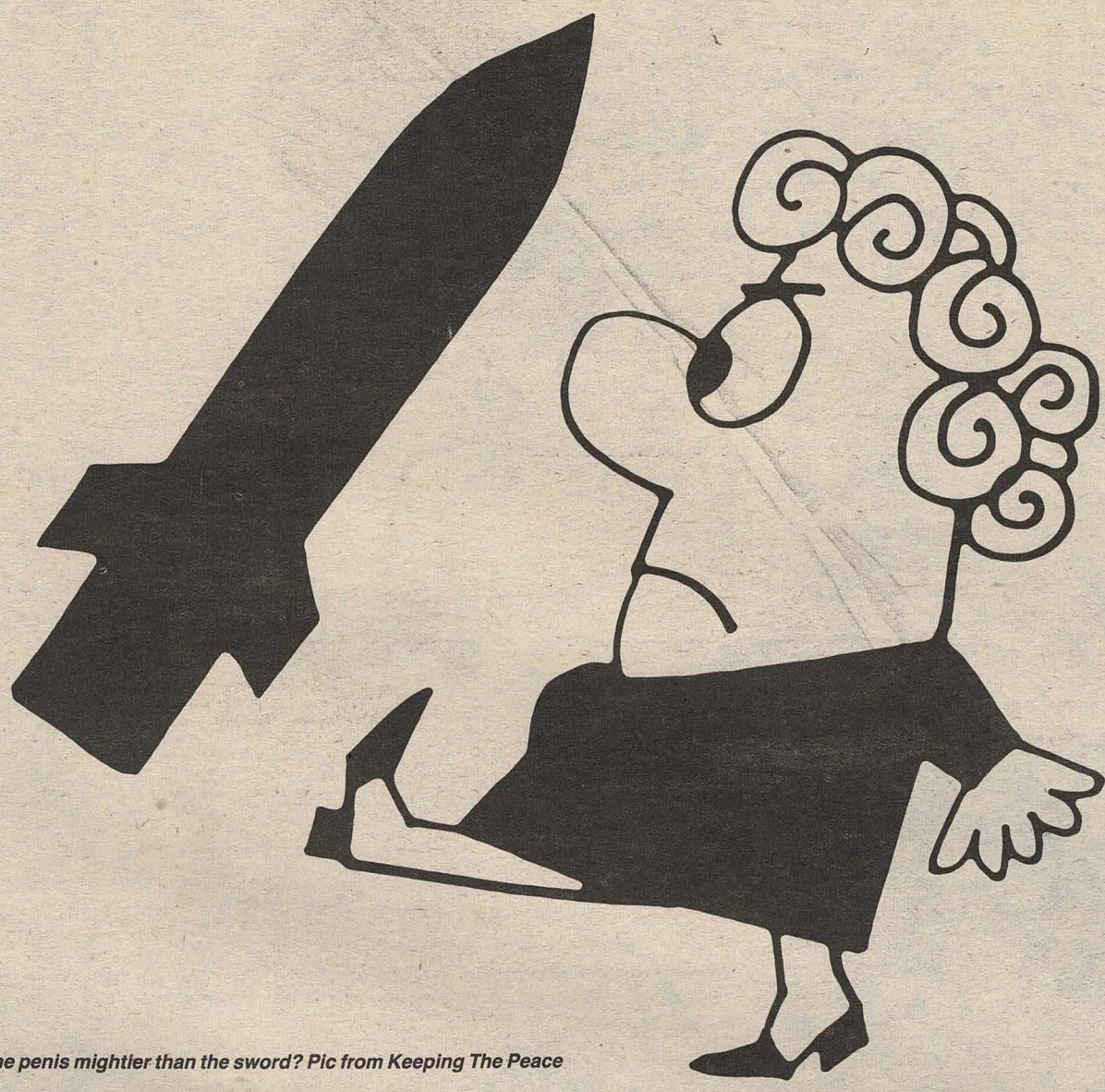
PRINT

"Let me put my arms around you," as the US said to the USSR. But will it end in a bang or a whimper? Print looks at two books which suggest a link between sex roles and nuclear weapons.



The penis mightier than the sword? Pic from Keeping The Peace

KICKS AGAINST THE PRICKS

FATHERING THE UNTHINKABLE

by Brian Easlea *(Pluto Press, £5.95)*

THE WOMEN at Greenham Common have based their campaign on the idea that nuclear war is a phenomenon for which men can be primarily held responsible. "Take the toys from the boys" is the anti-war rallying cry of 1983. Brian Easlea's book is an attempt to justify this belief, which he, like the Greenham women, accepts as a truth. The men he accuses are the scientists.

His central thesis is that the nuclear arms race is the inevitable product of a masculine science, itself the modern version of the secret male rituals of prescientific societies, designed to uphold the male claim to control over nature in response to the female power of childbirth.

He argues that the conventional sexual division of labour, in our own and also more ancient civilizations, gives rise to feelings of insecurity in men. Unable to give birth, and so be creatively equal to women, they delineate an area in which they too have special exclusive powers, ostensibly by virtue of their masculinity, thus giving it a positive significance. Moreover, they are open to ridicule by women if they fail in the sexual act, and in defence set up 'masculinity' as a distinct entity in antagonism to and dominance over 'femininity'.

He reminds us of the simultaneous spread of witch-hunting and the dawn of modern science in 16th and 17th century Europe. Juxtaposing the hysterical misogyny of the witch hunters with Francis Bacon talking about the new science as "...a trumpet which summons and excites men to...turn with united forces against the Nature of things, to storm and occupy her castles and strongholds . . .", he contends that this new science was a response of insecure masculinity to the threat of women/witches — who could not only now give birth, but could also make rain and in other ways display an understanding of nature men had sought but never achieved.

Taking this theory of uterus envy as foundation, the bulk of the book analyses the scientific journey leading to our present state of nuclear tension. Beginning in the 1890s, the story is littered with examples of men obsessed with the search for what Easlea sees as the modern equivalent of the philosopher's stone; becoming totally absorbed in the method and metaphors of their science and losing their awareness of the real world and the people in it.

It is a psychological analysis of the behaviour of scientists covering three stages of a journey — the discovery of nuclear fission, the development of the atom bomb, and then the move on to the hydrogen bomb. He diagnoses them as suffering from compulsive masculinity in their need to "penetrate the hidden recesses of nature".

Analysing their language, from Bacon down to Robert Oppenheimer, he presents an abundance of sexual, aggressive and birth metaphors, from which he deduces that the scientists are unconsciously (sometimes consciously) misogynist fanatics, pursuing the ultimate negation of the female birth-right — the ability to obliterate nature.

He concludes that the only hope for humanity is a total reconstruction of our gender roles in society, transcending the opposition of the masculine/feminine split. In such a society, science would be a human science to aid us in coexistence with nature, rather than a tool for her rape. In particular he stresses that men must be given more place in child rearing so that they do not fall prey to the insecurity he first described.

I don't accept his reasoning about the male inferiority complex and a great weakness of the book is that he only gives about five pages to the development of this idea, on which he then bases the whole book. Apart from anything else, it ignores the need for sperm in conception and presumes that males have no naturally valuable contribution to make to society.

I think, though, he *is* accurate in tracing the philosophical foundations of the nuclear nightmare and attributing it to an aggressively manipulative science. However, to blame masculinity for the evolution of a culture and attitude to nature which serves all of our greed and hunger for power idealizes women out of all proportion, and perpetuates rather than transcends the sexual duality of our culture.

Women are also responsible. We permitted men to dominate us for centuries — by failing to draw together sooner and say no louder, we made a bargain with compulsive masculinity. It is a great insult to the power and strength of women to presume we were unable to protest. In fact, by not demanding an equal role in science and politics we avoided having to take responsibility for those areas.

It is very easy for the oppressed to be righteous, and just as we can look to examples of non-aggressive and non-dominant male behaviour in our society, so the Greenham women can be set against not only Margaret Thatcher and Indira Gandhi but also the countless women who prop up, applaud and support men of questionable morality in return for comfort and lack of responsibility.

And Marie Curie discovered radium, after all.

KATY ZESERSON

KEEPING THE PEACE

edited by Lynne Jones *(Women's Press, £3.60)*

WOMEN HAVE rarely fought in wars, nor are they generally trained to be aggressive or even to defend themselves. Men, we are told, will protect us, and in fact in recent wars whole generations of men were slaughtered under the illusion that they were protecting 'their' womenfolk back home.

For me, the best explanation of how women's traditional role has equipped them to work for peace is Virginia Woolf's *Three Guineas* (Penguin, 95p) written just before World War II. It stresses that it is not *all* men who control this society and instigate its wars, but what she calls "educated men", men of a certain class.

I get uneasy about one of the main slogans of the current women's peace movement, "Take the toys from the boys", because boys of my background just don't get A-bombs of their own to play with. They may *take* orders — unemployment is in fact forcing more and more to join the professionals — but they rarely give them.

But of course the wealthy world of generals, judges and politicians, the people who really decide when the button is pressed, *is* a male world. For women to succeed there, they have to be more male than the men, so as to speak: harder, tougher, more aggressive. They have to be Mrs. Thatcher or Mrs. Ghandi (and don't be fooled by Shirley Williams' windswept, motherly look, either).

That the target may be a bit vague is my main quarrel with some of the ideas in this book, a collection of articles edited by Lynne Jones, a doctor involved in the camp at Greenham. However, if anyone has doubts about the value of women-only protest, they have only to look at the effects of Greenham, and almost every contribution here shows clearly the strength, confidence and pure joy women get out of working with other women.

The book also tells of the protests in other parts of the world: 70,000 signatures collected by just six women in Germany; 53,000 replies to a Dutch peace chain letter; women linking hands around the Pentagon; marches, camps, symbolic actions. In Japan the Shibokusa peasant women, many of them in their fifties or older and therefore, they say, "expendable", occupy the military training area that was once their land, dodging in and out of the line of fire and disrupting army exercises.

Keeping The Peace is encouraging, inspiring, and for me at times infuriating; but it's well worth reading if only for the section explaining exactly *how* various protests were organised so that we can use those women's experience when organising our own. It closes with a list of contacts, further reading and ideas, making the point that simply reading about it is not enough.

Unless all of us act soon, there'll be nothing much left except for a few of Woolf's "educated men" sitting in their bunkers.

SHERYL GARRATT

NUDE SUPERMAN

Title: "Snatch shots with Ray Guns collected from 1969-78."

Introducing HANNAH WILKE, a startling New York performance artist who gives the term 'body talk' a new meaning. CYNTHIA ROSE gets all physical.

"Stand up and be
Your own cliche;
Stand up, there's no one to betray when you
Stand up"

Hannah Wilke, 1982

ONE OF New York's first female performance artists, Hannah Wilke used to risk getting arrested for putting her body where her mouth is: she performed nude before it was acceptable to do so.

Since then she has garnered a larger, more respectful public via the song 'Stand Up', quoted above, released on a Manhattan art gallery double compilation 'Revolutions Per Minute: The Art Record".

Apart from Hannah's 'Stand Up' and Thomas Shannon's 'Smashing Beauty' the record's simply a document of art. But Hannah's song has become a surprise radio fave; so much so that if it gets a single release it's likely to do for her what 'O Superman' did for Laurie Anderson.

As with Anderson's single, 'Stand Up' represents only a fraction of what Hannah's about. Her performances bring a whole new slant to the term "body of meaning" . . .

Just like musicians, performance artists shape time.

From the 'happenings' of the '60s forwards, participation in a performance piece has generally made audiences feel time not as an idea, but as a reality they could feel being stretched, compressed or suspended by the artist in charge. Since Pop artist Claes Oldenburg's 'Ray Gun Theatre' performances in '62, it's been possible for the audience to *be* the material with which an artist's sensibility works — and more and more frequently, sound has been a major element in the scheme.

Sometimes it's literal sound (sound as shock or tone), sometimes allegorical (screams and whispers), sometimes representations of sound — typewriters, telephones, drums. Even the sight of words, via slides or video, can incorporate their sound in our imaginations.

"People have forgotten that Claes Oldenburg and Allen Kaprow and other Pop guys did the first performances," says Hannah Wilke. "But I wasn't around for them, so when I started I had a more formal structure.

"The idea of what *I* started doing in the early '60s was more similar to language and the word; Lenny Bruce had said fuck and got arrested. Well, I decided to combine my regular art, which was gestural and sculptural, with the sexual and poetic. I though these, the things people were most concerned with, were being omitted. Yet I could be arrested for taking off my shirt — that was illegal."

"I made a female iconography to try and elevate the status of women. I mean, as an American girl born with the name 'Butter' I was pretty confused when I heard what it was like to be used, be spread, to feel soft, to melt in your mouth. I was also a Jew and those words — 'woman', 'Jew', 'black' — they're metaphysical abstractions in themselves! So I made an abstract art about words."

By 1974, Hannah decided to incorporate herself into the work she did, "because the Marilyn Monroe dumb blonde thing came in when I was beginning art, y'know? And it's OK for Debbie Harry to be beautiful as a singer; but the learned, inttellectual arbiters of our culture are supposed to look male and deadpan and *not* beautiful.

"I felt to go anywhere I wanted to stand up as myself, faults and all, and fight all the prejudices. So I stood up in the nude in performance for human dignity — and for interdependence, both male and female."

Did this either attract or repel 'feminists'?

"Well, a lot of women have written about it with surprising understanding of why I did it. But I think the feminists are more afraid of me than the art critics! I think some feminists can be fascists; I once did a poster called *Beware Fascist Feminism* because I felt we were being as vulgar as the men — saying you weren't 'correct' if you had dyed hair, or wore lipstick or didn't wear combat boots.

"I wrote 'Stand Up' for a similar reason, to reach a *wide* audience: *'Stand up for women to decide/Stand up, their bodies you're inside'."*

MORE AND MORE, 'Stand Up' has been compared to Laurie Anderson's 'music' . . . especially at present, when

Wilke's installation in a Soho show called *The Erotic Impulse* includes a new song of hers, 'Blonde Boy'.

"Laurie's very good and I like her stuff very much — but she's more involved with singing . . . where's the art going? My song differs from Laurie's in that I felt compelled to write a real straightforward, across-all-classes thing that would really try and reach everybody. I also knew exactly what I was standing up for — all sorts of rights — and against the danger of labelling things."

It also had to do with reaching a larger audience.

"Sure! My first boyfriend was always saying to me, Hannah, *movies* are the new art — not 'art'. And his name was Francis Coppola.

"That was when we were 15, in high school, but of course he was right. Songs and films can reach billions of people," she laughs. "When I watch Diana Ross sing 'Reach Out', I get envious about that whole other *kind* of 'performance art'!"

'O Superman' of course includes a phone message from *"your Mother"*; but in 1977, Hannah Wilke premiered a performance piece called 'Intercourse With . . .' which included seven years' worth of telephone messages left to her by friends, lovers and relatives — including Claes Oldenburg, with whom she lived for eight years.

"In Philadelphia," says Hannah's gallery dealer, "she performed it called 'The Bride Stripped Bare' (later the name of a Bryan Ferry LP) and she actually stripped behind a Duchamp. A beautiful, elegant strip. In the same room on the other side was a black and white TV screen, and on *it* Hannah was chewing gum, all rough and tough; she was changing clothes and going in and out of her bathroom — all those things that are *un*glamorous, simultaneously.

"There was a tape running of her answering machine — something which was to be copied later by innumerable artists — and as she stripped, she first took off her elegant suit, then she peeled off these adhesions she'd made which were stuck to her flesh.

"She stripped them off like scars while her mother and lovers were talking, leaving this nude body with men's names written on it."

Years later, the engineer who edited the '72–'77 telephone messages in Wilke's piece was to edit 'O Superman'.

THE DAY Hannah signed her first recording contract her mother died, after a long battle against breast cancer.

"I guess that's what made me sad about 'O Superman'," says Hannah slowly. "I loved my mother and her voice recurs on all my tapes in that piece, leaving real messages. And she stood up for my human rights. She came to my nude performances, knowing when you lose part of your body how important it is.

"Yet it was more popular for Laurie to make a joke out of mom's telephone messages: *'everyone hates their mother'* etc... To me that brought a lot of things down to the wrong level. Why do we need another cheap joke about mothers? Why do we need another anti-American joke? It's not so hip."

Hannah is, however, aware that parody is much more likely to succeed in today's marketplace than bravery — however solid the intellectual intentions of the latter.

"Oh *yes*; the bravery I tried in the '70s by using myself in a positive way still actually causes pain. Asking people to take pleasure in their own bodies puts them in fear more than anything else.

"But the alternative is *not feeling:* the heroin syndrome, the money-market syndrome. To not expose yourself, to create an ersatz 'mystery' — well, that can make money. But what's wrong with 'the art of the' 80s' is this notion that we can destroy the human concers. We're no that sophisticated yet."

Performance art to Hannah is now as predictable as a rock concert.

"It's because a middle class audience is hiring you now — and they don't want to explore any pleasure-pain syndrome, however metaphorically. They certainly might not want to see me naked," she grins. "They'll think it's *only* naked."

She's still proud, however, of her last performance piece, 'So Help Me Hannah', started in 1977 after she split from Oldenburg.

"It's a homage as well as a complaint."

Hannah had helped Oldenburg collect many of his famous 'ray gun' Pop *objets:* arms, twigs, 7-Up signs, Hoovers, shoes, a map of Chicago. After they separated she redid the entire collection — "assembled a second set"

These she then used as background for 50 photos of herself taken fleeing the guns, or treating them as a "sexual, macho image". She collated an accompanying soundtrack of TV sounds — "women crying and men saying, I'm sorry; operation sounds, police and Western sounds". Over this tape-loop she recited a linked series of 60 statements from various thinkers, critics and philosophers "a prose poem".

Later, Wilkie adapted 'So help Me' to include a nude performance: for which she hired two cameramen to videotape her moving through a series of gestures.

"As performance art, I'm most proud of that piece because it makes music, it's passionate and it relies on chance too. I move to the sound of my own voice and the tape, but I also rely on the emotional content of what's being said and on the audience response.

"This is where Laurie's work and things like it cease to be performance — there's no chance involved. Even John Cage doesn't do chance now."

Has Hannah ever had a 'bad' audience?

"I've had like perverts ring up if my posters were shown out of context, but no — I've never had a bad audience. Once I'm out there they know I'm not kidding."

Hannah's music deals more with her usual issues than with chance. 'Blonde Boy', included in the 'Erotic Impulse' show as accompaniment to a diptych of photos, deals with an older woman who is falling for a younger man.

"What interested me about the 'Erotic Impulse' thing," says Hannah, "is how *un*sexy most of it was; if it was sexy it was pornographic. I thought my piece had something to do with sensuality mainly because I was singing at a low level. Sound I've found out, does more than art can ever do emotionally."

Hannah's theme-show piece contained a picture of her lying in bed. It faced a picture of a young boy lying in another bed, with identical bright blue sheets. Wilke wears a brace and clutches a pair of crutches.

"That's because the photo was taken during three months when I was crippled by a leg injury. But I thought it was OK, since risking rejection puts you in a crippling situation anyway!

"As far as the 'erotic impulse' went, there was just something erotic about lying there fully dressed...it's the Eros of thinking. You know, Eros isn't really thinking of fucking; it's a particular *poignancy.* Thinking is probably the most erotic act."

HANNAH SHARES Debbie Harry's voice coach, ex-opera singer Debbie Mohlar.

"I was really pleased when I told her what I wanted to do and she said, Just do the words, Hannah — you have a nice squeaky voice there; don't kill it."

She was also flattered that Jeff Gordon, who devised and produced 'Revolutions Per Minute', "wanted me to be at the centre of 'Stand Up' — he saw it as directly related to my art". But "in the back of my mind", conceptualist Hannah still ponders the influence of chance.

"I'd just like to *try* these new songs six or seven different ways, so I'd *learn* more from them as an artist — as ballads, as dance numbers, as really aggressive rock songs. I keep wondering what someone like, say, Robert Fripp, who's brilliant in his field but who I met at an opening — I mean, what could he do with this stuff?"

Hannah Wilke laughs again. "If only we all had Yoko Ono's financial reserves!"

"I can't talk your music,
I can't talk your age;
I can't tell you I love you
On the very first page.
Blonde boy — fancy toy,
I'm not toying with you
I can't live your rock and roll,
I can't live your time,
I can't give you memories
On the very first line."

— Hannah Wilke, 1982

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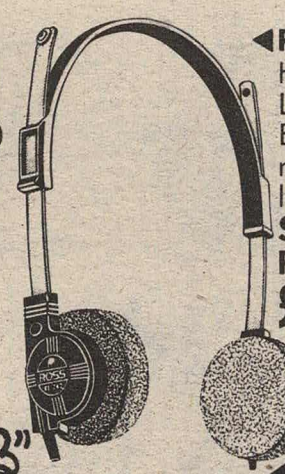

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OUT NOW!

breaking the dance code

Richard Cook unscrambles the music of Ronald Shannon Jackson's Decoding Society — a musak so mean it could make an everyday breakfast in America quake . . . Pic Lyn Goldsmith

HEAVY METAL swing? Ronald Shannon Jackson ponders for a moment.

"Mmm...it's in the ballpark. I think it's beyond classification at this point."

Here on Madison Avenue, Shannon and I are wondering how we're going to promote the music of his Decoding Society.

"Maybe we should call it diet music," he chuckles, eyeing my fruitless attempts to open a can of Diet Pepsi. "Can you imagine going out to a steak dinner with some advertising people — and this music is playing in the background? Or at breakfast — you order poached eggs with this music playing and by the time they arrive they're *scrambled!*"

Jackson has a great laugh: a big, gurgling convulsion that catches hold of anyone in the vicinity. He beams hugely at the idea of a muzak so mean it could make an everyday breakfast in America quake. If he has his way, his group are going to make that music.

The sound that constitutes electric harmolody has been slow to proliferate because here is one strain that can't simply be tealeafed by some slip-fingered cultural pickpocket. It's too *hard*. Tracing the lineage — Ornette Coleman's early editions of Prime Time, James Blood Ulmer, Human Arts Ensemble — magnifies the strength of an improvised current energised to the point of living shock. It takes tremendous experience, knowledge and chops to be able to play in this stream; a wide, wide-open perception; an acuity and an ability to listen and decipher and respond with quicksilver reflexes. You can't, of course, *just do it*.

Although the paradox is that you *can* just listen to it. Despite a technical quotient of fearsome complexity the sound of Jackson's Decoding Society has all the simple ingredients of the rock jolt — the drumming brawn, the black-throated guitars — reformed to a world improviser's medium. No matter how daunting it may initially sound, with the hyperactive rhythm and virulent grapeshot horns scouring every corner of the airspace, you soon find there's something to latch on to.

Hear 'Mandance', the Decoding Society's current Antilles release, and see which part grabs you first. It might be the roaring dance track that weaves through the blistered trail of themes they travel. Or the shivery excitement of the two bassists arching right up out of the rhythm and into the ether of a dissonant horn wash. Or Vernon Reid hurling brambles of guitar right in the face of Jackson's panstylistic drum parts, coursing up the vertebrae of a song to crack it open. Or — *anything*.

'Mandance' is already one of the key records in this new music, one born out of age-old forms tempered by contemporary tongues. It's taken a long time because it had to. Jackson, 43 this year, had the inevitable jazzman's apprenticeship to work through.

"I grew up in an environment where music was playing all the time. Now I'm hearing music internally and externally. The music I'm hearing internally is recycled — like, as you dream you review all the essence of the day and it's brought out in a symbolic form. A lot of that is true of the music I play, although a lot comes through without any effort of the conscious, like a dream transmitted direct.

"Since I was 14 years old I've played in all musical contexts," he remembers. "Everything. When I came to New York I worked with Charles Mingus, Kenny Dorham, Jackie McLean, McCoy Tyner, all those cats — jazz greats, right? It was like being in a prep school. Then I began working with Albert Ayler, and that was like college. When I finally ran into Ornette Coleman at a time when he needed a drummer, in the summer of '74, and then Cecil Taylor — that was like a doctorial thesis.

"They all influenced me, each in a different way. It was part of my karma to meet these people at those times and for them to give me the direction I needed at that time. Until I began practising Buddhism I always thought of music just as a hobby — I couldn't see how you could devote a life to something so arbitrary. Then I became aware of my real purpose."

Shannon talks unselfconsciously of his beliefs. He looks a proud man, a big and splendidly carved face below a fine head of locks, hands spread in the manner of a natural orator. The spiritual dignity of this music is hard to deflect: it seems to infuse the character of sound with a gravity and eloquence that is leagues distant from the counterfeit Godhead sneezing of the rock folly. Jackson's espousal of Albert Ayler as a first touchstone of belief seems appropriate, recalling the ragged rejoicing of the tenorman's voice.

"He was the most spiritual person I knew. Albert was like a witch doctor — he could see the invisible world. Some people have an extra sense to see other spirits which the black world calls 'ghosts' — Albert could do that. If you were around him, that's what he'd talk about. He was very warm, a very spiritual cat. You can still hear that in his music."

Drummers often miss out on the tickertape parade of history. Art Blakey and Max Roach are scarcely any less important to a jazz retrospective than Parker and Gillespie; maybe it's time to set some records straight. Jackson's role in the evolution of this music is no mean footnote. He came from Fort Worth, Texas, a fruitful area for young Turks; so did Ornette.

"When I met Ornette he'd written this music...and it was like the music we'd heard growing up in Texas in a different form. Most of the city drummers were busy playing in another style — but I could hear his music at once. It was like the stuff we played as kids. It was a much purer music: the harmolodic thing was something that was already there. Albert had opened me up to my resources, and Ornette brought it all out again after I'd spent all this time working in cabaret and stuff.

"The Decoding Society is always open. When I was a kid I spent my summers in rural Texas in a very small town — a lot of my relatives were sharecroppers. On a Saturday night they'd get together and put ice in big tubs, fill them up with beer and soda and have these dances. They played whatever instruments they had — maybe a banjo, a trombone, a bass drum — and those were the sounds. That was the human unity. When this band came together it was in that way. The only thing I specifically wanted was a trumpet player — Henry Scott. He could play all the licks of the great trumpet players but now he's on his own way."

That kind of respect to personal roots flames like writing on a wall through Decoding Society music. Listen to 'Iola', where Vernon Reid — frequent Defunkt alumnus and at 24 one of the sharpest young guitarists to be cutting up improvisational space — plucks a *banjo* over and across a bobbing bass dialogue. The ghostly Texas shacks return the echo. As profoundly urban as this sound is — and its steel-and-glass power fits naturally with our location, a cool uptown Manhattan — its heart still haunts a much older land.

"I'm suggesting to the audience the same thing as to the musicians — forget what you know and let's take it *this* way. *Then* you can move. All people can hear music that way. We all experience the positive and negative of life and this music goes to each extreme. It's based on the past but it's the sound of the time we're living in now."

I make like the sceptical Madison exec and chomp out a question through the cigar: doesn't too much go in, with all these different strains hustling for attention? Where is the editing function? Shannon fields the point without trouble.

"I don't set out for complexity — it comes as it comes. My nature is to be *lazy*, man — I have to work at it too. But it's something to hear over and over. You'll hear something going on in another corner and say, Hey — I didn't hear that before! That's the name, The Decoding Society. You decode slowly.

"What you hear on the radio is a simple beat, simple melodies. But — that's not what's going on in *my* life. I wish the future *was* all BABY BABY I LOVE YOU..."

What goes through his mind while actually playing?

"How we can reach the state of joy — to go to those spaces and come back. Like when you're on the subway and your mind's somewhere else. The sorrow is there too but that comes out harder. This is the struggle for me, to deliver all this. It's a responsibility but it gets harder all the time.

"When I play I want to communicate with everybody who's listening. I like to go to a place early and see where everybody's going to sit. Then I can feel as if I'm out there, maybe dancin' with them. It has to be a *good* experience.

'Mandance', cut live in the studio, is a major advance on The Society's two earlier records, 'Eye On You' (on the very obscure indie About Time and virtually unobtainable) and the muddy and ill-sounding 'Nasty' on Moers Music. It's produced by Shannon and Ron Breskin to play without any cut of the group's incendiary aggression: every sinew feels clenched, but a gleaming resonance arcs through to give the charts luscious depth. How tough is recording such a unit?

"Recording is financially very tough. I think only our next record will really get the sound right: the ambience has to be captured, and we're trying to record it in a studio with a high enough ceiling.

"I'm dealing with a different rhythm in each song. I'm always working on this glorious solo that'll appear one day — then the world and me will be one! But I have some short pieces becauses it's new music and people have to be helped to get into it, to have some easier starting point. I want people to walk out of the concert and wake up next morning and still hear the melody. As opposed to them still seeing the dry ice floating around the band or some cat flying across the stage in a helicopter!"

All this music, pure music...I narrow the gaze to medium grill again. Isn't it too abstract? Can a way of living be built from this music?

"Music is from sound, and sound is the whole universe. The only way we can reach out there is through sound projection. Nothing on the planet is so powerful. Sound..." Shannon's voice softens in genuflection. "Music touches the level that is between all of us, even when we don't speak the same language. It's on such a high level — to be able to say what it really is? It's a mystery to me. And I love the mystery!" He offers another gusty laugh.

I give the cigar a last twirl in the direction of Wall Street. Is he discouraged at waiting this long for some real attention?

"Not really. Shit, I wouldn't've been ready! Things are coming at a time when I can deal with them in a civilised way. I've had to teach myself not to deliver blame for something that hasn't come through in my life. That kind of maturity takes time. Is this the kind of stuff that people wanna read in an interview? I guess they want to hear stuff like — oh, I went to Saturn the other night, a beautiful place..."

No, that's Sun Ra. We had him last year. Is he prepared to accept that The Decoding Society may only ever get a fraction of the listening person's attention?

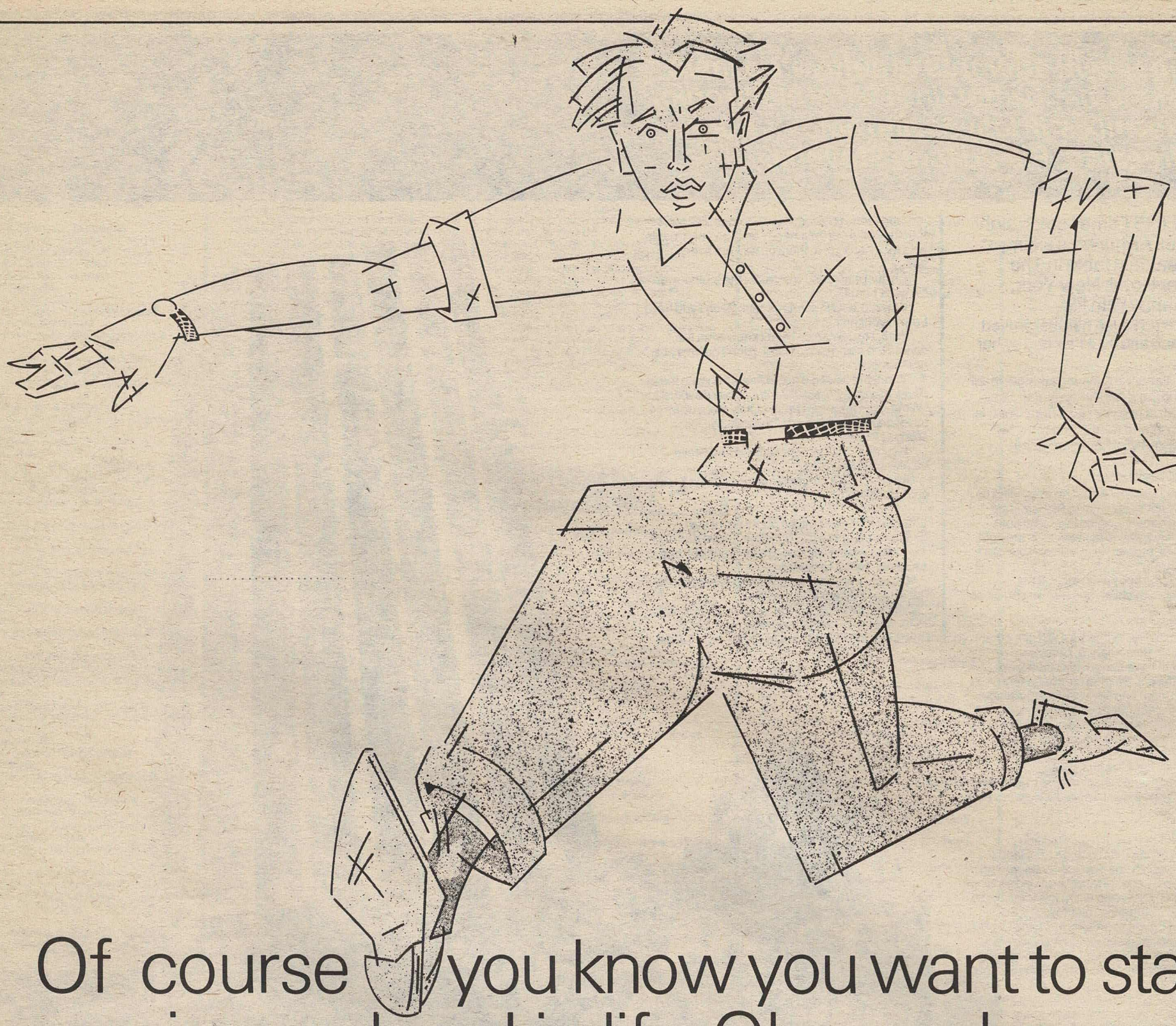
"No! I'm going to try my best to get more of that attention by delivering the music as uncontaminated as I can. I won't sacrifice it for commercial acceptance. I know there'll be as many people who want to listen to music that's true to their heart as there are those who listen to music that's programmed.

"I get the feeling...it's *right*. We might not be getting in all the trade publications but...it's the *right* music."

Forty floors below, Madison Avenue hums and shifts to the sound of the Man Dance. On the eve of his trip to Europe, to be followed by a three month state tour of Africa, Shannon gives it a last shot.

"We could call it — music to watch your dreams by."

Sold!



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BRANCHES NATIONALLY

Paolo Hewitt attempts to cultivate a taste for Blancmange but finds their electronic packet mix still leaves him cold . . . but not freezing. Pic Joseph Stevens.

THE FIRST time I catch sight of Neil Arthur he's sitting at a breakfast table in The Mayflower Hotel, New York, looking happy with life.

His girlfriend Helen has just arrived from England and he's touched by her presence.

His band Blancmange are gaininga small but steady foothold here in America. Their new single, after two weeks of hard work, is finally re-mixed and ready, and the scrambled eggs he's eating are quite delicious.

Contented Neil Arthur.

Second time I see Neil Arthur he's standing on stage at New York's Ritz singing Blancmange songs, looking nervous, agitated and anxious. He's desperately trying to put himself in the right frame of mind for proper vocal delivery, but can't seem to manage it.

His tall, gangling body jerks around the microphone he's clutching, and his hair stands on end.

Frightened Neil Arthur.

Third time I see Neil Arthur he's with the other half that make up Blancmange, Stephen Luscombe. Both have hangovers. Both look engagingly different. Stephen is small, clean-shaven, blond, neat and tidy. Neil is a foot bigger, scruffy with a slightly manic air about him. Where Steve likes to analyse matters, Neil prefers to laugh at them, always looking for the perfect punchline.

Both write the music for their group Blancmange; both know that I'm here to interview them; and both know that I dislike their group. Both are quite nervous.

THERE ARE some quite enterprising moments on the Blancmange LP 'Happy Families', which has now sold a staggering 100,000 copies. These's the back-up vocalists on 'Feel Me', for instance, who add a welcome depth to Blancmange's stuttering rhythms.

The irritating Egyptian melody in 'Living On The Ceiling', and the ridiculous words that Neil wrote for 'God's Kitchen', all provide solitary, engaging moments in an otherwise, undistinguished body of work.

Not that Blancmange's electronic song and dance is offensive in the same way as, say, that the over-blown posturing of Martin Fry. Blancmange fit neatly into a line of groups who have all emerged in our charts recently — Tears For Fears, Flock Of Seagulls and China Crisis... all bands flitting in and out of our lives, never strong enough to make a true dent or impression, mainly faceless and mainly standard. There's nothing special, nothing to break into a sweat about, and *nothing* controversial, adventurous or dynamic about them.

Where other groups annoy intensely, Blancmange make me shrug my shoulders. Where others provide a true uplift, Blancmange leave me cold, but not freezing.

Their music utilises orthodox keys and methods within the electronic field, but never radically or cleverly enough to stop people in their tracks. Neil's voice, despite his protestations, has evolved from the work of David Byrne and Ian Curtis, regardless of its 'passion' which he believes lifts it away from the accusation of plagiarism. From a whisper to a whisper really.

Knowing all this, Blancmange still agreed to meet, talk and be interviewed. Figuring they had nothing to lose, they gave the go-ahead on my flight to New York.

Quite decent of them really.

UP AT THE radio station, the interviewer insists on calling them *Blank Mange,* and demanding to know what exactly *Blank Manges* are. "Uh, we don't have them in America you unnerstand," he drawls out.

Neil and Steve exchange conspiratial glances across the microphone.

"Well, *Blank Manges,* as you call them," says Neil in his strong North of England accent, "were first invented by Monks in the 14th Century. They created them, you see, out of various elements that they cold get their hands on. The only trouble was they had to give them up for Lent every year..."

"Eh, just a minute," interrupts the interviewer. "What's Lent?"

"What's Lent?!" screams Neil. "Don't you have Lent in your neighborhood?"

"Well, I'm Jewish so I don't know what it is," comes the bland reply. "God, I don't believe this," mutters Steve.

"Yeah, but what did these monks do with these *Blank Manges?"* asks the interviewer desperately. "What... did they burn them? Offer them up as sacrifices? Pray to them? I mean, why *Blank Manges?"*

"Why not?" gasps Neil, both he and Steve helpless with laughter.

Blancmange's promotional tour of New York is going just fine.

BLAND PIPED music pours out of the speakers into this hotel bar. Steve and Neil sit at a table with me. Steve is snappy and sarcastic; Neil is resigned.

"Oh come on," he remonstrates to his partner "let's have it as easy as possible."

Switching the 'on' button, we talk pleasantly for 35 minutes, not really going into much detail. How's it going? I ask them, and they both tell me

'Blank Manges' Neil and Steve

STUCK IN THE MOULD

that really it's all one big joke to them, this pop music business, and in no way do they take it all seriously.

"That's the way we've changed," says Neil, "because when we first started I think we really took ourselves seriously. When we started we were doing dates, supporting bands like PRAG vec. We played down the Moonlight Club supporting a few bands, played St Berwick Hall with Table 12, Vincent Units and bands like that.

"We thought we were going to carry on like that and keep our jobs. I'm an illustrator and Steve's a graphic designer; I became a graphic designer later and we thought it would just be an outlet from that. Like doing a sport or something."

Instead, they tell me, Blancmange landed some support dates with Grace Jones and realised they could take it a step further: actually make a living out of it.

From there things roller-coasted — record contract, London dates, press reviews (favourable), third single a massive hit, debut LP similar success, trips to New York to record, and new material with a prestigious producer, John Luongo. For Blancmange everything was coming up roses (not forgetting a trip to the pyramids to film a video for Ceiling).

"Well, if it stopped tomorrow," says Steve with annoying nonchalance, induced by the disappointment of the previous night's show, "I just couldn't give a toss.

"I'm not being heavy about it, but to me it's a transient thing. It's not just doing music, it's all the rest of it that you've got to put up with. It starts to interfere with relationships, it interferes with your private life, the way all your friends view you. People say to you, Oh, you're a pop star now. Me! A pop star? Me and Neil, pop stars? Fuck off."

Neil feels the same way, citing his changing attitude towards their songs.

"Our new single — and this isn't to say, Oh, yes folks we've got a new single — but 'Waves' was written quite a while back, and the original version was done in quite a serious way. It had slightly different lyrics in it and I used to take it quite seriously. Now I just laugh at it because of the line in it, *'All these waves coming over me, it must be my destiny'*.

"It's the most obvious thing; you listen to any Abba record. People are going to hate that line, but I think it's great to put it in. So corny."

On the subject of Neil's lyrics, which are basically fragmented one liners strung together, both musicians are defensive. No, they're not obscure to the point of uselessness, they say, but words you can either take or leave. Treat them as serious and from the heart or just plain nonsense and it doesn't really matter, it's the *feel* that's essential.

"There's a lot of importance attached to what you say and not how you say it," Steve explains.

"I can't sit down," adds Neil, "and say, Right I'm going to write like this. I just start, and I very rarely change the structure of it once I'm finished. If *I* can accept it and sing it with the right attack then I feel it's carrying it."

Ask Blancmange, however, what the good qualities in their music are, what makes it worthwhile, and they stumble. Neil says he hasn't played their album and only hears it around friends' houses.

"I feel as strong about our new single," he states, "as I did about the whole of the album."

Meanwhile Steve simply mouths obligatory noises about putting everything he had into it and hoping that people get the same out of it. They are prepared to accept criticism, though, citing Paul Du Noyer's review of the LP as "constructive".

"The bit about the electronic did-did-did rhythm was quite valid," says Steve. "It is a bit overblown and a bit overdone, and that was partly due to our inexperience and the way we were allowed to be manipulated by certain people who we initially trusted, but didn't have the experience or the willpower to overcome. We allowed ourselves to say, OK, that's fine, we'll let that happen. When, in reality, we shouldn't have had."

Their intention, they explain, was to make a varied LP, consisting of many textures. Now they're not too sure they have.

"People say it has," sighs Steve. "Other people say it's got a one-dimensionality to it. But I think that one-dimensionality is inevitable if you've only got two people. That's why we use others, to give it an extra input."

"Frame of mind I'm in," states Neil wearily, "I can see both sides of everything. It depends how much you're expecting from it. If you're talking about someone's fourth album where they have had a great first album, a second album where everyone is calm about it, a third album where everybody has said, Cripes, a waste of time, and they've gone away, had a think, and made an incredible fourth album — then you take that album and compare it to our first, you can easily say, Well, alright, why haven't they done this? Why haven't they seen that?

"As far as we're concerned we haven't reached that stage of our development. No, it wasn't one-dimensional but I can understand somebody thinking it was.

"It's going to be very difficult this interview," he says with a smile.

A DEFINITE tension exists between the Blancmange duo. Steve is often cut down by Neil, the former slightly pretentious with his views, the latter candid, more basic.

"Our tagging as a synthesiser duo," Steve was telling me, "is pathetic. If people can't see behind that, there must be something wrong with them..."

But it's the base for your music, I reply.

"Well of course," says Steve petulantly. "They're easy to operate."

"They're not easy to operate," says Neil bluntly "They're very difficult."

What's so great about them is what I want to know.

"I think it's because of the purity of the sound," explains Steve. "It can be a very *pure* instrument. That's always been the aim of people who make instruments, which is irrefutable, and it does get people. It gets them there," he says, touching his heart. "The purer the sound, the more they react to it. I'm sure of it."

Doesn't it deny the human element, though?

"The human element is interacting with the machine," says Steve somewhat pompously. "And actually using it in a constructive way, where you're at one with it almost. You're not going to be controlled by it, and it's not going to be controlled by you either.

Ah, yes — the words of a man who might have been watching too many dodgy, sci-fi B-movies.

"It's not a novelty electronic instrument," he stresses, "that makes novelty electronic sounds. There's far more potential in it than that, I don't think it's begun to be realised yet."

Reading up on your old interviews, Blancmange are always talking about "breaking rules", is that what synthesiser...

"You don't think it's true," interrupts Steve.

I don't know that, or can't see, the rules you're breaking.

"We're breaking rules by our approach," he explains, "because of what we're saying now, and because we take it all as a joke and all the other elements that go with it."

Neil, who has been daydreaming a little, suddenly comes to life.

"I think it's becoming more and more apparent," he says, "as this interview goes on, that to me we're not taking it as a joke all the time. I don't think we take it as a joke. I think we're *trying* to."

True. You wouldn't be 3,000 miles from home otherwise.

"I agree actually," says Neil. "I think we try and *enjoy* it — and that's the difference. You've got to take it seriously, and now we're ending up contradicting ourselves." He snorts with derision. "We've had it really easy in interviews," he comments, "because everyone who's interviewed us has been on our side."

Yes, and your press clippings are full of cringeful remarks about "Blancmange being a trifle sweet or slightly wobbly". Doesn't it annoy you?

"I often wonder how worthwhile they all are anyway," says Steve. "I know we get annoyed about how we are portrayed but in the end, in my heart of hearts, I don't care if people reading this think I'm a complete idiot or a complete fool. It isn't really their business."

IN attempting to keep themselves lively and sane, Blancmange throw out this nonchalant attitude at everyone, but they're unconvincing, they obviously are affected by the wonder of it all.

"We did Birmingham Odeon," Neil says. "I came onstage and I just went, I don't want this anymore. A friend came up to me afterwards and he said, It's not you, you shouldn't be doing it. But I know I should. It's my attitude . . . I realised I had to start taking it seriously, and *that's* what was wrong.

"I came offstage — and I don't mind admitting this, sounds ridiculous — but I was in tears. I'd given the worst performance of my life in front of one of the biggest audiences of my life, and it had gone down well. That just made me sick. They actually wanted three encores and I realised then that a band can go onstage, do anything and get away with it.

"I felt bad because I thought we gave more than that; I thought we got closer to an audience so they knew how vulnerable we are onstage. I thought everyone would be able to see it and I knew then it wasn't coming over."

Last night's performance at The Ritz had been similarly fraught and after it both Steve and Neil had wanted "to jump off a cliff". Instead they found themselves trapped in a dressing room with music biz types with smiles on their faces and a slap on the back a certainty.

Robert Palmer even came along, and told Neil not to say "sorry" onstage as it betrays weakness. Neil told him that wasn't the way to look at things. Two weeks in New York have overpowered the pair of them. They're itching to get home, get back to some familiarity and memories.

"When we started," Neil reflects, "we wanted to get our own record out. When we did our EP, we sent it off to all the press and never got a review in any paper. But that would have been really important, more important than anything that is happening now.

"We sat in the back garden sticking the record into little sleeves and we had prizes for the 500th one, prizes that didn't exist. Now, it's not always in you. For that week it was the most important thing to us. When we get to 37 in the charts, it's important, but . . . "

Confused Neil Arthur. You haven't changed my mind about your music though.

Neil shrugs. "I don't think you can actually say, 'I don't like their music now and that's it'. I'm not going to change my mind, because I think we're going to carry on doing music for quite a while and maybe, in the future, people are going to say, Yeah, I hated that part of their music, but this isn't too bad. We've been together for four years now, so there's no rush for us," he concludes.

GETTING HOME the flat is in a mess and 'Waves' is already on daytime radio. Over-produced and under-soulful, I let it run its course and begin clearing up. Ten minutes later I realise it's finished and there's a new tune coming through. Only thing is, I can't hear the difference.

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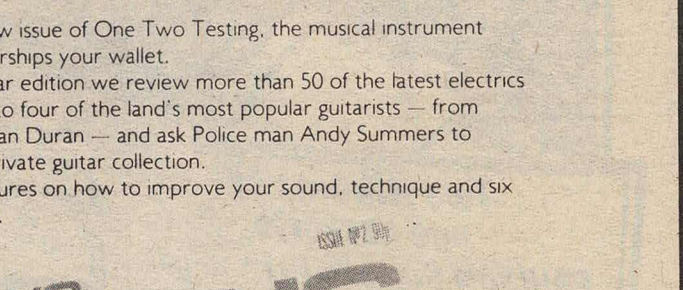

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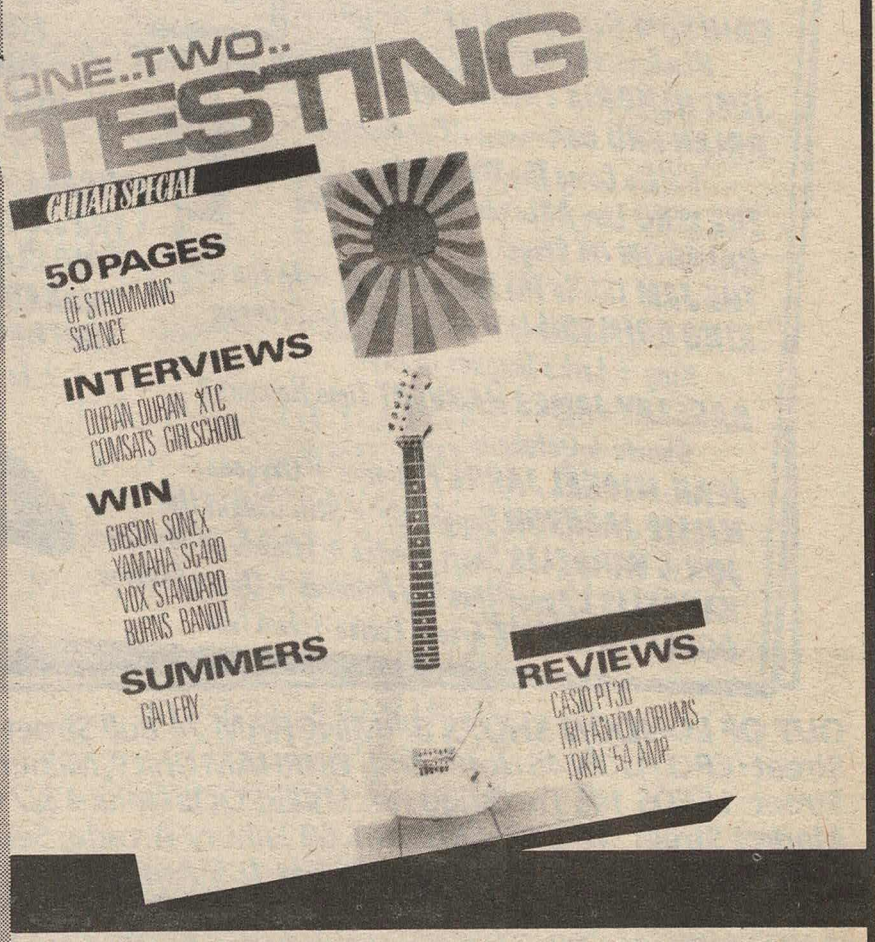

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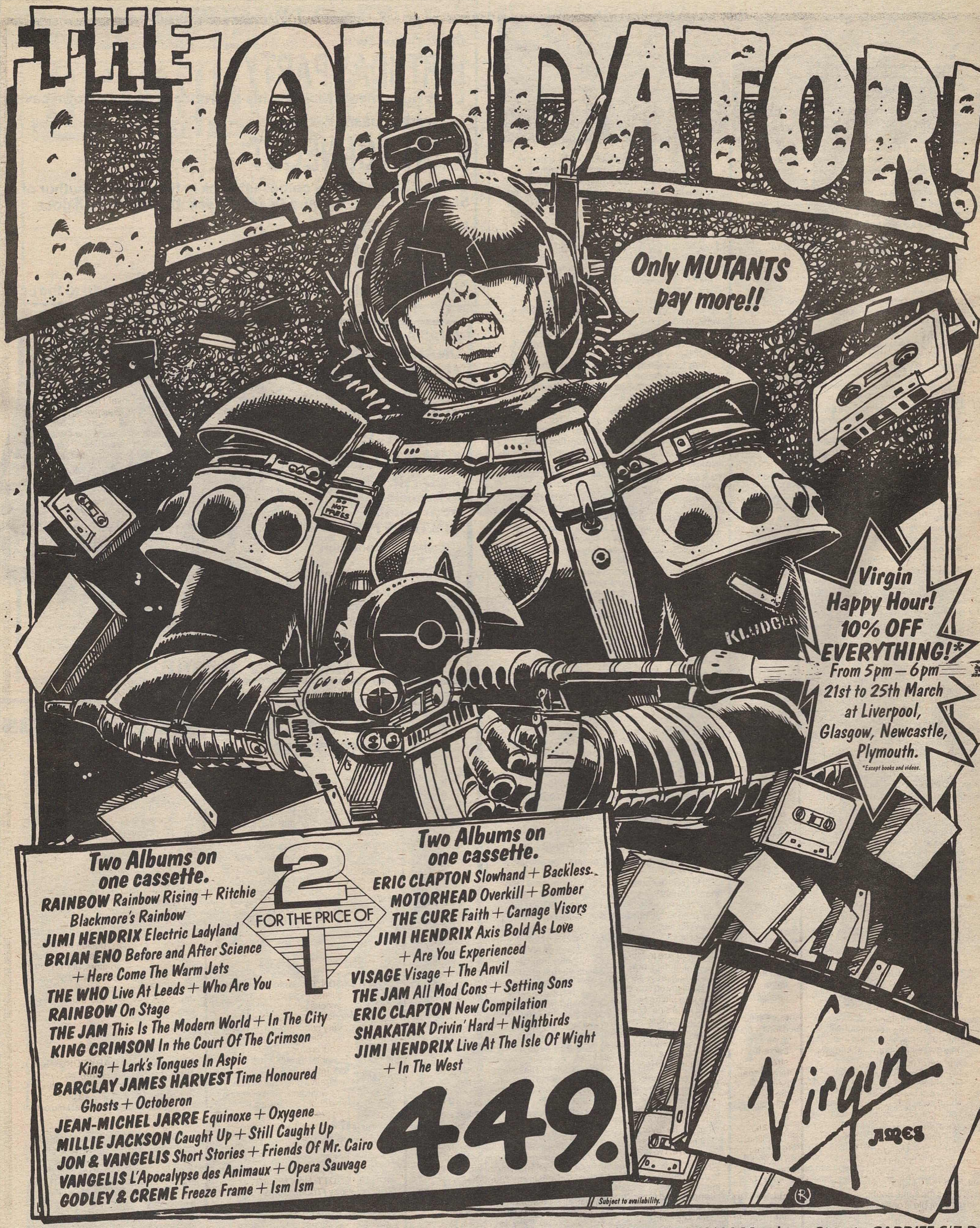

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SINGLES

reviewed by Richard Cook

A MOTION IN A SERIOUS MOONLIGHT

DAVID BOWIE: Let's dance *(EMI)* Somewhere you wonder how much he means it . . . sound moves faster, more heroically, more purposefully here than it ever has in the manual of dancefloor commands. With the disco bomptrack taking the temperature of every level of youth music, it takes a conception of these dimensions to reestablish the *grandeur* of these simple gestures: *"Put on your red shoes and dance the blues to the song we're playing!"*

'Let's Dance', initially unremarkable, grows up into a celebration of the form that transcends the mannerism it draws breath from. Founded on a drum sound so towering it resembles the pulse of a reactor, Bowie's group lays into a song that is an open book of romance: unambiguous declarations of intent linger between the dark red beats of a blip-blip-blip horn riff and the rhythm is expertly idiomatic, flawless. Bowie's vocal is as full-flushing as he has ever dared, tongue parched, delivery swollen with longing — *"If you should fall into my arms and tremble like a flower . . ."*

But this is so much more than Bowie on dance. Just as the reverse — a reshaping of the murderous metallic frenzy of 'Cat People' — demonstrates a complete relaxation *within* form, so this GIANT music is a final reconciliation between aspiration and result. The abstruse theses on white soul which made up 'Young Americans' have been powered through the cold European desolation of 'Station To Station' to reach this extraordinary, uplifting sound.

The shards of inspiration which litter 'Let's Dance' — the humorous thick-ear opening and subsequent finely-spaced harmonies, the flashbulb reflexes, the baroque, twisting horn and guitar solos — seem to mock the language of the discomix while rejoicing in their employment. The reverberations won't stop moving. It's an astonishing record, produced by David Bowie and Nile Rodgers. Are you ready? Let's dance.

THE CHURCH: Sing-Songs EP *(Carrere)* If this music-pitted of the blemishes which characterise a proper life — has to be made, I would rather it came from the deep well of electric tones that The Church propose than the tinfoil surface of the electropop munchkins. Although Steven Kilbey's four songs tamper unwisely with a dossier of creaking images — avenging angels and cold electric lights — they have an unusual sonic grip, a quality of reflection that leads to a regeneration markedly different from the usual agony in the mirror. The *sound* of 'In The Room' and 'A Different Man' is the substance, and whatever the artistic motive (the concluding cover of 'I Am A Rock' gives me some doubts here) this lucid guitar ripple is one to lick on

STRAY CATS: Cat Strut *(Arista)* Pardon this on-duty fetishism, but here's another great guitar. Brian Setzer must be a fanatic — when you hear the rude genius of the breaks on 'Drink That Bottle Down', one of the two live tracks on the back of this 12 inch, you hear a gut possession. Setzer steams like no other teen idol you can find.

The Stray Cats' success is simple enough: when they're not snoozing through third-rate R&B they actually sound as good as they look. 'Stray Cat Strut' is their finest three minutes, a predatory purr that has American Music scared stiff, although Britain will probably rest on its laurels now that the lucre is actually in their cat clothes.

DAVE EDMUNDS: Slipping Away *(Arista)* This is a guilty enjoyment. Matching workhorses like Dave Edmunds and Jeff Lynne sounds as old and ugly a proposition as can be imagined, and Lynne's song is a lowly inspiration — but it is all lost in a centrifugal swirl of noise that drowns dissension. Edmunds sounds like a gamekeeper who's just woken up in a space shuttle, a rustic adrift in a billowing vista of technology. Even his beloved rockabilly guitar is hypnotised into a state of post-psychedelic hallucination half-way through, and when the chord changes strike we are all, indeed, slipping away. Just this side of remarkable and too clever to make it.

WIRE: Crazy About Love / Second Length / Catapult 30 *(Rough Trade)* The band most likely to require reformation? With their echoes bounding so frequently around the experimental courts a reWire must surely be a proposition to consider. This further memorial is a different probing of the aftermath of pop disillusion: 'Crazy About Love' jitters along for a quarter-hour of wrecked noise and rhetoric, an avant-garde grindstone that offers only academic sparks, while 'Second Length' speeds up 'Our Swimmer' into a cruel cartoon and 'Catapult 30' groans messily to itself. The grafting of Newman's pop skin over Gilbert & Lewis' raw bones of noise once forged a dangerous masterpiece. 'A Question Of Degree' / 'Former Airplane', one of the greatest 45s ever made. They should try and do it again.

ROBERT PALMER: You Are In My System *(Island)* After plumbing new depths with 'Pride', Palmer proves his inconsistency with an essay on carnal confiscation that this time pitches straight at target. While the sine wave has the familiar mark of a professional dilettante, Palmer gigolos for the best: even as the creaseless aerobic pose becomes distasteful the unbridled strength puts on the squeeze. Here he uses a snapping cage of synths so percussive they burst into the flesh of the song and the singer has to wind himself up to the edge of sweat — and Palmer *never* breaks sweat. By the end everything's burning. On the reverse, 'Deadline' offers a refresher course in his irritating calypso groove. I wish I had a raincoat like that.

ELLEN FOLEY: Johnny And Mary *(Epic)* Speaking of Robert . . . I think she meant to do 'Jack And Diane'. Either way this stab at Robert's best song doesn't show the composer's good form. This woman has a terrible voice — sort of Elizabeth Schwarzkopf fading down into Pat Benatar.

TRACIE: The House That Jack Built *(Respond)* The weak link in this 'real' white soul upbeat is the absence of a great, unstrained voice to leap astride some curt and inventive backing tracks. Tracie's solo debut has that sharpness about it — Paul Weller's production stamps the music with the pressured treble feel of Motown and Star — without scoring the tense exuberance of a belting pair of lungs competing against the players. Tracie's pert English tones just snuggle in the folds of a reasonable pop song. Weller's 'Dr Love' makes a stronger B-side although the same inertia prevails and you end up counting the mistakes. A miss.

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES: You Disappear From View *(Mercury)*. A valedictory valentine from a perpetually unrequited romantic. Known last records from popular groups are dodgy commodities: either they're terrific, and a patchy back catalogue grows rosy with nostalgia, or they're awful, and you wonder what you ever saw in them in the first place. Or, most likely, they're in between, and the event passes and the world ticks on. 'You Disappear From View' is like that. It stops just as it seems to get going. For all that, Cope's voice has acquired a hostile edge that suits his lovelorn blade persona well enough to make me regret Teardrop's wasted opportunities. The new wave dies here.

HIGH INERGY: He's A Pretender *(Gordy)*
DAZZ BAND: On The One *(Motown)* And the Motown records start here. 'He's A Pretender' is a solid, unexceptional routine that does a Frankenstein job on Mr Bad Guy at the disco; 'On The One' is far more substantial. Reggie Andrews' production gives a martial beat a rubbery snap, criss-crossed with yowling electronics and the Dazz boys' lemony harmonies. Their ballads are even better — check the slow crescendo of the bonus 'Just Believe In Love'.

LINDA RONSTADT: Tell Him *(Asylum)* Dozing in front of the Grammy Awards on NYTV the other week (really?) I registered Eddie Murphy as the one jewel of the event: he came on to present some minor award and snared the chance of screwing the whole farrago. "I like," he said, sneer a-glitter, "to look at the *losers.*" The front row of the crowd had plenty of losers in it — Olivia, Dionne, Sheena — except they obviously knew there might be a camera in close-up on them at any moment and each time we glimpsed only a pearly grin instead of the acrimonious scowl. Linda, unfortunately, met her Waterloo after the event. Beaten out of top female vocalist by the dreadful escapee librarian Melissa Manchester, she rashly chirruped to an interviewer — "Well, I don't mind, I've won lots of Grammys before. I mean lots of *awards* before." While she counts her swimming medals, our esteemed charts will doubtless ignore 'Tell Him'. Asylum should immediately withdraw and replace with 'Easy For You To Say', as I have previously advised.

DURAN DURAN: Is There Something I Should Know? *(EMI)* Pete Shelley reckons it sounds like The Beatles. Alex Sadkin (who seems to have been slumming a lot lately) assisted with the mix, and it is very smart. You can tell, somehow, that Duran Duran have failed to market a *real* teen phenomenon because there's no *fever* about them. They don't get automatic number ones or provoke the customary revulsion from non-believers, just sighs of disapproval. It's so dull. But they probably haven't peaked yet. What was that about The Beatles?

HEY! ELASTICA: Suck A Little Honey *(Virgin)*
HIDDEN CHARMS: Run For Your Money *(PRT)*
THE KINETICS: Keeping Up With The Jones' *(Charisma)*
MINISTRY: Work For Love *(Arista)* About the most stinkingly polite drivel to be encountered this week. The impulse to produce this sludgy middle ground of British pop is its only bewildering aspect, for all the motivation you could suggest for the existence of any of these evaporates with a single listen: even money. Surely no one will ever want to spend time or cash on The Kinetics' miserable little rhyme, or Ministry's strident falsification of dance erotica, or Hidden Charms' pale retreat into darkness? Hey! Elastica stand the best chance with the worst record — these milksops are so greedily, stupidly hale and hearty they're almost as depressing as The Pale Fountains. I suppose they think that to include 'suck' in your song title is some sort of outrage. It is, it is.

EARTH WIND & FIRE: Spread Your Love *(CBS)*
SECOND IMAGE: Better Take Time *(Polydor)* Hard to imagine Sir Maurice's entry taking any but the most perfunctory hold on dance-based affections. EW&F can doodle this sort of diagram in their sleep and love is spread very thinly across an extremely slight episode. How do our boys stand up to their transatlantic Goliath? I regret to report that 'Better Take Time' is more in a sling than firing from one. Very shy pop-soul.

JOE JACKSON: Breaking Us In Two *(A&M)* The pitiless exposure that Jackson's success has brought has spoilt the modest charms of 'Night And Day': it isn't very good, just occasionally diverting. Like a Sirk picture the cross of the penitent soul is paraded until it's almost unbearable. 'Breaking Us In Two' is fair enough on its own, with a gently remonstrative melody and neatly fingered synth, until Jackson's gruelling bellow starts to chafe at the ears. If there's a more graceless poet of prizefighter melancholy I don't have his acquaintance.

SUGAR MINOTT: How Could I Let You Get Away *(Thompson Sound)*
LINVAL THOMPSON: You Baby *(Thompson Sound)* People often speak of the greatness of the reggae voice, and while inverted racialism takes its part in this verdict the fact is that reggae is the only field of youth music to give the voice its proper dues. The soul voice is lost amidst a battalion of session players and singers, the pop voice squeaks from the eye of a studio hurricane; but the reggae voice still has so often to stand naked. No other music *compels* great vocal performances: a singer's every inflection is made to possess significance, every shadow and slip. When the patient by the name of Gregory mutters a heartbreaking "Oh *gosh*" on 'Night Nurse' you can feel a singer's ache as if you experienced it yourself.

These two Linval Thompson productions, as selective as they come, frame singer and song with respect and encouragement. Sugar's is a reflective, grainy view of the old Detroit Spinners' chestnut and Thompson's own trades a spare horn chart against the keening limits of his slender voice.

PETER TOSH: Johnny B. Goode *(EMI)* Of course, once you've strayed too far from the yard...Old Tosh must have had the chalice well stoked up when he had the idea of livelying up this ancient scroll. Shoop-shoop singers and bald AOR guitars accompany this undignified excursion, although the roaring of the *You got to be the leader of a reggae band!"* line affords some amusement.

SHRIEKBACK: All Lined Up *(Y)* I dislike Shriekback's brief — too much calculated intellectualism, cerebral pose, dryly structured mystery — and it needs something far more forceful than the studied lurch of 'All Lined Up' to surpass the poverty of colour. This is really nothing more than a lot of tricky business superimposed on an admittedly seductive bass sound.

SPLASHDOWN: To Your Heart *(Shack)* Dammers has his Apollinaires and Staples and Golding have Splashdown, both groups who set out to say "Look at us, we're dancing!" and who get so busy about it they make Rip Rig & Panic sound like Max Eastley (a joke for improvised music fans). 'To Your Heart' is another jumpy sort of mess: the tune can't decide which hook to get snagged on, voices swap places like jealous milk monitors, horns blurt in and out of focus and all aim is diffused. This is hardly an appetising development of any soul music I am aware of.

LES PAUL AND MARY FORD: How High The Moon *(Capitol)* You know how these columns end when there's one of these in the pile — a pensioner's hankering for a return to that kind of feel, that irresponsible abandon and devotion? I took one look at the sleeve — the dumpy Paul perched astride a giant version of his Gibson (you thought the guitar phallus was new?) gazing moonily into the eyes of the suited spinster Ford — and determined to set the record awry. But, no good, it's great. It really is.

The tune Parker and Gillespie made into the premier anthem of bebop never swung so skittishly as here, with the guitarist's flickering clip adjusted to a pre-skiffle hoedown and Miss Ford's double-tracked crooning coming on like the house sweethearts doing their star turn at the Senior Prom. In this day and age, a delicious novelty. Excuse me, but I have to join in — SOMEWHERE THERE'S HEAVEN! HOW HIGH THE MOON!

Tilbrook and Difford

In their first major interview since the demise of Squeeze, Glenn Tilbrook and Chris Difford explain why the group had to 'Squit'. With their success at New York's Madison Square Garden a distant memory, they have now returned to the simple charms of Deptford to launch a new career in musicals.

REPORT: PHIL McNEILL PHOTOGRAPHY: ANTON CORBIJN

A SCENE TO SAVOUR: a Sunday lunch of roast beef and potato skins in a smart Greenwich restaurant.

Chris Difford and Danny Baker are recalling their sentimental South London schooldays — the commando raids on the neighbouring pie 'n' mash, the breaking of science equipment and science masters.

Glenn Tilbrook eats quietly, still recovering from the shock of 'Mussels From A Shell' greeting him over the muzak system as he walked through the door.

Suddenly, there's a commotion outside. Fingers stab the windows, people nudge each other with the thrill of recognition; the pressures of stardom are brought graphically to life.

"Look, it is, it's *him*. That bloke from the *Six O'Clock Show!* It's Danny Baker!!"

Inside, the tape runs on into 'Black Coffee In Bed'. Difford and Tilbrook nosh on, unnoticed.

ALTHOUGH unknown in London's Greenwich, a mile down the road in run-down Deptford Tilbrook and Difford enjoy superstar status.

Posters throughout the district entreat you to attend either Tilbrook's weekly Yow Club at the local Albany Empire, or the musical *Labelled With Love,* which opened February 18, based on the duo's songs from Squeeze's 'East Side Story' album. And on the way up from Greenwich you might just notice a lurid pink sign swaying precariously outside Elizabethan playwright Christopher Marlowe's old boozer The Duke, which has just been renamed The Nail In The Heart after the pub in *Labelled With Love* — even if only for the seven-week duration of the play.

In all, after the demise of Squeeze — always bigger in America than here — it appears to represent a determined return to the two writers' roots.

"Well, we've always lived here," Chris Difford explains, "though I've actually been away for the last year living out in Kent. But I think now we're not in a band that tours all over the world, we happen to be in Deptford because we live here".

But at the same time, he and Glenn seem to have become massively involved in the local life, I suggest. Very big fish in the local pond.

"Yeah," he retorts, "and it's about time it was dredged."

Difford barks a brief laugh from the depths of a moth-eaten sofa in one of the Albany's rehearsal rooms, which he and Tilbrook have commandeered for their first major interview since Squeeze split at the end of November. Ever since then Glenn and Chris have been working at the Albany with the Combination theatre group on *Labelled With Love.*

Tilbrook — slim, blond and beautiful, where Difford is squat, dark and gruff; Glen — the McCartney-pure singer of Difford's Davies-droll songs.

"I think of this time off as a chance to take all kinds of interesting paths that you don't have a chance to do when you're in a band," Tilbrook says. "As such a musical is an interesting avenue to pursue.

"It's nice to start on something that's not a Broadway stage — because we've had offers to go straight to Broadway and work there. There's quite a lot of interest in our songwriting in the States, but you don't want to jump in at the deep end of something you don't really understand. You might find yourself involved with some horrible play that you'd got no hand in shaping.

"It's been an incredible education just working at *this* level of theatre, to see exactly how it's put together from the beginning."

The beginning, in fact, was last September.

"John Turner, the author/director from the Albany, approached us with the idea of doing 'East Side Story' as a musical," Difford recalls. "At first we didn't take it seriously — a, because we were mixed up with touring and couldn't foresee any time to be involved with it, and b, I just didn't think you could bend a script that much, to make an album work as a play.

"I would have liked to go away and write the script myself, but I didn't have time — but obviously I knew the characters better than anybody else would.

"John Turner came back with a first script which we didn't particularly like, but we kept at him and it's been rewritten a dozen times since. It's more up to the kind of standard we appreciate, though not being involved in theatre ever before, it's very difficult to know how these people place themselves."

John Turner places himself alongside me, his pint by the cassette recorder, and looks at me hard. Even if he didn't tell you, you could read his background in the lines on his haggard face: '60s student, intellectual, social activist, fringe theatre, community responsibilities...drugs, debates, drudgery and determination for over a decade.

Turner's Combination theatre group took up residency at the Albany in 1970, and their association with Squeeze goes back about half that time. For ages they'd had the odd chat with Chris and Glenn about the possibility of them writing a musical of some kind, but of course they were always too busy breaking America.

"Then one day about four of us were sitting having a discussion in the office. We said, OK, they haven't got the time to write a new musical — but what if we took pre-existing works, do you think they'd give us the chance to have a crack at it? So I got given the job of doing a treatment of 'East Side Story'.

"When the band finished, we knew we were onto something. I would have felt a bit leary of doing it if they couldn't have come in like they have now, because it's a bit like taking someone else's clothes and going off to a party. But by a series of coincidences, it's worked."

The cast Turner assembled for *Labelled With Love* consisted of three dancer-singers and three actor-singers (who also happen to be three women, three men, three white, three black). They sing the songs — 17 in all — backed by a four-piece band put together just for the play.

"When I listened to the 'East Side Story' album," says Turner, "I realised there's two themes. One could be loosely described as lowlife romance, with no rose-tinted spectacles, and the other is drinking.

"On top of that you can also pick out characters in the songs. They're like short stories, a lot of them. A gift."

Turner admits that *Labelled With Love*, stemming from the songs, was constructed in the opposite way to most musicals, but sees that as no bad thing.

"The musical is the great catch-all for an audience. It crosses age ranges and class ranges. And at the end of the day it's the songs that make the musical work."

AS IF to reinforce this, the whole publicity campaign around *Labelled With Love* centered entirely on Difford and Tilbrook. They do the interviews, their picture dominates the programme, their credits match the title on the posters, they are the reason why, as Turner observes, "the world and his mate are looking at this show". For them, this could be make or break for a new career.

LULLABY OF BROADWAY

So, what are their feelings on entering the disaster-strewn rock musical arena?

"I don't think anyone's ever done a rock musical properly," says Glenn. Something like *Tommy* may have been successful, but I don't think that was a great achievement. It's not a real musical at all, it hasn't got a proper storyline. It's the same with the stuff The Kinks did. And of course there's always the danger that you can fall into exactly the same trap."

Having seen *Labelled With Love*, it has to be said that John Turner has fallen into precisely that trap. For all the excellent songs, acting, singing, dancing, and abundant one-liners, the plot is stretched so thin as to be almost incomprehensible. And although it makes for a really enjoyable night out, Difford and Tilbrook's 'East Side Story' songs — to my mind, the most brilliant collection of pop songs for many years — deserve better.

In fact, as a plot, Ray Davies' early '70s TV play *Starmaker* (later recorded as 'Soap Opera') was much better constructed *and* fairly original, despite its liberal deployment of 'star'/'normal' stereotypes.

It's interesting too that Chris and Glenn are reviving a form most closely associated with the great man, because it's always struck me as odd that Difford didn't count Davies in his listed influences.

"I know," Difford says when I put this to him. "I've only ever had two of his albums in my collection and they very rarely get played. I had the one with the green cover, the 'Showbiz' thing, and I had 'Kinda Kinks'. But I mean, they were always on the radio, they were always on the Pete Murray show when I was a kid, so I never really bothered to go round buying their records. The influence was just there."

A lot of people would link Squeeze with songs like 'Waterloo Sunset' and 'Dead End Street'.

"Yeah. I can remember three or four years ago sitting down to write a song and thinking I'd really like to be able to write a lyric as good as 'Waterloo Sunset'. I sat down and racked my brains for half an hour. *(Pause)*"

Glenn: "And the upshot of that was...?"

"I can't remember what the upshot was," Difford laughs, embarrassed. "But that's the kind of influence The Kinks had. I saw him on *Pebble Mill At One* a couple of weeks ago. He was like an old nickelodeon that had just been wound up for the first time in years. All this dust was coming off..."

"I THINK if anything, Squeeze slightly overstayed its welcome."

Glenn Tilbrook is reflecting on what I've just accidentally christened The Squit.

"It's impossible to put a time on it. In fact when we announced that we were breaking up, I think that was the first time that it wasn't really going anywhere else. No disrespect to any other members of the band, who had stuck very closely together even through all our personnel changes, but it was pointless to prolong it."

So whose idea was it to break up?

Glenn: "Basically ours."

Chris: "I first thought about it when we were recording the last album, 'Sweets From A Stranger'. It crossed my mind a couple of times, but I kept it secret to myself. I thought, I'll wait and see how the land lies when the album's done. Strangely enough Glenn thought the same kind of thing and kept it to *his* self, and it wasn't until we were in the middle of an American tour that we both actually came out with it.

"I thought it would be fair not to make a hasty judgment and rush into splitting the band up, but to give it a good five or six months' thought and see how things went. By the time we got to do the European tour I was on the end of my nerves. All these big ideas were coming from the manager and the band themselves, and I was trying to hold them back."

Was it acrimonious?

Glenn: "I think there was a certain amount of shock when we actually said we can't go on like this any more."

What are the others doing now?

Chris: "Well, Gilson (Lavis, drummer) and John (Bentley, bass player) have been working with Keith Emerson. I've been jokingly going around calling them ELB." Glenn cracks up.

"That's awfully cruel," Chris continues. "I know somebody that heard them rehearsing and wasn't over-impressed with it. And Don (Snow, keyboard player) has been getting his own thing together."

Did Squeeze see their split as part of whatever it was that caused The Jam and so many other groups to break up in the past year?

"I think Paul Weller has already said it's given him a new lease of life." Difford delivers his verdict in a low monotone. He has a slight speech impediment which sometimes makes him repeat words or phrases two, three, even four times. "I see how there were restricitons on him, when it seemed the more records The Jam made, the bigger they got. We never had that towards the end of our career — but it *has* given *us* a new lease of life."

"I suppose there are two things that motivate a group," Glenn observes. "The first is whether a group actually feels it's making some kind of progress. Someone like Status Quo maybe doesn't have any real desire to go anywhere, but most groups really want to go forward in some way.

"And the second thing is, I think, that there has to be a certain *place* for a band, a certain audience or following that would give it some sort of inspiration.

"I don't think this is an age of songs particularly. The Undertones are a good case in point. They're still coming up with some cracking songs: their last single was great, but it still stood no chance of fitting in with a streamlined market."

Certainly Squeeze didn't have the sort of streamlined image package that most successful groups these days have. But then, that is an aspect of being a pop group which you can choose to exploit or not. Do they regret that Squeeze, perhaps because they emerged at the tail end of pub rock, chose not to?

Chris gives a rueful smile. "Years ago when I first thought of being in a band I thought, great, y'know, everybody will look similar. We'll all have bell-bottoms, or whatever the trend might have been. We'll all look great and that will be the package and people will see us as that particular shape and hopefully people will adore it.

"But as Squeeze grew, and people started to join the band, it was more and more apparent to me that there was absolutely no way you could get those five very individual people to dress in a similar fashion, or even try to pull the wool over somebody's eyes. You just couldn't do it."

Tilbrook has been rueing the fact that this isn't a time for songs. Yet the likes of Martin Fry and Boy George, I observe, they always like to finish their interviews with the final quote: But In The End, It's The Song That Counts.

There's a long pause. Chris shrugs.

"Perhaps it does. I actually think that some of Culture Club's songs are very, very good. But I think there are more production numbers out there than there are good songs. Boy George is one of the few people who have the ability to write a good song."

And Martin Fry?

"Yeah. We were in the States when that album ('The Lexicon Of Love') came out. I played it once on the bus and just kept playing it, because I thought, This is amazing. Some of the one-liners that were coming out lyrically were really, really good. I was shocked! And top that with the excellent production — I thought, This is terrific. It was like I'd discovered Coca Cola or something. But now it's gone very flat on me, and I think those one-liners have disappeared up his own arse. I've got very bored with that whole Trevor Horn sound."

Talking about songwriting, the conversation turns naturally to Difford and Tilbrook and how they work together. To my surprise, they reveal a total separation of roles. Chris never writes so much as a chord sequence to fit his lyrics; Glenn puts them to music, never writing a single word himself. Difford can't even conceive of writing words to fit music. "It would be incredibly difficult," he ponders.

But if this seems odd, what follows is really bizarre, as Glenn Tilbrook — one of God's greatest gifts to singing, such an immaculate guitarist, the man who onstage galvanised Squeeze to their best performances — this natural front man lets drop that he thought Squeeze might have lacked "a focal point".

But don't you think *you* were that focal point, I ask, astonished. Didn't you feel that, Chris?

"What," he asks dumbly, "that I was the front man?"

No, no, no, I hector — that Glenn was.

"The front man for the band?" Chris asks, surprised.

Yeah — and particularly of course for you!

"No," Difford replies, puzzled. "I always saw the band as being really equal. (Glenn: "Yeah.") Everybody got equal portions of stage presence. The fact that Glenn sang the most was because he had a much better voice than anybody else in the band."

Now it's my turn to look puzzled. I'd always figured Difford as quite withdrawn onstage, conscious of his lesser abilities. Sometimes he'd look so embarrassed at his aural croak he would almost dry up. Yet at the same time, it's always struck me as the perfect role for a songwriter, being able to take a back seat while this gifted singer interpreted your songs so brilliantly. Surely that must have given you a real kick?

Difford frowns. "I've never actually looked at it like that," he mutters. "But I do think that towards the end of the band's career, John and Gilson were becoming more and more like backing musicians. It was Glenn and I, or it was just Glenn on some things. But the original concept of the band *was* as a band."

BY THE MIDDLE of last year, it was apparent even to an outsider that Squeeze, as a band, were going nowhere. To me, 1981's 'East Side Story' — like 'Searching For The Young Soul Rebels' before it and 'The Lexicon Of Love' after it — was the record which, for that year, reasserted the infinite possibilities of pop music.

Guided by producer Elvis Costello, Squeeze took the old tapestry and rewove it into their own vision. Where Kevin Rowland arrogantly burned it down, where Martin Fry synthesized it into brain candy, Squeeze crafted it into an old-fashioned lament, 14 everyday stories of love, loss and confusion filtered through a once-in-a-life sensibility.

By comparison, 'Sweets From A Stranger'....well, it was like Bob Dylan before and after his motorbike accident, the difference between that and 'East Side Story'.

Difford hacks a laugh. "I *had* had an accident with a lawnmower actually," he confesses.

But what were you trying to do — get away from what you saw as a formula?

"I wouldn't call it anything like that conscious really," says Glenn. "I don't thing we wanted to make another 'East Side Story' — although the way 'Sweets From A Stranger' finished up, it wouldn't have been a bad thing if we had!"

The most bizarre thing about 'Sweets From A Stranger' is the domineering singing, allied to the terrible material — as if Tilbrook could pull the group through by vocal charisma. Even on the best tracks, like the Stax-style soul song 'Black Coffee In Bed', it sounds out of place.

"Yeah," Tilbrook admits, "I suppose so. But it's just how I was singing at the time. Actually it does sound a bit self-conscious, looking back."

SO FINALLY, let's look back at Squeeze. What was your favourite Squeeze track?

There's a pause. Finally, Chris Difford nominates 'Another Nail In My Heart' (in some ways, the central Squeeze song, the one from which all the subsequent jewels of 'Argy Bargy' and 'East Side Story' seemed to stem, and a fitting centrepiece to *Labelled With Love*); later he changes his mind for 'Woman's World', the bitterest pill in Squeeze's repertoire.

Glenn Tilbrook voices his choice. A big surprise: 'When The Hangover Strikes', a kind of Dean Martin pastiche which sold about seven copies as a single and crops up, rather more suitably, as a send-up in the play. As Difford later agrees, Tilbrook always seemed to prefer singing the songs that took him *outside* of the Squeeze mainstream: 'Messed Around' (rockabilly), 'Black Coffee' (soul), 'Hangover'...

Difford assesses Squeeze's albums, recalling the way their first LP 'Squeeze' got taken over by producer John Cale.

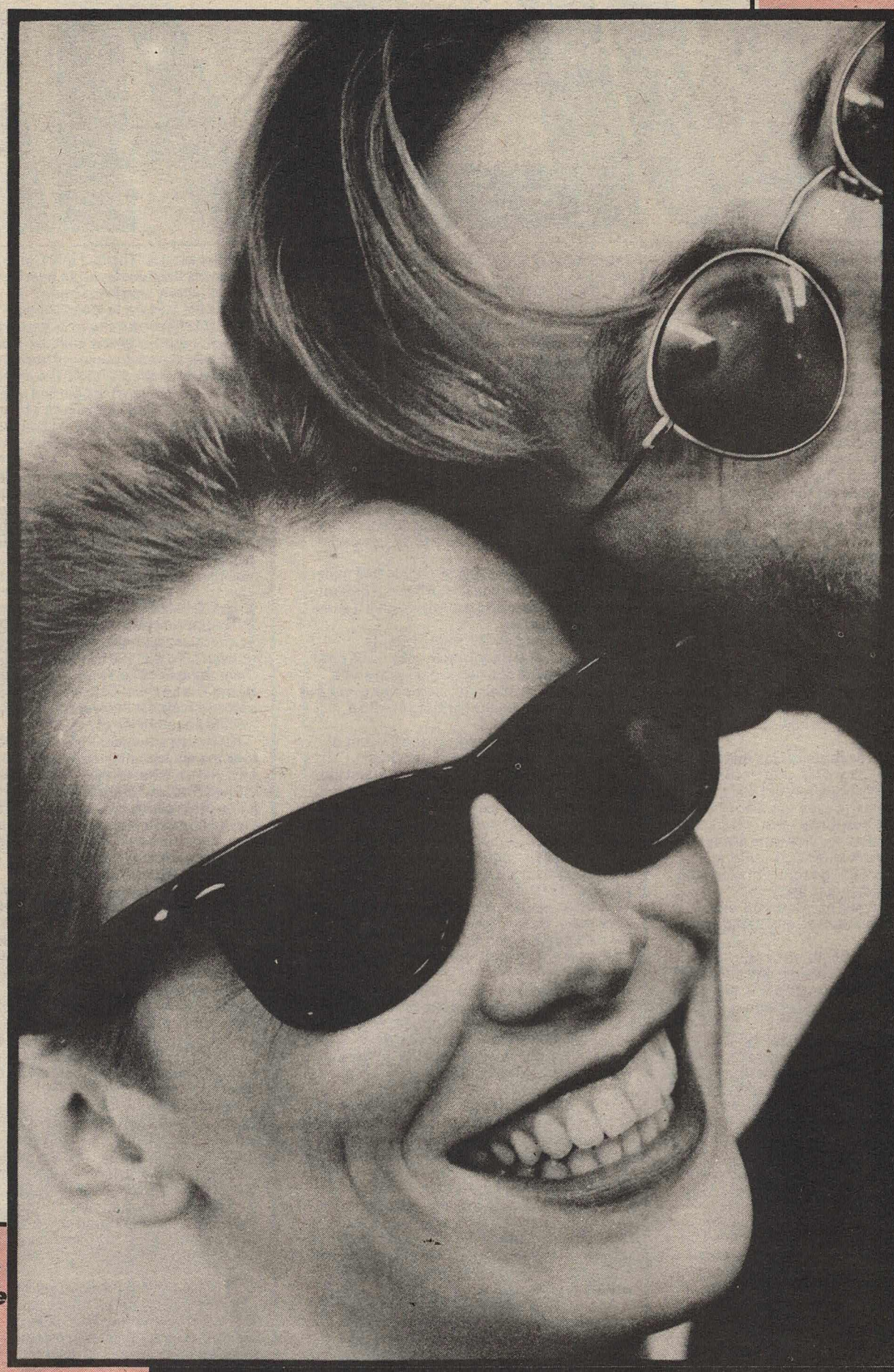
"I was really bewildered at the sudden change we had made. And I thought the 'Cool For Cats' album was a bit smutty, to be honest — but then we were very smutty boys in a lot of ways, with Julian (Jools Holland), touring and all that sort of thing. We'd just discovered the lowlife of touring and we were revelling in it. So I think 'Argy Bargy' was the first album I could see any light in. That's my favourite album."

And what's your fondest memory?

"There's lots of stories," Chris smiles, "but I think my proudest memory is playing Madison Square Garden. The first 15 minutes of being onstage I was like a zombie. I couldn't actually believe what the hell was going on. I really felt I'd been transmitted to another world or something — there was about 18,000 people

Continues page 49

SECOND BITE IS THE SWEETEST



Pic Kevin Cummins.

A poor man's Grace Jones? No. Behind the shades is Annie Lennox of The Eurythmics, who is determined to carve out her own direction. Interview: Kirsty McNeill.

AT 28 and 31 respectively, Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart are no spring chickens in the fickle production line of popular music.

Currently playing to packed houses on tour (with the addition of Clem Burke (Blondie/drums), Mickey Gallagher (Blockheads/keyboards) and Eddi Reader (Gang Of Four/backing vocals) and with their new single 'Sweet Dreams (Are Made Of This)' high in the charts, it's a second taste of success for the couple who began their musical career together six years ago, with the much-maligned Tourists.

Hailed with a torrent of abuse for what amounted to a competent cover of a pop song (Dusty Springfield's 'I Only Wanna Be With You'), it was raspberries all the way; until they finally parted company with Peet Coombes — the man who created The Tourists — and formed The Eurythmics two years ago.

Before their show at The Hacienda, where, incidentally, everyone dances like Boy George, we discussed The Tourists — past, and Eurythmics — present.

Or, as Annie put it, "How to survive after you've been well and truly done in."

"Nico's staying in this hotel," Dave remarked. "She says she's hiding..."

Although Annie appeared to be the focal point of the ill-fated Tourists, she and Dave had virtually no hand in the music.

"Peet Coombes wrote all the songs except for I think two, in three albums," explained Dave, "and most of them were a bit like a destructive Byrds. It wasn't happy-go-lucky. In fact it was too depressing for us — that was one of the reasons we couldn't go on. It all went wrong from the beginning. We signed this really stupid record deal and immediately our manager wanted to get us out of it, so everything was frozen and we couldn't make a record for about two years. Then in the middle of the punk phenomena we did a really commercial song — which was totally taboo. So the minute we did something, people got on to it and twisted it up; it didn't have a natural progression."

This first experience in the business left them with their fingers well burned.

"None of us made any money from The Tourists...

"And we've only got to the stage now where we're actually just about out of the mess...with a little bit of our tails still left in there," added Annie.

Since the demise of The Tourists, the duo are no longer resolutely despised — merely resolutely ignored. So have they finally come up trumps in the credibility stakes, or are they playing another game?

"What? Now?" laughed Dave. "I don't think we have any credibility at all! I think the new single sold because people liked the record."

"You cannot live up to other people's expectations," Annie continued. "I have to have a feeling of my *own* sense of credibility. Nobody likes to be criticised — especially negatively — and it is so difficult to make a statement in public. To even set yourself up to dare to do something like that, well, you're in it to get knocked down. Rather than be brave, I think you've really got to understand your whole motivation for doing something.

"I feel I have an understanding of mine and in that way I can more or less cope with outside pressures: like what other people think of me, because people constantly tell you what they think about you. They don't have any qualms about that. We've got to protect ourselves a little bit psychologically from too much of that sort of super-consciousness of what's credible and what's fashionable and what's in...You've really got to start to carve out your own direction — and oddly enough, when you do go for your own thing 100 per cent, then you start and do something for real."

And recent accusations of being a poor man's Grace Jones don't bother you?

"I am aware of that; everybody's got their comment to make. I don't give a toss. I think it's quite funny — an albino Grace Jones. Some people say I look like David Bowie because of the red hair as well, and recently I've been compared to Brian Eno, which is quite interesting. It was quite deliberate that I dyed my hair another colour, because for my own sanity I *had* to get rid of that poppy Annie Lennox thing. The strain was become unbearable. So I killed her. I'm happier to be compared with a man than a woman, because I always had to put up with Debbie Harry comparisons when I had blonde hair."

But you're not flirting with masculinity or anything like that?

"Well, not in my sexual life! But I've been described as a fairly aggressive character...and I don't have a chip on my shoulder, but I come from Aberdeen you know, and the men in Aberdeen are *very* heavily into being men; and the women have to allow for that. And for a long time I still wanted to wear very pretty dresses but it took my power away — on the stage. So in a funny way, to be neither male nor female, too much one way or the other, in a way makes you a bit bigger — it widens your scope."

Sentiments reflected in the bittersweet nature of the music. Lyrically approaching the old standard — the love song — from a fresh angle. 'Love Is A Stranger' — their last single, was a particularly powerful observation of obsession, and of love objects.

"I wanted to write a love song that was anarchistic in a sense, lyrically. And the whole idea of putting it in a sound structure that's very sweet, makes it fairly conventional on first hearing. I think people who say they've fallen in love with another person, very often are falling in love with their idea of what that other person is like. And it might not really be love, but a distorted thing. Like a strong drug — you're actually in love with the obsession of the thing, and it's destroying you. It's an interesting analogy between love and drugs.

"I've had a few crashes on the rocks myself, but I'm not bitter and I don't resent that. When women get together — I always notice this — in the end what they talk about is their relationships with men: if they're heterosexual. I presume if they're lesbians they talk about their relationships with women.

"Apart from money, that is the one thing that seems to be motivating people. It's very interesting, because most people fall back on love songs, and they're so impotent, they mean nothing — they're useless.

"Some people are only happy when they're in pain, and I'm interested in that — in the anachronisms in life. I've experienced that: depression becoming such a familiar feeling that I identified with it more than I did with the state of being happy.

"A couple of years ago, when The Eurythmics started to form, I actually had a breakdown. It lasted about a year. What happened was I got terrible panic attacks and I couldn't go on the street and I couldn't go on buses. And I was crying every day, and couldn't get out of bed and things. A lot of people experience that.

"I really craved that nobody knew me. I'm out of it now though I'm not saying I won't go back to it — it could easily happen. I realise how vulnerable we are.

"I think that Eurythmics music represents me more fully; I don't want to be blocked, I always want to be one step ahead, so that I can tap how I'm feeling."

Although not the success it deserved to be, 'Love Is A Stranger' paved the way for the current hit, and LP of the same name. Has the sudden exposure altered their method?

Annie: "Well, although everyone says it's been two years; when the chart thing happens it's quick. Suddenly you're caught with your trousers down. It's a weird situation — you made this thing, really to the best of your ability, and after it leaves the factory it's no longer your baby. You have to read what other people make of it...whether it's going to get played on the radio — and if I sit down and think about whether it's going to get in the charts, it does me in. It's just like a horse race — and I'm not a gambler. The hit has kind of set everything though; it means that we can keep the ball rolling..."

Which it seems to be doing rather nicely at the moment. When the tour finishes and the paint dries on their recently renovated studio/church conversion, Dave plans to record a single with Clem Burke, and finish off making a 12" with the debatable talents of Chris and Cosey. And Annie has just finished recording a single with Billy MacKenzie.

And in a Manchester hotel in the middle of the night, sweet dreams are interrupted only by an elderly resident pacing the corridors...

"Nico," mused the younger chanteuse. "Didn't she have something to do with Grateful Dead?"

Who am I to disagree.

DAVID BOWIE

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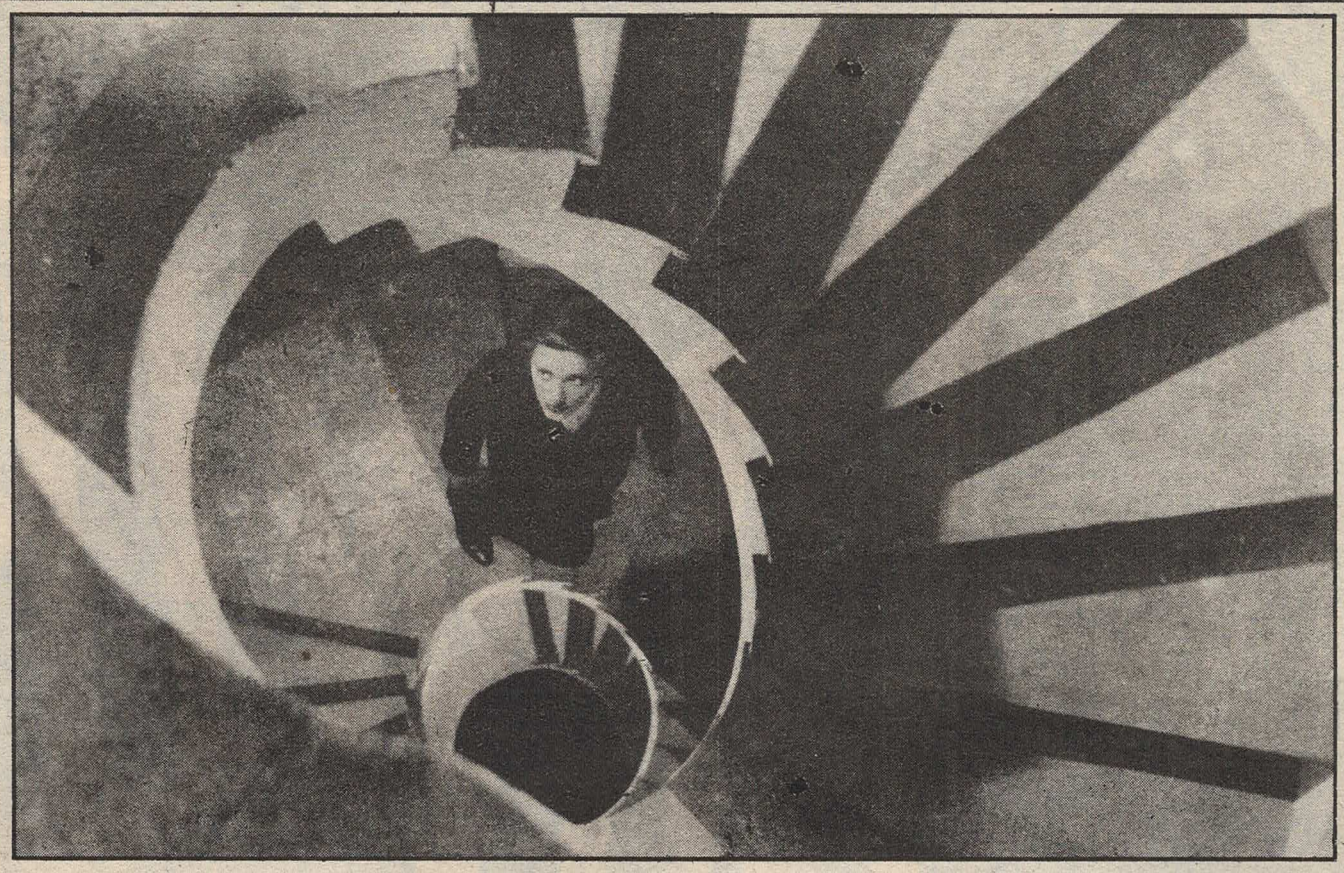

Daniela Silverio in a scene full of meaningful stairs

ANTONIONI'S MOANY BALONEY

Identification Of A Woman

DIRECTOR: Michelangelo Antonioni
STARRING: Tomas Milian, Daniela Silverio, Christine Boisson. (Artificial Eye)

ANTONIONI'S FILM hasn't exactly lingered long in my mind since its London Film Festival screening last year, and a further viewing served principally to focus more sharply on the most irksome quality of this director's cinema: content is so stultified by self-importance and a pedestrian labour that all life in the film withers.

Somewhat ironically, *Identification Of A Woman* is actually more closely concerned with humans than might be expected from these quarters. It is a formally precise and uncluttered love story, fatalistically unresolved; like Fellini's *8½* it centres on a film director troubled by his latest project, but rather than use that device to mull over memories Antonioni toys haphazardly with the crossing points of heartless sex, irrational longing and genuine romantic impulse.

The director Niccolo is realised by Tomas Milian as a calibrator of his own desires: unsmiling, he indexes his reactions to women with a statistician's detachment. The camera observes his seemingly random meetings with two women — the jittery aristocrat Mavi and the taut, melancholy actress Ida — much as Niccolo's grey expression hides its truth, a clouded barometer.

It's interesting that the tone and structure of the film — the director's first Italian production since *Red Dust* in the early '60s — should be so meticulous: you can almost feel him itching to introduce the kind of wasteful irrelevance that blotched *Blow-Up* and *The Passenger*, and a certain gloomy claustrophobia does muster a little tension. But the sustaining quality that Niccolo searches for in his two friendships is as absent from the picture as it is from his life. "Don't you love me?" asks Mavi dangerously and "I don't think I ever said that to anyone in my life" is his morose reply. More fool him.

The photography is a bare sonata of ochres and greens. We are left with an album of picturesque Roma and its surrounding country through which a static civilised dance is stiffly measured out. The sequences of strained, exhausting sex which pepper the first hour are passionless releases. The fantasy which bothers Niccolo is a warp inside that of *City Of Women* (Fellini again): that women are neither icons nor pleasure units, just a necessary indulgence.

Niccolo takes a still of Louise Brooks and tacks it onto his window: her portrait is as impassive as a madonna. No woman is identified in Antonioni's discreet investigation.

Richard Cook

DOWN BUT NOT OUT IN PARIS

They Call That An Accident

DIRECTOR: Nathalie Delon
STARRING: Nathalie Delon, Patrick Norbert, Gilles Segal (Island Pictures)

WHEN YOU read that this film concerns the death of a boy, through negligence, on an operating table and the struggle of his vengeful mother against the cover-up story, you can just imagine a typically dour, so-called 'human-interest' story of that painfully concerned genre that lacks any vestige of humanity and fails miserably to arouse any more than transitory interest.

It scarcely seems like a promising prospect. With expectations at such a low ebb, it is all the more encouraging to discover that *They Call That An Accident* is in fact an auspicious debut by writer/director/anti-heroine Nathalie Delon.

Far from being a simple, aching narrative, this is a study in morbid obsession whose dourness is a conscious device rather than an unwelcome by-product.

Delon herself plays Julie, the deprived mother whose bereavement becomes a symbol for lost youth. Wilfully defeated by her own despair, she wallows in a nicotine-soaked oblivion, living in the self-consciously morbid surroundings of a shabby Paris apartment decorated by a

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flickering, soundless television and pictures of the dead boy.

Images of Julie walking with deliberate carelessness into streams of traffic or standing in a billowing black cape on the edge of a high rooftop call to mind nothing so much as an urban *French Lieutenant's Woman*. The film's extra dimension, though, comes in the neat counterpointing of the older woman's depression with the candid hopefulness and youthful enthusiasm of the teenager who is drawn in by the paradoxical attraction of Julie's desolation and becomes her guardian.

The opposition of the young man's directionless idealism with Julie's nihilism provides a film with a dark sparkle which dices with genres that range from high-flown drama to the superficial excitement of the two-against-the-world pursuit movies.

With its theme of obsession and its dream-like tableaux which linger on the darker side of Paris, this film will inevitably invite comparisons with *Diva*, which is unfortunate — *They Call That An Accident* is not first time genius. It is, however, a highly promising debut which is well worth seeking out.

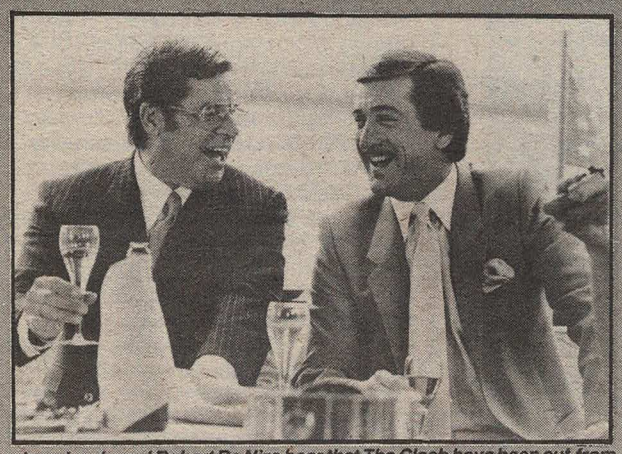
Don Watson

THE CLASH may not be the only element missing from Martin Scorsese's *The King Of Comedy*. The film I saw in New York looked like an incomplete vehicle for another breathtaking Robert De Niro performance, which seemed to confirm the rumours of Fox's dismay and subsequent reshaping of the original version.

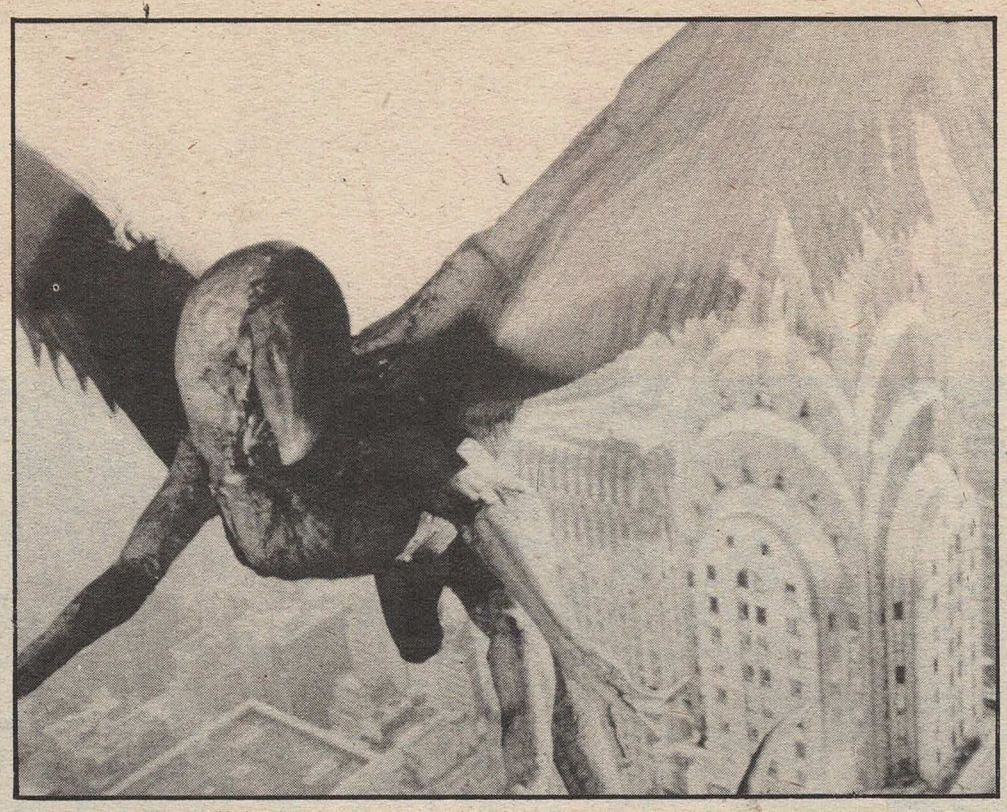
As it is, the story of a fanatical admirer (De Niro) determined to emulate his talk show comic hero (Jerry Lewis) still has the heated, head-on force of authentic Scorsese, choreographed like a chain of furious arguments between a nobody and the barriers to his ambition.

De Niro scores a further unique portrait of obsession, Lewis is superb if under-used but the ending is curiously unsatisfactory. British audiences must wait for an April release to see for themselves.

Richard Cook



Jerry Lewis and Robert De Niro hear that The Clash have been cut from The King of Comedy



Come back, Buzby — all is forgiven!

Q: IS IT A BIRD? . . .

Q — The Winged Serpent

DIRECTOR: Larry Cohen
STARRING: Michael Moriarty, David Carradine, Candy Clark, Richard Roundtree (ITC)

Q stands for Quetzacoatl — an Aztec god able to assume the guise of a giant airborne serpent when resurrected by some willing victim who sacrifices his or her skin ("Flayed is the word, only you don't hear it much anymore...Not in the last 12 centuries anyway"). In this pic, Q also stands for Quinn — as much a social outcast as the monster, this ex-junkie ex-con is the one person who can provide the police with the whereabouts of its egg, saving everybody's ass plus the reputation of the staid Chrysler Building.

The audience is quickly apprised of the fact that Q ("like all birds") must eat seven times its weight each day to stay alive. And the consequent depletion of window-cleaners and rooftop-sunbathers in high-rise Manhattan occurs because — as the harassed Police Commissioner puts it — "New York has always been *famous* for good eating!"

Larry Cohen is equally famous for modest and self-assured but often extremely original B-movies in the horror genre. From his earliest work in what was supposed to be the 'blaxploitation' market *(Bone, Black Caesar, Hell Goes To Harlem)* through his masterpiece *It's Alive*, Cohen has consistently represented the 'monstrous' as only the mirror image of contemporary reality. Along with Romero, de Palma and Tobe Hooper, he helped resuscitate the horror film during the '70s — into something which contained social comment of a critical nature even as it alternately chilled and amused.

As critic Robin Wood once pointed out, Larry Cohen's films will never achieve the commercial notice of de Palma or Romero because their director remains self-effacing — an orchestrator rather than a showman. Nor does Cohen ever suggest that any 'solution' to the problems he raises is forthcoming in today's authority / defence systems, or in reserves of individual resilience.

Q ends with Detective Shepard (a laconically effective David Carradine) closing his case with the comment "Just your good, old-fashioned monster". And the Winged Wonder plot is itself a straightforward parody of Jap Giant-Thing-Grapples-With-Giant-City pix. But of course there IS another egg off somewhere else, just waiting for the next nutter who discovers that rich trove of South American folklore in the Museum of Natural History.

Like all Cohen's films, *Q* is a Larco production: written, produced, and directed by Cohen. So you can rest assured that all its bird jokes, political references, and Manhattan humour (cf specific jibes at Rupert Murdoch's media domination) are completely intentional — as is a *Lou Grant*-like level of implicit social comment.

It's nice to know that Larry Cohen's head has yet to be turned from panache towards cash. Aztec sacrifices? Why not! On the slight-but-solid evidence of *Q*, he could be trusted to rejuvenate killer bees.

Cynthia Rose

ON THE BOX

THURSDAY MARCH 17

City Sugar. Stephen Poliakoff's acrid dissection of pop power in the 1978 production with Tim Curry. Better suited to TV than the theatre. **(C4)**
Visions: Nothing As It Seems — The Films Of Nicholas Roeg. This is already making waves as one of the most outstanding TV docuportraits you could envisage on a director and his work. Paul Joyce's film takes up Roeg's own montage approach to deliver a brilliantly argued analysis of a most personal art: straight hagiography is deflected by a thematic breakdown illustrated by the most idiomatic of clips — including parts of the new *Eureka*, which I can tell you now is utterly baffling. Pick of the week. **(C4)**

FRIDAY MARCH 18

The Heartbreak Kid (Elaine May 1972). Cybill Shepherd and Charles Grodin in one of Neil Simon's most withering comedies of family torment, detailing a honeymooner's pursuit of a new romance. Whether you like it or not, you have to admire the scattergun wit of the average Simon script — and this one is well above. **(BBC2)**
Reggae Sunsplash. Back to a very strong line-up: Steel Pulse, Toots, Big Youth and The Mighty Diamonds ('Ello Diamonds!) **(C4)**
The Tube. Well, they certainly know how to go out with a bang: U2 live, The Undertones live, a special report from Belfast, Big Country live, David Bowie interviewed, The Clash at Shea Stadium, some unseen Dexys live material, Donald Fagen's brilliant 'New Frontier' video and sundry archive footage. You're gonna miss me . . . **(C4)**

SATURDAY MARCH 19

Confessions Of A Nazi Spy (Anatole Litvak 1939). Basically **G-Men** with fifth columnists instead of plain hoods. Edward G. Robinson is the lawman set to bust the spy ring run by George Sanders. Flag-waving but tough enough to age gracefully. **(C4)**
The Other Side Of The Tracks. Gambo loafs around in Barbados with Eddy Grant and simpers up to Kajagoogoo. What's the worst job you've ever had? **(C4)**
The Ship That Died Of Shame (Basil Dearden 1955). Mawkish naval drama about unscrupulous Dickie Attenborough and George Baker using their ship for smuggling. Disguised jingoism deflates Dearden's more interesting touches. **(BBC2)**
Private's Progress (Boulting Bros 1956). Much more fun. Ropey old pre-*Carry On* carry-on in the army with Ian Carmichael, Terry Thomas and Dennis Price. **(BBC2)**
Jealousy Italian Style (Ettore Scola 1970). Useful homework with Scola's *A Night At Varennes* just coming up. Mastroianni rampant as a jealous bricklayer in one of the director's characteristic sly looks at infidelity. **(BBC2)**
J W Coop (Cliff Robertson 1971). An obscure one-off curio written by and starring Robertson as a rodeo rider trying to make it back to the top. Rings true by dint of his almost desperate conviction to make it work. **(BBC2)**
Boomerang (Elia Kazan 1947). Dana Andrews is the DA out to clear an innocent man. Kazan was only learning here but the gut-level intensity offers clear pre-echoes of *Panic In The Streets* and *On The Waterfront*. **(C4)**

SUNDAY MARCH 20

The Avengers: Dead Man's Treasure. Arthur Lowe joins our heroes in a chase for a missing despatch box — sounds like the final *Danger Man*, 'The Paper Chase'. How's that for '60s TV trivia? **(C4)**
The Bishop's Wife (Henry Koster 1947). Terrific cast of pros — Cary Grant, Loretta Young, Monty Woolley, Gladys Cooper, Elsa Lancaster — with Grant as the angel offering a celestial helping hand to Bishop Niven. Much funnier than *Heaven Can Wait*. Can we have *Here Comes Mr Jordan* soon? **(C4)**
Minnie and Moskowitz (John Cassavetes 1971). A failure and an intriguing one. Cassavetes was on a bad patch when he thought out this love story between the hopelessly unsuited Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel, but he has a queerly affecting way with pathos. Some of it really hurts, some just maunders. **(BBC2)**

MONDAY MARCH 21

Whatever You Didn't Get. A much stronger best-of than last week: Talisman, Killing Joke, Urban Shakedown Dead Kennedys, Level 42 and Fad Gadget. **(C4)**

TUESDAY MARCH 22

The Dick Van Dyke Show. Dum-da-da-da-da-da-da-dum . . . yes, I remember this one too. And it could be really funny too. Fingers crossed for the first episode. **(C4)**
The Shadow Box (Paul Newman 1980). Newman's TV film about terminal cancer patients is reputedly brilliant stuff, with incisive playing from Joanne Woodward, Christopher Plummer and Sylvia Sidney as the bickering tragedians. **(C4)**

Once a jolly gagman — Dick Van Dyke (C4, Tuesday)

WEDNESDAY MARCH 23

Dirty Mary (Nelly Kaplan 1969). Kaplan's first film is a wicked piece of black absurdism — the village waif led astray into whoring and ill treatment wreaks revenge on a whole town of greedy, lustful men when she comes into money. Odd, curiously touching. **(C4)**

Richard Cook

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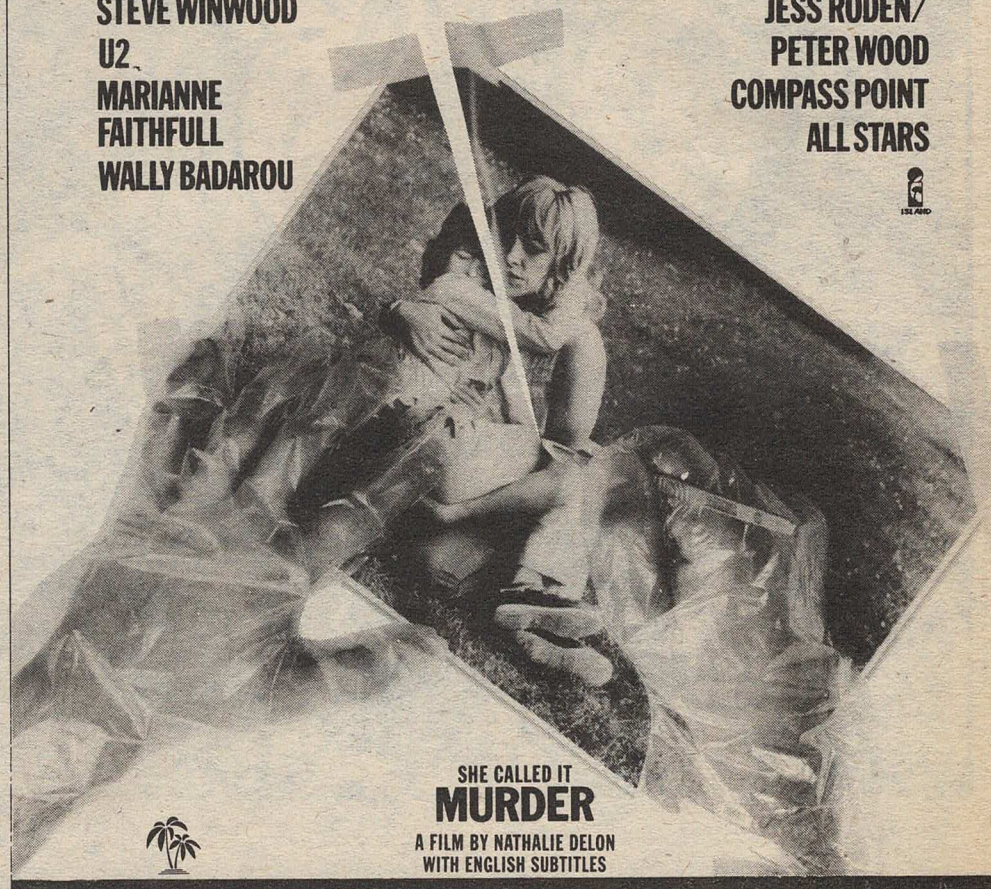

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THE ALTA

HIDE AND PETE

PER OMNIA

AND IF we are halfway between a lower heaven and a higher hell, on this Ash Wednesday in Paris, the soundtrack on the stairway has a fitting strain of purgatory about it.

The soft passages of a choral offertory; the crass blurt of Vicious' 'Something Else'; the rococo tedium of Manfred Mann; cop movie soundtracks, billeted in the flat tannoys of cinema foyers; and the long spiralling cry of 'Porcupine'.

Shuffle those sounds, filtering down through the hours of a long evening in this enormous city, and a kind of intoxicant is slowly fashioned from the sensory fragments. A lonely nighthawk like myself wanders quarters where every street is as grandly imposing as 'our' Regent Street; brasseries and bars pile up into a blur of cognac and *cafe au lait*; an intense, bone-chilling cold whips down boulevards where, like large areas of London, it is still possible to walk for minutes without encountering a soul.

Kerouac's satori could never have been fuelled on this strange, cavernous space. People gather in warm places like roaches and leave wastelands of urban grandeur to the ghosts of daytime traffic.

A thin slice of crescent moon hangs over a city of monoxide and flint.

In the gigantic Catholic Church of The Trinity, a modest congregation draws breath in the bosom of a service that marks a deeply sacred moment in the church's year. The responses have an extra tinge of the mystic lent by an unfamiliar language; the singing has the composed sadness of a requiem.

One of the two priests is a hunched, ancient man, and it is he who performs the rite peculiar to this mass: he presses a thumbprint of ashes into the foreheads of those who queue before the altar. In this earthbound archway to a heaven up there, the imprint feels like the cold earth of the grave on warm skin.

Outside, a street or two away, one of the smaller backstreet bars has little trade on a night when most Parisians are probably as safe as they hope in their cosy apartments. Two girls and a boy are intermittently chattering across the punctuating hiss of the percolator and a thin but persistent trill of *le rock* that skims over the bar.

One girl shakes a blonde head to a beat just distinguishable above the noise of the pinball machine her boyfriend taps half-heartedly. The other slouches on a stool and does her best to look bad-tempered. Then a familiar music bleeps through: it is 'Rock This Town'.

"Ahhh, Les *Stray Cats!*" — and all three begin a movement that's more of a sway than a dance, but strong enough to arouse a faint tut of disapproval from the barman — a man blessed with a face like Lino Ventura's, all forehead and droopy lip. The boy stamps repeatedly on a cigarette butt. The coffee machine gives out a mild explosion. The girls laugh over at the stranger on another stool, lost in a reverie where the stench of incense and Gitane hold about equal sway.

Perhaps 20 or so miles away, Echo And The Bunnymen are labouring through a TV recording in a studio improvised out of an old barn — water running down the walls, cable and lights strewn like so much detritus across a frozen floor. They have been there all afternoon and most of the evening. They won't struggle back to their hotel until the late hours of a long and bitter night.

SAECULA

WELL, IN our long and ceaseless loop of pop music we have long ago given up on the borders between the sacred and the profane. When Daryl Hall told me that once music was voiced it was automatically profane, he touched on a wound that a gargantuan business has made sure will never close up: there is no heating in pop music, not now or ever, and the most our participants in the pop routine can muster is usually nothing more than the temporary flash, the momentous spur an exhilaration made flesh

The beleaguered King Rock i
And The Bunnymen rule su
holding court in Paris. Phot

AR'D BOYS

in the sinews of a song.

The exhaustive polish of the recording schedule, the numb duplication of the concert replay — what personal holiness can be maintained through that soul-destroying reiteration, the loss of respect and the souring of excitement made miserably real by having to do it all, on cue, over and over and over?

What has to be sought by our 'higher' rock groups is a density and weight that goes beyond the simple burst of pop music, if they are to make their noise a valid course for a passenger troubled by the poles of the sacred and the profane. There must be a skill and an articulacy that makes those sinews stand out.

We can, of course, still profess a transitory love for the chart context; for the transparent music that perforce continues to fill up most of our daily space. Yet we should ensure that our deepest attention is reserved for the travellers through a darkness that even now is only beginning to be explored.

I speak of Tom Verlaine, The Fall, Jah Wobble, the Banshees and — naturally — Echo And The Bunnymen. You've guessed — the beleagured King Rock is on his discredited throne once more.

In their vigorous and uniquely profound inquiry into the limb and muscle of rock, the Bunnymen have done more than anyone (bar Smith's The Fall) to elevate a music made craven by stupidity. There's something so rich about the sensational trio of albums they have made that the repetition which dulls the initial barb of most rock sound actually strengthens this one. It is rock playing designed to grow and evolve in stature with familiarity, not slowly ebb away.

There is no peak point in this music: its climaxes are spread across a current of rise and fall, layered through a strata of ideas and executions which are in a continual state of progress. The way 'Heaven Up Here' seems to shift in sequence, different songs altering their emphases, variations in colour and passion changing constantly, speaks of a sophistication hardly ever encountered in this profane domain.

For the Bunnymen, it is as if music *is* sacred once more, and the use of its language a privilege and a recurrent wonderment. They are perpetually amazed at the *grace* of sound.

Nevertheless, they have discovered what a painful and bloody process it is to stay so purely involved and inspired. Their massive task of following such a record as 'Heaven Up Here' has manifested itself first in a long period of comparative quiet and then in the prickles of 'Porcupine', one of the most intensely difficult records likely to be released in this or any other year.

'Porcupine' growls and roars, and there is an awful beauty about it; but it takes time to squeeze past the outer quills. Although biased by a great affection for those armoured beasts it seems to me that few records have been so accurately titled.

The principal progression from 'Heaven Up Here' is the welter of personal doubt and disquiet which drives through the most radical investigation of sound this side of 'Hex Enduction Hour'. Where before private tribulation would exist only as an echo in a positive celebration of sound, the music of 'Porcupine' has fused more deeply with human hope and fear than the group ever dared before.

The surface consequence is of a studio sound that seems to thicken as the record proceeds, every background filled out with extra instruments, every reverberation noted through great banks of electric tones. Will Sergeant's recasting of the rock guitar is simply astonishing. But the final impression is of a sumptuous melancholy which is too great to express.

The presence of the two singles — and surely no greater charge has been experienced this 45 year than 'The Cutter' — emerges almost as an act of levity, for the string of songs which make up the second side of a very long record have a complexion of anquish which, by the time of the shattering 'Gods Will Be Gods', is exhausting.

There's something cruel about the way Mac's vivid poetry embraces ambiguity, because these songs are virtually intolerable in their exposition of pain without specifying anything. There is no clear hook to hang a sob on to as there was in 'Rescue' or even 'A Promise'. Only music of the calibre of Verlaine's 'Down On The Farm' or Scott Walker's 'Such A Small Love' can stand outside the shadow of such apparent sorrow.

And yet . . . it is so enchanted. There's a sense of the Bunnymen having rewritten their own history — so many guitar lines and stray beats seem to awaken a memory of an earlier tune, although everything is made new — but they do so with a churning spirit, not lacklustre nostalgia. There is not fatigue here, only a group in the throes of a terrible flux.

'In Bluer Skiers', the concluding song, can even send a note of hope back to its terminal beach. *"I know belief is in your eyes/We can't believe in blind lies . . ."*

SAECULORUM

THE MORNING after, Pete De Freitas and Ian McCulloch get up around lunchtime, to the distaste of a hotel manager who likes his rooms cleared nice and early. While Mac takes a shower, Pete reflects on the endurance test of playing live, playing over and over.

"If you're doing what seems like an average gig and sitting there playing the songs and thinking, it sounds OK, then you start to wonder if people are actually liking them. If you know every little piece of it and you're finding it boring in some way, you wonder if other people are thinking that too."

Does he always have his audience in mind? Pete's oblong face goes expressionless at every question, as if girding himself up for the next answer. He punctuates his talk with a recurrent sniff.

"Frequently. I might be thinking about totally different things...about a girl. Or an argument I had with someone during the day. It depends — sometimes you'll go on stage and something *happens* at the beginning of a set and you're in a, like, world where you want to be, where everything happens right and people come up with something new and good — like, I'll turn round to Will and just smile at something great that's just happened. A state where you forget everything else.

"But if you've had a really shitty day it seems impossible to escape that and it invades whatever you do."

SEEING THE Bunnymen's Hammersmith performance a couple of weeks back had reminded me of the old spectre of the rock trance — usually a ritual designed to initiate a vacuum of oblivion. In this rare case it made up music of such powerful spectacle that the senses were entranced by genuine drama.

"I suppose we consider ourselves...*atmospheric,* and that's what atmospheric music does. I don't like audiences to just stand there and go *wow!* It just leads to ten minute guitar solos if you get too involved in the trance yourself. Sometimes it's weird — you sort of wake up halfway through a song and think, how the fuck did I get here? And you start thinking how to actually *do* something and then you cock it up. That's always weird.

"It's impossible to say, really, how it all goes together. We wrote 'The Back Of Love' in a day and then went down to do this Peel session with no lyrics or anything and Mac wrote them there and then. But some songs take ages to develop and fall into place as time goes on."

"The first two records were done with a lot more naivety," murmurs a sleepy Mac, now present. "With 'Porcupine' we questioned what we were doing for the first time, whether it was right or not. The composition of the music was the first thing...and from there we went on to question our abilities in the writing of songs or — well, why we were even *doing* it, basically. Nothing seemed so intuitive as it used to, and I always thought it *had* to be intuitive."

Pete: "I can't really see the despair in it that people have talked about. There were despairing times during the writing, but I think it's more of a confused search for something direct. We never gave up and the album doesn't give up. We haven't resigned ourselves to anything."

"'In Bluer Skies' is about walking off to a better sky," continues Mac. "I felt like I was living in a Dulux advert where the sky is going black, and I personally thought we should be looking for something a lot lighter. It was the last song we wrote and recorded for the album and it leaves a lot more space than the others.

"But it is an autobiographical record. I wrote these lyrics because I was more or less going through all those things I was writing about, as the band was and the world was on different levels. If you're prepared to understand it as that it becomes penetrable. It could have been a bit lighter, but there's always 'The Cutter' and 'The Back Of Love'."

Two substantial successes, crowned by an immediately high album chart placing. Mac's attitude seems laconic but he knows how important they are.

"I think we'd like to be the best band at everything. When we go on our holidays we should be the best band. Best band who smoke cigarettes. Best at everything. When you're a Bunnyman you should become more aware of yourself — like when you go on tour it's like a small human race, us and the crew, which works without causing wars between each other."

After the compact, brilliantly logical moulding of 'Heaven Up Here' into distinct sequences of songs, why does the lugubrious pacing of 'Porcupine' appear more like a series of epic splinters?

"The construction went on in our heads all the time with this one. With 'Heaven' the sequence came up really easy and quick, but this time...I had a different order originally. The first side was really boring and the second side was really good. Now it's the first side which is really good and the second which is, um, OK. Cos by the end of the first side you're into it. Maybe some of the songs could've been condensed a bit."

"We never had the chance to work them down playing them live," says Pete. "When something's written there's always some section that goes on for longer than it should do."

"'Villiers Terrace' used to go on for about ten minutes just 'cos we liked playing the riff," remembers Mac. "Dave Balfe was really good at saying where the edits should be, which is why 'Crocodiles' is the best structured record of the three."

But why the sheer density of sound on 'Porcupine'?

"Probably because we were a bit worried about the fibre of the songs," is Mac's disarming admission. "We got scared, I think, like we used to in the old days, and we all played more to fill up the gaps. Ian Broudie gave us what we wanted so maybe we didn't leave enough gaps."

Pete: "I think some of the songs *needed* more instruments on them. 'My White Devil' definitely did. I suppose we just felt able to use other instruments more after 'Heaven Up Here'."

"I think I prefer songs which are sparser, though," says Mac. "With just one guitar and a voice. I like Leonard Cohen a lot, and you can't get much sparser than him. His tunes are great. As soon as you put one of his on you're drawn in. Same with Jacques Brel.

"I mean, 'My White Devil' is a joke! If Barney hadn't been such a literature freak...I was glad that my lyrics were written about in that way because they are all about something. But sometimes I just put in words because they sound good. I got them out of my girlfriend's old exercise book and they sounded good. I'd never heard of John Webster. When we first did it it was *'J-J-Johnny Webster was...'*"

Ah — the customary demythologising in Bunnylanguage. See also *"This is the one for the money/This is the one for the trees."*

"There is a lot of that. I do want things to be noticed. Hopefully they'll get the overall sound at first and gradually work out the clues. There's clues everywhere in our songs, to things not being what they seem to be."

Pete: "I think that's what's noticed least. They usually just hear *the Bunnymen's intensity.*"

Mac: "If you can work out 'Gods Will Be Gods' you're a better man than I am. 'The Cutter' is about three different aspects of this man, The Cutter. I'm six foot tall, so that's a clue."

Were they aware it was Ash Wednesday yesterday? Mac looks startled.

"So it was Pancake Day on Tuesday? I never had a pancake. Me mum makes lovely pancakes."

Yes. But the twin axis of heaven and hell — is this not the cosmic tug of war which succours the Bunnymen universe? Or have I lost my mind (again)?

CONTINUES OVER

is on its discredited throne again, and Echo upreme. RICHARD COOK finds them tography ANTON CORBIJN.

MAC GETS CROSS

BUNNYMEN

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

"I use the word heaven a lot," mumbles Mac, "because it sounds good. I think I write spiritually rather than religiously, a personal spiritual view. 'Heaven' is a word that seems to sum up some great thing that we can't ever imagine. It's not an orthodox use of the word.

"A lot of people come to see us with that in mind. It's not a trance because that implies being numb, but you do experience things that you don't usually at a rock concert. We found that there was an attitude towards us that was something more than 'music'. There seemed to be a religious type of following, but that's something to be worried about as much as appreciated. Y'know, some people do actually love us. Our albums are like their versions of the bible."

Mac's demure accent is faintly bewildered, mostly resigned. So how will they deflate that?

Pete: "'Gods Will Be Gods'. *Gods will be Gods but my one forgot he was made out of skin.*"

Perhaps there is a cause of concern in the strangely persistent click of *deja vu* about certain of the Porcupine's spines: the way a lick or a motion will offer an abrupt recall of an older Bunnyman entry, as if a vocabulary of mannerism had been stockpiled for recycling.

"There may be certain things which relate to the ashes of older songs, a subconscious reference to earlier things. There was a definite wish to escape what people may have thought of us on the first two records — but when you are what you are, you can't just turn round and be something else."

Mac: "We are a good band and people are afraid of us because of that. I like The Fall and I like Abba, but I don't think there's anyone like us. We touch on a lot of good things and a lot of bad things. We're close to a lot of things that we shouldn't be and a lot of people don't like us because of that."

IT IS MORE or less at this moment that Will and Les join us, only for us all to be ousted by the somewhat less than benevolent innkeeper.

Four friendly men from Liverpool — although only Pete and Mac speaks here their companions are as affable and open as they — stand on a Paris street where the comparative emptiness of the previous evening has broken into the habitual flood of daytime traffic. Le Bunnymen are waiting for a cab to their soundcheck. After this they will go to Zurich and Basle.

My schedule dictates I must leave town now, and I take a taxi the other way. Away from their instruments and the great starry swirl of their music they look like waifs lost in a torrent of vehicles. They are back in the profane world. As goes 'Gods Will Be Gods': *"How can you pretend there's so much at stake /when it's a different world and everything shakes?"*

I remembered to ask them all what they're giving up for Lent.

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LPs

PUMPING HEARTS

LOU REED

Legendary Hearts *(RCA)*

WHAT MADE 'The Blue Mask' Lou Reed's watershed album was his choice of musicians, a new wave super-set of them — Fernando Saunders on bass, Doane Perry on drums, and the legendary Robert Quine on guitar.

It's true that a touch of banality might have haunted 'Mask', Lou's tribute to writer Delmore Schwartz, while the struggle to encapsulate the redemption found through his marriage in 'Women', 'The Heroine' and 'Heavenly Arms' seemed a bit clumsy. Like 'The Day John Kennedy Died', these sound like steps on the way to somewhere further, impelled along by the superb playing to which they were welded.

'Legendary Hearts', Reed's seventeenth solo LP, brings all this to an impressive and moving fruition. It also posits a new work aesthetic which accepts but re-evaluates all which went before with honesty that's unsparing and hard-hitting rather than showy or self-lacerating.

The pool of genuine underground stars employed here (Material's Fred Maher has replaced Perry on drums) establish their own continuities. Result: possibly the purest, most fluid and spiritual musical unity you'll hear in rock and roll for some time to come — with Reed's cleansed, declamatory vocals well upfront.

Not that Quine's notoriously nervy understatement is any less audibly hungry, especially on the LP's rougher rides, such as the liquid dynamite of Reed's determined other-side- of-the-fence moral tirade, 'Martial Law', or 'Bottoming Out' which, based round Maher, builds up a chiming cage within which Lou trembles out an implosively streamlined tale of self-hatred.

'The Last Shot' is as mature a piece of writing as the title track, but much more harrowing. The real *knowledge* behind music like this — double edges as sharp as a Wilkinson blue blade — is worth a hundred 'Heroin's or a thousand 'Transformer's. It's conveyed so powerfully partly because here (in contrast to other cuts) Reed's had the technical smarts to leave most of the expression up to the song's melodic fabric — his vocals are appropriately, ambiguously flat-statement.

A track later everything's light, syncopated and strumming though, as Reed at last transmutes his Haircut 100-cut 'Perfect Day' concept into something ('Turn Out the Light') with its perceptions in the real world. X years on, here's a song which — though seemingly as slight as its predecessor — *embodies* the inherent mysteries of the ephemeral and everyday instead of speculating stiffly about them in order to sound modish.

Side two is deliberately slighter as a build-up to the 6 minute 49 second 'Home' — a ballad which clearly aspires to the epic. And though the playing's beautiful, as befits its final acceptance *("And every day you have to/Cry some/Die some/In the home of the brave")*, I also think the slightly draggy list of casualties saluted midsong puts it at risk of easy dismissal as Lou Reed's 'People Who Died'.

The LP's other pieces are largely vignettes within a wide spectrum: there's pressure ('Don't Talk to Me About Work'), unity ('Pow Wow'), state-of-the-art emotional confusion ('Make Up Mind') and betrayal ('Betrayed' features singalong tinges of C&W where the strumming is almost stabbing). All are very direct: here Reed's sounding like the economical American poet Schwartz presumably predicted he could one day become.

Forget the legions of Velveteens and Dream Syndication for awhile and just *listen* a few times. Every day, Reed is saying here, the opportunity to become your own man glares you in the teeth. It involves other people, it incurs loss and pain, it means somehow finding an equilibrium of one's lonely own in order to truly give — but why trade a chance like that for a cheap shot, a set of tricks, or a sackful of clothes?

Cynthia Rose

NILE RODGERS

Adventures In The Land Of The Good Groove *(Mirage)*

JUST WHY David Bowie — Aladdin Search Of A Producer — called on Nile Rodgers of the Chic Corporation to man his mixing desk is all too apparent from Nile's own new spring collection.

What we have here are eight good backing tracks, some pretty drum patterns and a sense of rhythm almost uparalleled outside the mixological jungle of the South Bronx. What we lack, however, are the emotional inputs of a visionary vocalist and a couple of good *songs*.

Rodgers ropes in his bass-slapping Chic sidekick Bernard Edwards and demon drummer Tony Thompson to forge the formidable rhythmic framework on which a series of chunky rants and chants hang like lumps of fat.

Occasionally there are hints of vintage Chic-wise clout in the almost languid looseness of Rodger's riffing, but a lot of the more plodding mixes lack bite and clarity, the use of 15 backing vocalists in addition to Nile's own rather limited larynx only clouding the crispness of the basic backing tracks.

Maybe most of the man's creative energies were harnessed by the Thin White Dupe, there being a distinctly 'routine' feel to a lot of the songs on 'Adventures'. I mean, can you imagine a line *"we'll talk about your trip and I'll tell you about mine"* (Most Down') worming its way onto a Chic album? The first 30 seconds of 'Good Times' would be all it takes to melt down that sort of bullshit.

Adrian Thrills

Over The Wall And Into The Dumper

PINK FLOYD

The Final Cut (*EMI*)

LIKE THE poor damned Tommies that haunt his mind, Roger Waters' writing has been blown to hell.

Although 'The Final Cut' is "performed by Pink Floyd" it is entirely Waters' statement. Roughly, it runs like this — a far-flung railing at a failed society, a harsh melting back into the blood and darkness of war, false memories of an unknown father cast like forged photographs, elliptical parallels with a rich recluse, the disgusting insanity of power politics versus the needs of the work ethic, a terrible failed romance and a last quiet apocalypse. Something like that.

Waters has conceived it as a single narrative. Aside from some unidentified mutterings and a female chorus on 'Not Now John', his is the only voice to be heard: it picks over the words like a barefoot terminal beachcomber, measuring out a cracked whisper or suddenly bracing itself for a colossal scream.

The story is pitched to that exhausting rise and fall: it regales with the obstinacy of an intoxicated, berserk commando.

Waters has that part down cold, and he inhabits the shells of a frightened cynic and a pilled-up lovesick millionaire with the same gloomy relish. It is an enormous conceit but it is delivered from the vantage point of a man with a huge audience. Waters namechecks Thatcher, Reagan, Paisley and Haig like an armchair mafioso. If he's going to say *anything*...

Why not, indeed? Why not choose to lambast these leaders when you know you have exactly the audience that has to be kicked and jolted — the multitudinous conservatism that will assuredly buy the new Floyd album?

In Waters' "requiem for the post war dream" the traces of his psychedelic antecedence are kicked over for good and all: there is no refuge here in 'Another Brick In The Wall' anthems. No singalong anthems brighten 'The Final Cut'. The one episode to resemble a rock song is 'Not Now John', a sick celebration of business ignorance executed with military efficiency.

So why not? Because the flat presence of the artefact denies the message its force. As he realises only too well, Waters' walls have sealed him up permanently. Every diatribe he releases as a Pink Floyd album will be filed beside the others.

That conveyor belt of protean-faced consumers which populated *The Wall* will rack each record next to the other, and what will bother them isn't how effective a catharsis each one summons; it won't be how much they can assimilate and learn from a personal, provocative vision. What will bother them is why there aren't any tunes as good as 'Money'. That's rock music.

No matter how much Waters may burn and struggle over the sad, sick world he finds himself in along with the rest of us, his diagnoses sit in a stasis of unresolved, unmoving bitterness. The prescriptive rock record is a hopelessly romantic notion, and the one strength of his work is its refusal to offer solutions — but the negativity is soft, self-consuming, weighted by indulgence.

Waters stopped with 'The Wall', and 'The Final Cut' isolates and juggles the identical themes of that elephantine concept with no fresh momentum to drive them.

The composer might protest that there is no alternative: I would in answer direct him to John Cale's 'Songs For A New Society'. There the most invigorating, testing exploration of sound faced songs that spoke candidly and unflinchingly about the way we live now — not in Waters' flabby, in consolable rhetoric but in the allusive sketches of an astute observer. Waters cannot detach himself from his agony long enough to make sense of it.

That is why the worst stretches of a long haul suffer from the most sentimental lapses of judgement: "*And if I show you my dark side/ Will you still hold me tonight/ And if I gave my heart to you/ What would you do?*" In between these tearful prayers, David Gilmour turns his long legato guitar up and down and Nick Mason beats and rolls as is appropriate. Richard Wright has realised his redundancy and left.

I never had the nerve to make the final cut — will Roger Waters have the gumption to call it a day now? The concluding irony of 'The Final Cut' is that it is the expression of a man who loathes the demands of the rock cycle yet is unable to move beyond the same linear constraints of the form. Underneath the whimpering meditation and exasperated cries of range it is the old, familiar rock beast: a man who is unhappy in his work.

Richard Cook

Careful with that axe Roger

Illustration by Ian Wright

GORP BLIMEY!

GORP

The Wild Men Of Gorpestra (*Beet Bop*)

SO WE'RE now a year on from the time of the fragile reawakening; from the time when the word jazz began to be more widely mentioned outside of the context of stockbrokers, polo-necks and beards, when numerous rock innocents became suddenly aware of just what jazz was capable of meaning.

Spurred on by the provocation of discovering the elating, anarchic free prose of Skvorecky and the tangible, wild spirit of MacInnes, well meaning ignorants like your writer stood over the teeming abyss of jazz, experiencing the vertigal thrill of the music we'd previously considered the pasture of safe musicianly values.

Ultimately the explosion that was dubbed the 'new jazz' justified its existence simply as a pointer to an essential history lesson — but when it comes to the reinstatement of jazz as a youth music, which is the stated ambition of the Beet Bop organization, we're talking real daring, and probably total impossibility, but it's good to see someone at least aspiring to *something* more than a signpost to the glories of the past.

Gorp! for their part provide some of the most exciting moments of this healthy anti-traditionalism, but, perhaps because of the inherent contradictions of their aims, there are also elements that stick firmly in the throat, to wit their ethnic fascination.

Ethnic elements set against urban soundscapes in the work of the Art Ensemble of Chicago are one thing, where it is an examination of the roots of emotion. here the tribal graphics and lyrics referring to "*The tassles of my white cow*" yield little beyond an unpleasant suspicion of cultural voyeurism. When Gorp! pursue those lines they sound like facile anthropology set to music. Hiding behind an African mask is mere facile pretension. They are capable of more, as the abrasion of the remainder of their music shows.

You have to praise the spirit of a band daring enough to sling a disrupting slab of punk into the hallowed mix, there's a wild daring here that shines with an inspirational light through the sound, echoing the ambitions if not the direct form of the likes of The Pop Group, Clock DVA and The Laughing Clowns.

When they forget ethnic elements and begin to blend the incessant rhythm of punk with their variation of the madcap jazz swirl there's a smell of rebellion in the air and a visible stretching for elements more profound — that's when they do sound like a genuine new jazz.

Don Watson

Pete's Scoop: Smarties and Allsorts

PETE TOWNSHEND

Scoop (*Atco*)

MORE ODDS'N'SODS from the attic of one of the oddest sods in rock music; a collection of bits, scraps, leftovers and general trivia-bilia, wherein some loose ends get knotted and a whole load more are uncovered.

'Scoop', as Pete Townshend explains in his copious sleeve notes, is "just a scoop" from his treasure-trough of demo tapes — four LP sides and 25 tracks' worth, from early Who singles to recent solo sets, calling at all stops in between.

Chronological it isn't. The samples career around the years of the man's career, from '65 to '82 to '74 in a complex whirl, but one that's made easier to follow by the author's track-by-track memoirs, augmented with full recording data and technical info. The album's value lies nearly as much in what's written on the wrapping as what's on the plastic within. It also happens to boast one of the best covers I've ever seen, in the form of two colour portraits by *NME* artist Ian Wright.

Exactly how fascinating you'll find the whole project, of course, depends on your familiarity with — or curiousity about — the body of work these demos serve as sketches for and out-takes from.

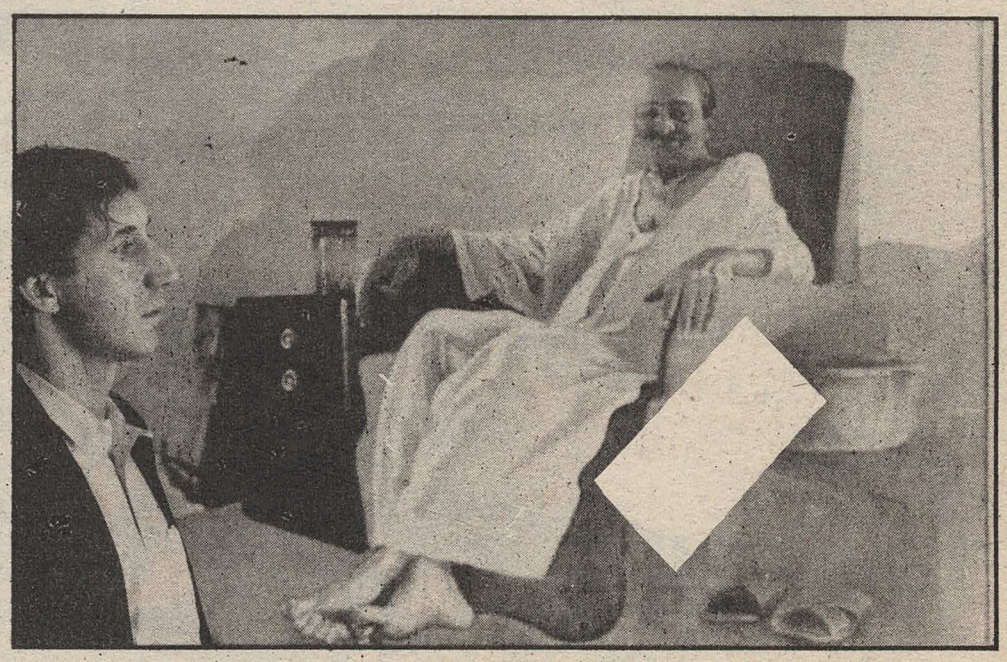
Judged in its own right, the present record is necesssarily skimpy in places, sometimes throwaway. Mostly recorded alone, often in the isolation of home studios, it obviously lacks the Big Picture wallop of full-scale Who output. The Townshend obsessive will need no further recommendation; but the more casual afficionado might require some extra incentive.

So, what *can* be said is there's an un-pressured freshness in much of this — probably not least because the tracks were done with no thoughts, at the time, of public release. There's also a lightness of touch that's welcome, especially in contrast to The Who's somewhat club footed efforts of recent times. Best of all, I think, is the authenticity that comes when Townshend sings Townshend: when his songs turned from being generational anthems into something more tortuously personal, they often lost a sort of autobiographical purity through being handed over to Daltrey for the grand rock treatment. Here, that link is restored, occasionally to quite moving effect.

Mostly, the selection avoids the obvious choices. For the blueprints of 'My Generation' and 'Pinball Wizard', for instance, you'd have to go to the free flexi given away with Richard Barnes's recent book on the group. 'Scoop' does include versions of 'Magic Bus' ("a voodoo dub freak out of a nothing song," writes Pete), 'So Sad About Us', 'Squeezebox', 'Behind Blue Eyes', 'Bargain' and 'Love Reign O'er Me'. But the bulk of the set goes on obscurities, half-realised experiments and stuff that got rejected altogether.

At the end of the day — as it were — Townshend himself sells the contents best: "*Away from sophisticated studio techniques and repeated soul-destroying takes, the real joy I get from playing the writing comes through...*" It does, and it adds persuasive evidence to the argument that Townshend's muse finds freer rein outside the confines of The Who.

Paul Du Noyer



Townshend and Baba: "Told you to leave off that version of 'Magic Bus'." Pic: Anton Corbijn

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JULIA DOWNES

Let Sleeping Dogs Lie (*Naive*)

ANNABEL LAMB

Once Bitten (*A&M*)

HELL, ALLEGEDLY, hath no fury like a woman scorned. A pity, then, that more of that commodity hasn't found its way onto these records — records wherein Annabel and Julia recount the ups and downs (but mostly the downs) of life and love for the modern single girl, and end up sounding monotonously sorry for themselves.

Singer/songwriters with a broadly similar style, neither artist is without melodic talent, and both construct wistful daydreams with a degree of lyrical ingenuity. If both LPs are ultimately weighed down by an excess of melancholy, then it's also true that

Julie Downes

both achieve moments of sombre prettiness. Julia Downes has already scored some MOR success as a writer (for Sheena Easton) and her title track, 'Let Sleeping Dogs Lie' deserves at least minor classic status.

Annabel Lamb's album goes for more variety in its arrangements, veering in places towards Home Counties pastiche of Grace Jones. What the songs seem to lack, though, is the spirit of resilience that a touch of Jones-style toughness might lend. Like Downes, Lamb's too good to waste time as an updated James Taylor in drag.

Paul Du Noyer

"If they push that button, You can kiss yo' ass goodbye."

SUN RA AND HIS OUTER SPACE ARKESTRA

A Fireside Chat With Lucifer *(Saturn)*

LAST WEEKEND, US General Edward Rowny, chief American negotiator at the Geneva disarmament talks, demanded the dismissal of some of his team because, he said, they were "too keen" to reach an agreement with the Russians.

I have a question for General Rowny, which comes from the new Sun Ra LP. It is this: *"Whatcha gonna do without your ass?"* Because, as the septuagenarian Saturnian warns us on 'Nuclear War', *"It's a mothafucka, don'tcha know? If they push that button, your ass gotta go."*

Sun Ra too, it seems, has joined the peace movement. But then, despite the occasional assertion that *"It's after the end of the world"*, he's always had a keen interest in earthly problems — who could forget his kind offer to *"open the doors of the outer space employment agency"*, with useful tips like *"Looking for work? Why not try Jupiter? Why not try Mars?* Why not, indeed? It can't be any tougher up there than down here; and, as advice goes, it's a bloody sight more *imaginative* than "get on yer bike".

Sun Ra's ideas may be less practical than intergalactical (not to say satirical), but he still makes more sense than Thatcher or Reagan, especially on 'Nuclear War'. Not since Charles Mingus' poignant plea of 'Oh Lord Don't Let Them Drop That Atomic Bomb On Me' has a jazz musician caught so succinctly the spirit of the times — *"They'll blast your ass so high in the sky, you can kiss your ass goodbye, goodbye."*

If Ra's typical blend of the pertinent and impertinent makes 'Nuclear War' the most likeable track on 'A Fireside Chat With Lucifer', it's the title-piece — taking up all of side two — which offers the LP's musical meat. 'Lucifer' is an atmospheric tour-de-force that conjures up the Evil Presence with discomfiting accuracy; its mood of glowering threat is tied to a turbulent undertow that can and does erupt with demonic cacophony. I doubt whether Ra's use of big band colourings in a modern context has ever been deployed with such hellish subtlety, or to such devilish effect.

Back on side one, 'Nuclear War' is followed by two rather lightweight tracks, gentle nightclub swingers from another era: 'Retrospect' has Ra organ-ising over a mournful horn riff, while 'Makeup' is distinguished chiefly by John Gilmour's flowing tenor. Though they're pleasant enough reminders of Ra's love for the jazz tradition, the point was made with a lot more *punch* on last year's 'Sunrise In Different Dimensions'.

'A Fireside Chat With Lucifer', like so many Sun Ra LPs, is two parts brilliance to one part banality. But while there may or may not be a method in the Ra cosmo-madness, how can a mere space traveller from Saturn seem anything but phlegmatically down to earth compared to the REAL insanity and REAL evil of a nuclear arms race, and a chief negotiator who *isn't* too keen to reach an agreement?

"Bye bye, ass." If they push that button...

Graham Lock

Mr Ra gives a practical demonstration of pyramid energy at home in Philadelphia. *Pic: Val Wilmer*

PIERO MILESI

Modi *(Cherry Red)*

Nestling snugly in there on Cherry Red's megahit compilation, 'Pillows & Prayers', was an ear-catching snippet from the then forthcoming 'Modi' by young Milanese composer Piero Milesi. Come forth it has, largely through the intercession of 'Miniatures' maestro Morgan-Fisher, who's still keeping up his experimental profile in between getting gurufied and touring with Queen, etc. And Cherry Red are very enthusiastic about having a real orchestral album on the label.

So what's it like?

The secret of this record, I've found, is to listen to it backwards — Oops, nearly won myself a scholarship to IRCAM there! No, I mean to try side two first, as it's much more consistent in mood and feeling. Nice rippling string textures, soaring voices, crisp woodwinds, wonderful marimba (so invigorating Steve Reichian) and excellent use of the little Celtic harp. It's energetic and sunny-afternoony, with a sinuous touch of the Orient (actually there are sound technical reasons for this, which the ghastly sleeve-notes elaborate unmercifully).

Over on the first side, the best parts of 'Modi I' are built around fiendishly fast harpsichord figurations, like Ligeti's Terry Riley homage 'Continuum'. Unfortunately the free flow of the music is punctuated by abrupt string glissandi and other selfconscious student devices. It's best to learn where they are and take evasive action. Or better still, tape around 'em. Once you've bought the album, of course.

Felix Jay

ANIMALISM

VARIOUS

Animal Sampler (*Animal*)

JUST WHAT the world needed, you may say, another record company compilation of tracks from their recent catalogues. Every couple of years there's a spate of these things — most have their saving graces, some actually bring genuinely essential stuff to a wider audience, but on the whole even the best are more effective as sources of information than as records to be played in their own right.

Such is the case with the 'Animal Sampler', compiled from recent releases on Animal Records. It holds together better than most of its ilk, and even features two tracks that should effect a minor change on your life — but somehow, on the whole it can't avoid sounding patchy.

To start there's two tracks by the truly wonderful Gun Club, whose first album 'Fire Of Love' I love so much my neighbours hate me. Here on 'Like Calling Up Thunder' and 'Run Through The Jungle' from the more civilised (ie you don't need the asbestos turntable mat) Chris Stein produced second album 'Miami', they're not at their mercurial best, but even without those brilliantly abrasive edges it's still impossible to hide the fiery power of their beat.

There's a couple by Panther Burns to prove that there's more disrespect in the man than the 'Behind The Magnolia Curtain' collection might suggest, and two oddities from the peculiar Walter Steding. There are also two tracks from Iggy pop; *"I feel like a horse"* opines the Oster-gristle-berger on one of said tracks — those of you who saw him at The Venue may have noticed a certain physical resemblance too.

The second side features four tracks of a more danceable persuasion — two characteristic pieces from James White and the Blacks, and two superbly frantic bursts of African beat from Snuky Tate, whose jazzy funk reggae synthesis provides the great surprise of the album.

Don Watson

NITES ERRANT

THE NITECAPS

Go To The Line *(Sire)*

RECORDED LAST summer in Manhattan, this is the debut LP by New York niterie stalwarts The Nitecaps, who've endured in their present lineup since the beginning of 1980.

Originally, this lot roughened up their edges during the fag-end of punkdom: vocalist/lead guitarist Jahn Xavier (once known as 'X-sessive' and immortalised as same in a few moments of *Smithereens*) earlier served in The Blessed and more briefly in the 1979 edition of Hell's Voidoids. His longest associate in this band, bassist Peter Jordan, was once onstage as a last-ditch New York Doll. And in '79 Jordan and drummer Sammy Brown played with Manhattan's Stumblebunny who released a European LP produced by none other than Richard Gotteher.

That leaves Nitecap Al Maddy. The only non-New Yorker, this support guitarist and vocalist hails from Chicago and claims to have introduced the group to the likes of Curtis Mayfield.

There are seven Xavier originals (one Maddy/Xavier) and three covers tackled on 'Go To The Line'; most are dominated by X's x-cessively gruff'n'growling lead vocals. It's no accident that the sleeve pix were shot from shores across the river from

John Xavier jumps out of sheer habit. *Pic: Joe Stephens*

Manhattan: for better and worse this is blue collar, bar band 'soul' whose sentiments rarely rise above the complications of *"you and me gotta talk"* ('Little Too Long').

And like most bar band soul heard while stone sober, it's an acquired taste. (It took me three spins in a large room to acquire the conviction that there *was* taste here worth some comment, but my ass picked up the clues quicker than my cortex.) 'Go To The Line' was produced by Madness men Clive Langer and Alan Winstanley, but it mainly reflects the work of the latter with Dexys and most apparently in the radio-style streamlining applied on 'Go To The Line', 'Hot Pavement', 'Little Too Long', 'Black Tears' and 'The New Me'. On some of the other tracks — particularly 'Can't Let One More Day Go By' — the sound just bottoms out into a turgid mess, interrupted rather than punctuated by connect-the-dots solos and pedestrian guitar/horn tradeoffs. (On this outing, Crispin Cioe on alto and baritone sax replaces Paul Littoral as tenor Arno Hecht's other half in 'the Uptown Horns.)

Whatever, the best originals here (the title track, 'Hot Pavement' and 'Little Too Long') *still* sound like a bar band singing soul covers...the Southside Johnny syndrome minus any real gem like 'I Don't Wanna Go Home' — or Southside's more-booze-and-less-builder's-merchant vocal sandpaperings.

On 'Somebody Cares' it's explicit: the sound transports you right back in time to slow dancing at the senior prom, with Xavier and co's emotings recalling John Belushi's role as the smalltime, part-time bandleader in *Old Boyfriends*. In that role Belushi portrayed a loser who sincerely loved what he covered (eptly or ineptly).

And so do these guys... Which makes you almost overlook the frequent Boris Karloff/bear-killer vocals, the too-blistering brass and some over-the-top regressions into early Segerville just for the meaty, beefy fun to be found in three or four of these well basic tracks

Cynthia Rose

BURNED OUT!

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

All The Best *(Chrysalis)*

THE NEXT time that Jake Burns shows up on a TV or radio show, grinning goofily at all his wonderful compadres in the wacky world of Brit showbiz, they should play a quarter hour or so of this crap at him to remind the world of the kind of parlour-punk drivel that he and the other Stiff Fingers have been responsible for producing while the rest of us were out on our bikes looking for Norman Tebbit.

Let's hear it for the Bill Oddie of Airfix Kit punk. Only in a diseased (deceased?) economic and industrial situation could people make a living out of such utterly useless product as the Fingers have been peddling to hapless punksters. Would it not have been better to remain a modest and decent person, on however unexalted a plain of existence, rather than be another pathetic twelfth hour scrambler on rock's rich compost heap?

Here we have a double album of 30 tracks covering the Stiffs' single releases from 1977 to whatever year they're in now. The only variation that scientists have been able to detect is a slowing down towards the end of side four. No subtleties, no variations of mood or approach; even the hapless 'White Christmas' is blugdeoned and left to bleed to death in the snow.

What a bloody lot of moaners! The whole collection is one long self-pitying moan from beginning to end. What trivial complaints! Can't say "crap" on the radio? Ireland's own answer to the

Jake: "Funny, I quite liked the LP." *Pic: Kevin Cummins*

musical buzz-saw has written the song for you. Some people can't tell the difference between protests and neurosis — why didn't they record the ultimate bozo-punk anthem 'I'm So Fucking Pissed Off Because I Can't Get A Hit Record!'? Go and be sick on someone else.

The destruction of the 'work-ethic' is producing some strange and deadly new cults. In India the beggars show you their hideous stumps and self-inflicted wounds to solicit baksheesh. So far, in our ruined land, we're only offered the ghastly musical outpourings of the legions of disaffected and disenfranchised plumbers' mates and brickies. Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive but to be young was to be very 'service-industry orientated'.

Ray Loony

LIGHTNING STRIKES

NATIONAL HEALTH
D.S. al Coda *(Lounging Records)*

SO ALAN Gowen's genius lives on.

This is easily the most accessible of the National Health albums: fusion at its free-flowing best. Nine pieces — all by Gowen — diverse, energetic and colourful. 'D.S. al Coda' has everything in its favour. The group, even without Gowen, have such feel and sense of balance. Witness the frenetic abandon of improvisational pieces such as 'I Feel A Night . . . ' and 'Toad'; the horn-domination of 'Portrait' with its soulful smear of sax; the razor-edge guitar flourishes from Phil Miller on 'TNTFX' — before wallowing in the romance of the acoustic 'Arriving Twice' and the shimmering flute passage of 'Toad'.

A mention is also in order for the accomplished rhythm section of Pyle and Greaves with their tight unpredictable interchange of time signatures. Jazz-rock is too stifling a label. The album is a fitting epitaph to Gowen, apt because it is buoyant and bright; a celebration of his art.

Craig Adams

FAITH GLOBAL
The Same Mistakes *(Survival)*

FAITH GLOBAL are not about to hop skip and jump their way from obscurity into the hearts of the nation. 'The Same Mistakes' is a moody atmospheric album which will probably improve as it becomes familiar but of the nine tracks on this first album by Jason Guy and ex-Ultravox guitarist Stevie Shears, just three leap forward.

'Forgotten Man' and 'Knowing The Way' on the first side back Guy's slurred vocals, which hover in style between that of Bryan Ferry and Ian Anderson, with studied intensity.

But the best track of all is over on the B-side. 'Coded World' starts out with a choppy crisp organ, is gradually built up with strings and finally jabs of edgy, grating guitar run into a strong simple riff over the chorus. The track, along with 'Love Seems Lost' also on the album, made up two-thirds of Faith Global's 'Earth Report' EP of last July.

'The Same Mistakes' in its all black cover with minimal sleeve notes seems to be searching for significance but without a lyric sheet to balance low level vocals the remaining tracks — through well structured and skillfully executed — end up somewhere between melodrama and monotony.

Regine Moylett

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Euro-Wave For Rednecks *(Parsley)*

BEARING IN mind the brave steps some of Europe's more radical outfits are taking today just makes the concise plagiarism and rehashed familiarity of this album all the more leaden and unworthy.

'Euro-Wave For Rednecks' is overladen with middle-aged art students paying homage to the great god Synthesizer regardless of mood and melody, whether it be the anonymous dub dirge of G.T. Moore or the MOR slushabilly of Lavvi Ebbel. There's no glimpse of a defiant spirit or snarl to push and probe the listener from his rapidly induced state of drowsiness.

Of the 13 songs there's not one hint of originality or humour and, in the words of Pi Compo "Yes I've heard this all before".

Nick Belger

HOWARD TATE
Get It While You Can *(Verve)*

THE SOUL train that steamed out of Georgia USA carried many distinguished performers — James Brown, Little Richard, Otis Redding . . . and Howard Tate. Howard Tate was the one that got away; he had the fire, the power and the unbridled passion of his fellow statesmen but somehow he was never reserved the same status or attention. It can't have been easy for *too* many performers to breakdown the racist barrier between the R&B chart and the national listings.

The re-release of 'Get It While You Can' should go some way to putting that right. Recorded in 1966 with the great white soul producer/composer Jerry Ragovoy (who did enough to seal his reputation for all time with Lorraine Ellison's truly *titanic* 'Stay With Me Baby' single), the LP is a landmark in '60s soul, defining itself with the same character and purpose as 'Otis Blue', or 'Aretha Now'.

Tate has the sort of pure powerhouse voice than can ride alongside full-blooded horns, hot-trotting hi-hat and cymbals and sound so fierce, so proud, so right. 'Ain't Nobody Home' and 'Glad I Knew Better' fire into action like charging stallions and Howard lets it all come down with performances driven by real strength and conviction.

But when he's hurt, he sounds like he's been cut right down and spills out pain and blood.

Listen to 'I Learned It All The Hard Way' or the poignant title track — he's wracked with despair, all torn up, really wounded. The strength of this album is the eloquence and ease with which it combines the style and taste of a rich mellow soul music and the uptown blues that helped spawn it.

The record is varied, certainly, but at its core is a music and a voice that doesn't mess around or pull any punches and goes straight to the heart, straight to the soul.

Gavin Martin

High Wind in Birdland

WEATHER REPORT
Procession *(CBS)*

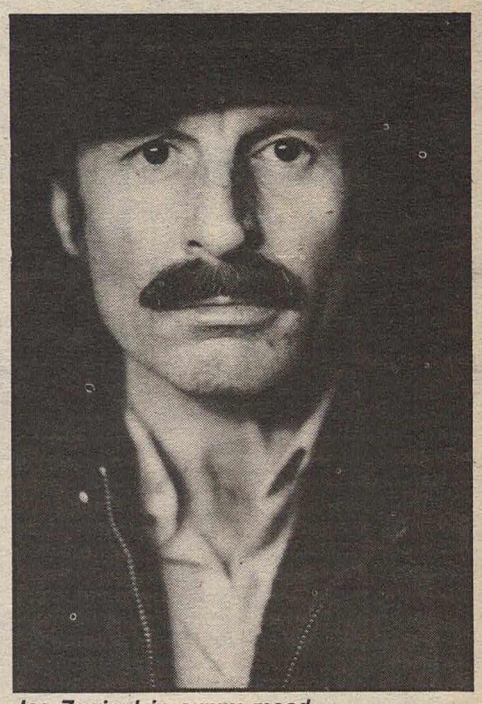
I don't believe it, but they've done it again. Just when it seemed that the tuneless roar of last year's 'Weather Report' had permanently iced over the incandescence of one of the world's great groups, 'Procession' torches most of the old brilliance back to life. As Lazarus acts go this one demands letters to *The Lancet*

With Pastorius finally out of the way, Zawinul has the boss's chair unchallenged again: and in bringing in yet another new rhythm team the now customary recharging of the front line interest has this time been effected at every level. Playing, composition and attitude all have the glitter of a newly ignited motive. Space has been redrawn; sound has been chilled and caught afresh.

'Procession' itself opens and fulfills the promise of a triumphal re-entry. Zawinul measures his movement, gradually unfolding the metre of a line that first snakes, then steps and finally takes a giant's stride into view: synthesisers and Wayne Shorter's leathery saxophones declaim a theme of herculean authority, levered up by a forearm rhythm that injects maximum impetus without toppling the balance of the organism. This blissful rush is the finest thing Zawinul's written since 'Birdland'.

That level of inspiration dips and rises again elsewhere on the record, but the telling point is that Zawinul's deployment of his group has turned the electric jazz dance on its head again. Handfuls of ideas are scattered across the six tracks with the abandon of his early music, not the chest-beating self-satisfaction of more recent times. They sound pushed again, tired of thumping up and down on a worthless jazz-rock throne.

So 'Procession' unwinds both as a show of their greatest strengths and a nosing through new quarters. 'Where The Moon Goes' might actually be a technopop tune, replete with corny lyrics chanted out by a bemused and scared Manhattan Transfer, until its walls are split asunder by oblique bolts of electricity — the keyboards squitter crazily like bugs out of a clenched palm and Shorter decks the competition with a soprano solo so nimble it literally dances between the synths.



Joe Zawinul in sunny mood.
Pic: Anton Corbijn

Shorter's contributions are the greatest single pleasure here. The bitterly urgent tenor on 'Molasses Run', a fabulously crisp virtuoso piece, and the witty fantasy on the bible of R&B licks which informs 'Two Lines' both tell of a man awake and involved. His only tune is 'Plaza Road', a characteristic sliver from a rare lyric imagination, but this supercharged Weather Report is hardly the right medium for his scholarly sense of romance.

Victor Bailey sounds like he might be the aptest bass Reporter since Vitous: his path on 'Two Lines' is as selfessly ingenious as anything by Ron Carter, and the bubbling fingerbuster of 'Molasses Run' elevates like helium. The percussion team of Omar Hakim and Jose Rossy are fleet enough to stay in touch without getting in the way.

This excitement is a relief. 'Procession' renews at last the fraternal contest of Zawinul and Shorter. Although the keyboardist calls the tunes, his partner emerges to engrave the truthfully personal variations on top — right on top. Their gorgeous duet, 'The Well', where the soprano's discreet tears wash over the most tender electric chalks, seals the other side of 'Procession''s rumbustious joy. Welcome back, again.

Richard Cook

Van Morrison
The New Album
Inarticulate speech of the heart
Out now on LP and chromium dioxide cassette

NEWS

WEATHER REPORT SET FAIR IN JUNE

WEATHER REPORT return to the UK in the late spring to play three concerts, as part of a European tour — they are at London Hammersmith Odeon on June 2 and 3 (tickets £6, £5 and £4) and Manchester Palace on June 5 (tickets £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50). The band's latest album 'Procession' was released recently by CBS, and they'll be incorporating much of this material into their new stage set.

AND SANTANA CONFIRMED

SANTANA have now officially been confirmed for three nights at London Royal Albert Hall on May 2, 3 and 4 (with two shows on the final night), three weeks after *NME* exclusively revealed the dates — tickets are on sale now priced £9.50, £8.50, £7.50, £6.50 and £4.50. The band have a new album titled 'Havana Moon' due to be released by CBS in the near future.

GODDESS ROCKED!

ROCK GODDESS — the all-girl rock band comprising Jody Turner (guitar and vocals), Tracey Lamb (bass) and Julie Turner (drums) — have had to turn down the support spot on the upcoming British tour by UFO, opening next Monday.

This is because Julie is still only 15 and is bound by the Children's Performances Regulations, which restrict the time and number of hours she is allowed to work. She's not permitted to take part in shows or rehearsals for more than six consecutive days and, as the UFO tour doesn't conform with this requirement, a licence has been refused.

Julie can leave school at the end of May when she is 16 and, in these days of high unemployment, it's ironic that she should be prevented — by a mere ten weeks — from following her established career. Nevertheless, the band are hopeful that this setback won't have a long-term adverse effect.

BRED BY LEVEN

JACKIE LEVEN, who disbanded Doll By Doll a few months ago, has now formed a new outfit which will operate under his own name — it comprises Chris Clarke (drums), Mark Fletcher (bass), Garry Jackson (keyboards) and Carol Pearrett (vocals). Leven has been busy writing new material, and the band have signed a long-term deal with Charisma Records, with an initial release expected shortly.

Meanwhile, they appear this Saturday (19) at London Fulham Greyhound, in one of the venue's benefit shows in aid of muscular dystrophy — and they have other London dates at Woolwich Tramshed (March 24) and Bond St. Embassy Club (April 1).

● More gigs are being added.

Personal appearances by Marillion

MARILLION, one of the hottest properties to emerge in recent months, are making a number of personal appearances in record shops while they travel the country in their major headlining tour. They'll be signing copies of their new EMI album 'Script For A Jester's Tear' at Guildford Subway (today, Thursday, 1pm), Aylesbury Our Price (Friday 1pm), Folkestone Mark Two (Saturday 4pm), Portsmouth Virgin (March 21 at 1pm), Cardiff Virgin (22 at 4pm), Worcester Music Market (23 at 1pm), Newcastle-under-Lyme Mike Lloyd (29 at 1pm), Nottingham Selectadisc (30 at 1pm), Birmingham HMV (31 at 1pm), Ipswich Andy's (April 1 at 2pm), St. Albans Kithairon (2 at 4pm), Scarborough Sidney (5 at 1pm), Stockton HMV (6 at 1pm), Edinburgh Phoenix Records (7 at 4pm), Glasgow Virgin (8 at 4pm), Aberdeen Other Record Shop (11 at 1pm), Sheffield HMV (13 at 1pm), Liverpool Virgin (14 at 2pm), Manchester HMV (15 at 1pm) and London Virgin Megastore (18 at 5pm).

PAUL HUMPHRIES of OMD

GIGS MANOEUVRED

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES In The Dark were forced to cancel their Irish shows last week, because of a sudden decision by local authorities to declare the Belfast Ulster Hall unfit due to structural damage — a decision which gave them no time in which to notify ticket-holders. But they have already re-scheduled the concerts for Belfast Maysfield Hall (May 24) and Dublin Frances Xavier Hall (25), and tickets for the cancelled shows will remain valid for the revised.

OMD also apologise for cocking up last week's announcement regarding the venue switch for the opening night of their UK tour, from Shepton Mallet Showering Pavilion to Bristol Colston Hall, in which they stated that existing tickets would be valid at the new venue. This, apparently, isn't so. Shepton Mallet tickets should be returned to the point of sale before March 28 to obtain a refund or exchanged tickets, whichever is required.

● ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN also goofed by neglecting to tell us that there's a booking fee of 30p per ticket on mail orders for their concert at London Royal Albert Hall on July 18. So postal bookings are £6.30, £5.30, £4.30, £2.80 and £2.30. Cheques and POs to "Echo and the Bunnymen", sent with SAE to P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW.

HOT ROD

Five shows in midsummer

ROD STEWART will play five British concerts in June, with a potential capacity of 93,000, as part of his European tour — at least, this is all that's been announced at the moment, though there is a possibility of more being added later. He begins in his native Scotland with an open-air concert on Saturday, June 18, at Glasgow Ibrox Park — the home of Glasgow Rangers Football Club. Then follow two shows at Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (June 22 and 23) and two at London Earls Court (25 and 26).

The Glasgow event hasn't yet been announced officially, so no booking arrangements are available — but promoter Danny Betesh confirmed that it is taking place, and police have already restricted attendance to 33,000. The two indoor venues each have a capacity of 15,000. It was originally expected that Stewart would either play an outdoor show at the massive Wembley Stadium, or a week of London concerts at Wembley Arena or Earls Court — but it seems that he has exercised a degree of caution in limiting his appearances, though it's believed that further dates are pencilled in, should they be required.

Birmingham tickets cost £9 and £8, and are available by post from Kennedy Street Enterprises (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire WA14 2 JQ, enclosing SAE. They are also on sale now at the NEC, as well as the following outlets (subject to booking fee): Cyclops (Birmingham), Piccadilly Records (Manchester), Mike Lloyd Records (Hanley and Newcastle-under-Lyme), Lotus (Stafford), Goulds (Wolverhampton) and Coventry Apollo Theatre.

Earls Court tickets may be ordered by mail immediately at £10.30 and £9.30 (including 30p booking fee) from Rod Stewart, RS Tickets, P.O.Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS — make cheques and POs payable to "Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Ltd", enclose SAE, write date preferred on reverse of your application envelope, and allow up to four weeks for delivery. They also go on sale to personal applicants from Saturday, March 26, at £10 and £9 (plus booking fee) at all Keith Prowse shops in London, as well as HMV shops in London's Oxford Street, Brighton, Bristol, Exeter, Norwich and Southampton.

The two London shows are presented in association with Capital Radio, and they'll be the opening event in Capital's five-week Music Festival.

FORTHCOMING VISITORS

Men At Work due May

MEN AT WORK — the Australian band who've dominated the top of the *NME* charts so far this year, spending six weeks at No.1 with their album 'Business As Usual', and three weeks at No.1 with their single 'Down Under' — will be touring here in May. Epic Records confirmed this week that dates are being finalised for the group and, although none is yet confirmed, they are expected to include at least two London concerts and several in the provinces. By the time they arrive, they are likely to be high in the charts again, with their new single 'Overkill'/'When The Money Runs Out' due for release on March 31 — and the album from which those tracks are taken, titled 'Cargo', following on April 8.

Supertramp resurrected

SUPERTRAMP will be returning to the UK in midsummer, as part of a major European tour in June and July, the first time they've been on the road for 3½ years. Dates will be announced shortly, and it seems likely that at least two shows at Wembley Arena will be among them. They'll then tour North America in late summer, after which they'll undergo a line-up change, with Roger Hodgson leaving to pursue a solo career.

Hodgson (vocals, guitar and keyboards) has been with the band since its inception 15 years ago, and has co-written the bulk of Supertramp's material with Rick Davies. The group will continue to function after Hodgson's departure, with Davies as solitary songwriter. They're currently preparing plans for a new album, based on the theme of the song 'Brother, Where You Bound', to be recorded after the tour. Davies is also looking into video and film projects.

Indeep, Shalamar to UK

INDEEP follow their recent Top Ten success 'Last Night A D.J. Saved My Life' by making their debut visit to Britain in May — and by that time, they'll have a new single on release. They arrive here after touring Europe in April, and dates are currently being finalised by Marand Music Productions, who'll be announcing the details shortly. The same company is also lining up visits by DR.JOHN (June/July), RICHIE HAVENS (July) and TAJ MAHAL (July and again in October).

SHALAMAR are being lined up for another British tour later in the year, though the exact period hasn't yet been determined. In any event, by the time they arrive they'll have a new album available, which they're currently recording for May release. This is the follow-up to the hugely successful 'Friends', which has now gone platinum in the UK, and which yielded four hit singles.

Police back on the road

THE POLICE have squashed rumours of an impending split by announcing that they'll be touring Britain in December. In fact, they return to live work in August when they tour America, and they'll be in Europe in 1984 — with visits to Japan and Australia also to be fitted in somewhere along the line. In the meantime, their new album 'Synchronicity' is now finished and scheduled for May release.

The split rumours suggested that Sting wanted to concentrate on movie work, but this has been adamantly denied by manager Miles Copeland, who commented: "Police was never constituted as a prison. Every member has always been free to do what he wanted to do." Sting has just started work on the film *Dune* but, despite reports to the contrary, is not involved in the re-make of *Mutiny On The Bounty*. As soon as *Dune* is completed, the band will start preparing for many months of concentrated live work.

PRINCE'S DOMINION

PRINCE is to play a second night at London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre next month — due to heavy demand, he now appears there on Monday and Tuesday, April 18-19, supported on both dates by all-girl funk trio Vanity 6 (tickets on sale now priced £5, £4.50 and £4).

WEA are to release a new Prince single at the beginning of next month titled 'Little Red Corvette', from his current album '1999', and coupled on the seven-inch format by another track from the same LP called 'Lady Cab Driver' — while on the 12-incher there's an extended version of the A-side, plus two tracks not on the album, 'Automatic' and 'International Lover'.

BAND AKA, currently knocking at the chart door with their Epic single 'Joy' kick off their first British tour with two dates at London Victoria The Venue on April 14 and 15 — tickets on sale now priced £5.50. Further dates are being added and will be announced shortly.

AZTEC CAMERA have tacked another five dates onto their tour, which supports their current Rough Trade single 'Oblivious' — at Glasgow Night Moves (tonight, Thursday), Edinburgh University (Friday), Leicester Polytechnic (Saturday), Leeds Warehouse (Sunday) and Nottingham Rock City (next Monday). Then they're off to Europe and the States until the end of May.

THE SEARCHERS are undertaking a four-date mini-tour during the coming week, with gigs at Bletchley Wilton Hall (tomorrow, Friday), Norwich Norwood Rooms (Saturday), Plymouth Mercury Club (March 22) and Southsea South Parade Pier (23).

DAVE KELLY BAND end their current tour in two weeks' time — then, after a short break, begin another one! First confirmed dates are London Camden Dingwalls (April 9), London Fulham Golden Lion (15), Leicester Polytechnic (20), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (22), London Deptford The Crypt (23), Twickenham West London Institute (30) and Bedford College (May 6).

THE SPINNERS, the Liverpool folk group who now qualify for veteran status, have concerts at Weston-super-Mare Playhouse (this Friday and Saturday), Walsall Town Hall (Sunday), Newcastle New Tyne Theatre (March 25), Doncaster Gaumont (26) and Harlow Odeon (27).

MAINSQUEEZE — the eight-piece blues-rock band whose line-up includes Eric Bell, Dick Heckstall Smith and Victor Brox — promote their debut album on Expulson Records at Bristol Dingwalls (tomorrow, Friday), Liverpool Dingwalls (Saturday), Leeds Fforde Green (Sunday), Manchester The Gallery (March 22), Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic (23), Newcastle Buddies Arts Centre (24), Kendal Brewery Arts Centre (25) and Hull Dingwalls (26).

PUNILUX, formerly known as Punishment Of Luxury, are back in business after a lengthy absence — caused by their departure from United Artists and a resultant temporary disbandment. They've now re-formed and release a single on Red Rhino Records this weekend, 'Hold Me (Never Mould Me)'/'Golden Corsets', which they showcase at Sheffield Leadmill this Sunday (20). This is the prelude to a full-scale UK tour in April, which is currently being finalised.

ONE THE JUGGLER have been forced to cancel the last two dates of their tour — at Leeds Warehouse (tonight, Thursday) and Retford Porterhouse (Saturday). But after recording their follow-up single to 'Passion Killer' as well as tracks for their debut album, they'll be undertaking another gig series, including re-arranged dates at Leeds and Retford.

RIP RIG & PANIC are back in live action now that they've completed their third Virgin album, which is due for mid-April release. They play Edinburgh University (tonight, Thursday), Glasgow Technical College (Friday), Liverpool Polytechnic (Saturday) and Leeds Warehouse (March 24). More dates are being set and will be announced shortly.

TWISTED SISTER are back on the UK trail again, this time in support of their new Atlantic album 'You Can't Stop Rock And Roll', due in mid-April. They play Portsmouth Guildhall (April 6), Nottingham Rock City (7), Dunstable Queensway Hall (8), Liverpool Royal Court (10), Hanley Victoria Hall (11), Manchester Ashton Metro Theatre (12), Edinburgh Nite Club (14), Newcastle Mayfair (15), Bradford St. George's Hall (16), Sheffield University (17), Birmingham Odeon (18) and London Strand Lyceum (19).

CILLA BLACK, riding high again with the chart success of her 'Very Best Of' album, has a five-week summer season at Sandown I.o.W. Pier Theatre from August 1. And she has other spring and summer dates at Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (April 9), Stevenage Gordon Craig Theatre (24), Croydon Fairfield Hall (May 6), Cardiff New Theatre (22), Jersey Gloucester Hall (July 7-8), Weston-super-Mare Playhouse (14-16), Torquay Princess Theatre (17) and Bedworth Civic Hall (September 29).

LARRY MILLER BAND are on tour to promote their 'Right Chaps' album and, in addition to gigs listed last week, have further dates at Gravesend Red Lion (April 2), Basingstoke Breakaway Club (9), Guildford Royal Hotel (16), Reading Target Club (21) and Bristol Granary (30).

LINDISFARNE are to play a five-night season at London Putney Half Moon from May 14 to 18. All tickets are £4 and they are available by post from Halfmoon Music, 93 Lower Richmond Road, Putney, London S.W.15, enclosing SAE and stating date preferred.

ROMAN HOLLIDAY have added more dates to their one-nighter schedule, reported two weeks ago, which supports their current single 'Stand By'. They play Whitehaven Whitehouse Disco (tonight, Thursday), Glasgow University (Friday), Aberdeen The Venue (Saturday), Edinburgh Nite Club (March 21), Glasgow Henry Afrika's (22), Sheffield Polytechnic (23), Birmingham Snobs Night club (24) and London Victoria The Venue (25).

CRY are a new band who'll shortly be making their live debut by way of a series of London dates. The line-up features two former members of The Cure, Simon Gallup (bass) and Matthieu Hartley (keyboards) — the rest of the personnel comprising Stuart Curran (guitar), Ian Fuller (vocals) and Tot (drums).

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS have confirmed the first dates in their new one-nighter series at Guildford Wooden Bridge (April 7), Banbury Football Club (9), Thatcham Silks (10), Oxford Pennyfarthing (15), Bristol Granary (16) and Reading Target Club (28).

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STRAY CATS ARE NOW TOP DOGS

THE STRAY CATS have been missing from the UK scene for some time, but they've been busy conquering North America — their album 'Built For Speed' has sold 1.8 million in the States so far and spent 37 weeks in the charts there, while it is triple platinum in Canada, and the LP has also yielded two Top Ten singles including the current 'Stray Cat Strut'. They were back in London a few months ago to record tracks for their next album with producer Dave Edmunds, and he flies to New York next month to complete the set, which is scheduled for autumn release.

Meanwhile, Arista this week release a special collectors item 12-inch EP. It features the current US hit, as well as the band's previous American singles hit 'Built For Speed', previously unissued in this country. The B-side features two live tracks recorded in Newcastle in December, 1981 — 'Sweet Love On My Mind' and 'Drink That Bottle Down'. By the way, 'Stray Cat Strut' was originally released in the UK in 1981, when it reached No. 11 in the charts.

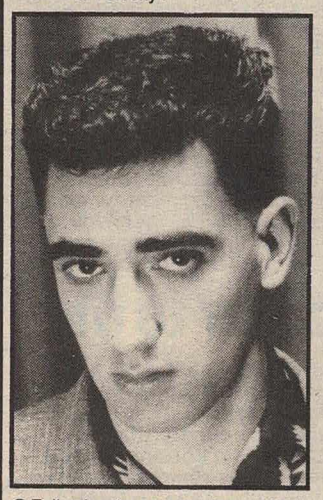
● Beggars Banquet are launching a six-track 12-inch series concentrating mainly on back catalogue. Released on March 25 is a **Gary Numan** set, dating back to his Tubeway Army days in 1978 — and out the same day is 'The Singles' by **The Merton Parkas.**

● **Leesha Paradise** — the girl who has a Syrian father and West Indian mother, and who's previously worked with Boney M — has her single 'Waiting For You' issued by EMI next Monday (21). It was produced by Steve Levine of Culture Club fame.

● 'Drowning In A Sea Of Bliss' is the third album by **The Nocturnal Emissions,** the inventive group who've been hailed as innovators of the "young underground". Available from Rough Trade and other indies, or at £4.50 (including p&p) from Sterile Records, 90 Lilford Road, London S.E.5.

● **Five Go Down To The Sea?** are an Irish quintet from Cork, and they have a four-track EP called 'Knot A Fish' issued this week on London-based Kabuki Records (through Rough Trade). Among the titles are 'Fishes For Compilments' and 'There's A Fish On Top Of Shandon Swears He's Elvis'.

● **Big Amongst Sheep** have their new sci-fi 12-incher titled 'Astropop' released in early April on their Rock Solid label, distributed by Bullet. Other tracks featured are 'Tranquility Zone', 'Radioactive Daffodils' and 'Terminal Velocity'.



● Following the recent release of his first solo single 'History Of A Kiss', former D.A.F. member **Gabi Delgado** has his debut solo album issued by Virgin on March 25. Titled 'Mistress', it was produced by the renowned Conny Plank.

● Surrey label Rogue Records release their first LP on April 8 — it is 'Still Pause', the debut album from **Maggie Holland,** currently a member of the English Country Blues Band and previously with Hot Vultures. Distribution is by Pinnacle and Projection.

● **Pallas** follow the recent release of their 'Arrive Alive' album with a new single, issued by Cool King on April 1, titled 'Paris Is Burning'. It comes in both 7" and 12" formats, the latter featuring the full-length six minute version.

● **Shockabilly** treat us to their version of '19th Nervous Breakdown' as their new Rough Trade single, out this week. And coming up later this month is their album 'Earth vs. Shockabilly'.

● New London independent Rapture Records have released their first single — it is 'Latin Cookin'/Alright By Me' by six-piece group **Power Supply.** Distribution is through PRT.

● **Bobby 'O'** — the name used by Bobby Orlando, head of New York label 'O' Records — has his new single 'She Has A Way'/'Beat By Beat' issued this week. The 'O' label is licensed to PRT for British release.

● Magnum Force are releasing a 16-track mid-price compilation titled 'Rock The Flag' featuring four tracks each from **Ace Skudder** (formerly with Shakin' Stevens), **Breathless, Johnny & The Roccos** and **The Strollers.** From the same label comes the LP 'Black Stocking Boogie' by **The Bopcats.** Both albums are issued on April 22.

record NEWS

ROCKETTING TO FAME?

WENDY & THE ROCKETTS, the Australian rock band who were recently featured live on *The Tube,* are in this country primarily to record their first studio album — it's now nearing completion, and features guest appearances from Judie Tzuke and ex-Squeeze keyboards man Don Snow. But they're taking time out to play their debut UK dates at London Marquee Club this Friday and Saturday (18-19), and they'll be back in Britain in the summer to undertake a nationwide tour, coinciding with the album's release.

CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT are currently putting the finishing touches to the follow-up album to their 'Two Bad D.J'. The ten-track set is called 'Stop That Train' and it's due out on Greensleeves Records in early April, when the duo will be hitting the road again.

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS are releasing the 'Celtic Soul Brothers' track from their album 'Too-Rye-Aye' — by public demand! The B-side is a brand new song called 'Reminisce — Part One', and the 12-inch format has the bonus of a live recording of 'Show Me'. It's out next weekend on the Mercury label.

STYX re-appear with their first single in almost two years — titled 'Mr. Roboto', it's out this weekend on the A&M label. The album from which it was taken, 'Kilroy Was Here', is already on release.

MARCIA GRIFFITH — one-time member of Bob Marley's back-up group The I-Three, and subsequently half of the chart-topping Bob & Marcia team — has her 'Electric Boogie' single issued by Island on March 28. Written, arranged and produced by Bunny Wailer, it's a No. 1 hit in Jamaica. It comes as a seven-inch or 12-inch discomix — the latter featuring three separate dubs, plus an extended club cut.

STEVE HILLAGE has his new single 'Alone'/'Frame By Frame' issued by Virgin on March 25, and culled from his recently released album 'For To Next'. It's available in both 7" and 12" formats, the latter also containing the previously unissued 'Time Lines'.

THE MAISONETTES follow their recent Top Ten hit 'Heartache Avenue' with a new single issued this weekend by Ready Steady Go! Records, titled 'Where I Stand'. The group are currently recording their debut album 'Maisonettes For Sale', for release later in the spring.

THE DAMNED have their track 'White Rabbit' released in the UK for the first time this weekend by Big Beat Records. The seven-inch has 'Rabid (Over You)' and 'Seagulls' on the flip side. The 12-incher has an extended version of the A-side, coupled with the 17-minute 'Curtain Call'.

ED BRUCE — one of the stars of this year's Wembley Country Festival, and probably best known in the UK for his co-starring role with James Garner in the TV series *Maverick* — has a new single out on MCA this weekend, coupling 'Diane' and 'The Last Cowboy Song'.

TRACIE is the 17-year-old who sings backing vocals on The Jam's 'Beat Surrender', and has since signed to Paul Weller's Respond Records. Her single 'The House That Jack Built'/'Dr Love' was written by another Respond act, The Questions. Weller has now signed his label to A&M Records, who release the single this weekend in both 7" and 12" formats.

ROXY MUSIC have their live mini-LP 'The High Road' now available in this country, imported from Germany by IMS (the import division of Polygram). It runs 26 minutes and features 'Can't Let Go', 'My Only Love', 'Like A Hurricane' and 'Jealous Guy'.

THE RAINCOATS have a new live album called 'The Kitchen Tapes' now available on America's cassette-only label Reachout International Records, distributed in the UK by Red Rhino (0904 641415) — it was recorded in January this year at New York's Kitchen For The Performance Arts, and features 14 tracks. From the same source comes a brand new JOHNNY THUNDERS album 'Too Much Junkie Business', part-studio and part live, recorded in late 1982. And to complete the batch there's the debut album from THE BUSH TETRAS, recorded live late last year and titled 'Wild Things'.

PULSALLAMA, the seven-piece all-girl band described as "New York's sardonic and depraved answer to the conventional rock chicklet group", have their new single 'Oui Oui (A Canadian In Paris)' 'Pulsallama On The Rag' issued this weekend by Y Records in both 7" and 12" formats. The girls — who rejoice in the names of Jean Caffeine, Wendy Wild, Miss April, Min The Bonefinder, Timbalina, Judy Sleaze and Princess — will be over here soon to play a series of dates.

HOT NEW VINYL ON RED FLAME

RED FLAME RECORDS have signed Australian outfit *The Moodists* and release their debut single 'The Disciples Know'/'She Cackles' on March 31, followed by their mini-LP 'Engine Shudder' on April 25 — and further material will be issued in the summer, when the band will be touring here. Liverpool duo *Shiny Two Shiny*, formerly part of the now-defuct A Formal Sigh, make their debut on the same label next week with an eight-track mini-LP titled 'Half Way Across The Rainbow'. Out at the same time is the *Artery* album 'One Afternoon In A Hot Air Baloon' — and upcoming are two mini-albums both self-named, by *The Decorators* (April 18) and *Dif Juz* (May 2). Looking slightly further ahead, new releases are planned by *The Laughing Clowns, Patrik Fitzgerald & Anne Clark, The Room* and *Kabbala.*

● 101 International, the label emanating from the new-defunct 101 Club, releases a live compilation with distribution by CBS. Titled 'Bandits At 10 O'Clock — Live Letters — Warts 'N' All', it features two tracks each from **The Thompson Twins, Philip Jap, Huang Chung** (since re-named Glory), **The Fix, Jane Kennaway & Strange Behaviour** and **Endgames.**

● Canadian hard rocker **Bryan Adam** has a new single out on A&M this weekend titled 'Straight From The Heart'. It's taken from his album 'Cuts Like A Knife'.

● A million seller in Europe and the current No.1 in Germany is 'Major Tom' by **Peter Schilling**, who also wrote and produced it, and it's his first major hit. It's released in the UK this week by WEA International.

● Australian nine-piece **Hunters And Collectors**, who've just released their first Virgin single 'Talking To A Stranger', come up with their debut album on March 25. It was recorded Down Under, contains eight-self-penned songs and has the group's name as its title.

● PRT are releasing a compilation album of six of the hottest dance tracks currently available, all of them 12-inch versions. Titled 'It's In The Mix', it features 'Last Night A D.J. Saved My Life' by **Indeep**, 'You Can't Have Your Cake' by **Brenda Taylor**, 'Creme De Creme' by **William De Vaughn**, 'Changes' by **Imagination**, 'The Voice Of Q' by **Q** and 'Don't Touch That Dial' by **Captain Sky**.

● Ten new compilations from the Chess catalogue, seven of them double albums, are being issued through PRT this month. They include two by **Chuck Berry**, plus one apiece from **Bobby Charles, Buddy Guy, Little Walter, Sonny Boy Williamson, Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters** and **Etta James**, as well as an all-star set called 'Chicago Blues'.

● American hard rockers **Virgin Steele** have had their debut album available on import for some time, but it's released officially this weekend on the Music For Nations label, with distribution by Pinnacle. Title is 'Virgin Steele One'.

● Island release the soundtrack from a new French film called *They Call That An Accident.* It includes a specially commissioned **Steve Winwood** song 'Your Silence Is Your Song', as well as contributions from **Jess Roden & Peter Wood, Marianne Faithfull, Wally Badarou** and the **Compass Point All Stars.**

● No Future Records have set April 11 for the release of the LP 'A Country Fit for Heroes, Vol.II' which, like its predecessor, features eight new bands who haven't previously appeared on vinyl. They are **ABH, Patrol, Criminal Damage, Mania, On Parole, Intensive Care, Cadaverous Clap** and **Government Lies.** From the same label on April 4 comes the debut single by **The Blood,** titled 'Meglomania'.

● Food For Thought Records this week release a five-track mini-LP by New York band **November Group,** who've toured in the States with Haircut 100 and Flock Of Seagulls — it has their name at its title, and sells at the same price as a 12-inch single. From the same label comes a three-track 12-incher by **Roman Grey** titled 'Look Me In The Eyes'.

Cocker latest, unissued Holly

MCA have an intriguing batch of releases this week. For starters, JOE COCKER follows his hit duet with Jennifer Warnes by joining forces with THE CRUSADERS on the single 'I'm So Glad I'm Standing Here Today'/'Standing Tall' — in fact, it was actually recorded in 1981, and appeared on the group's 'Standing Tall' album at that time. 'For The First Time Anywhere' is a unique collection of songs from BUDDY HOLLY, all of them alternative versions of his famous numbers, which never got around to being issued. HELEN REDDY's new album 'Imagination' is out, together with a single culled from it, 'Looks Like Love'/'Yesterday Can't Hurt Me'. And to tie in with his UK tour next month (reported by NME before Christmas), there's the DON WILLIAMS single 'Love Is On A Roll', to be followed on April 18 by his new album 'Yellow Moon'.

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11	**DURHAM** UNIVERSITY	ROCK CITY **NOTTINGHAM**	29
12	**BRADFORD** UNIVERSITY	HACIENDA **MANCHESTER**	30
14	**KENT** UNIVERSITY	PLAYHOUSE **EDINBURGH**	31
15	**READING** UNIVERSITY		**APRIL**
16	**LOUGHBOROUGH** UNIVERSITY	TIFFANIES **GLASGOW**	1
18	**NORWICH** U.E.A.	FUSION **ABERDEEN**	3
19	**ESSEX** UNIVERSITY	DINGWALLS **AYR**	4
20	**LONDON** HAMMERSMITH ODEON	DINGWALLS **NEWCASTLE**	6
22	**BRISTOL** COLSTON HALL	DINGWALLS **HULL**	7
23	**BOURNEMOUTH** WINTER GARDENS	ODEON **BIRMINGHAM**	8
25	**PORTSMOUTH** GUILDHALL	PAVILLION **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD**	9

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Friday 18th March	£1.50
LARRY MILLER BAND + Swingfire	
Saturday 19th March	£1.50
Heavy Rock: MERCIFUL FATE + Savage	
Sunday 20th March	£1.00
FASCINATION + Clockhouse	
Monday 21st March	£1.00
Shout Records Present: THE WICKED KITCHEN STAFF + Stax Century	
Tuesday 22nd March	50p
IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY	

Real Ale Served 7.30pm - 11.00pm

P.L.P. by arrangement with Outlaw Management presents

Tears For Fears

plus VERBA VERBA

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
MON. 18th APRIL 8pm

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L.T.B. Centre, Keith Prowse, Premier and Stargreen

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100 yds — Brixton Tube
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Brixton Hill SW2

Wednesday 16th March	MANDIGO GRIOT SOCIETY + THE CHEVALIER BROTHERS	£3.50
Thursday 17th March	SEX GANG CHILDREN + LOOK BACK IN ANGER + PLAY DEAD	£3.00
Friday 18th March	HERE & NOW GROUP + PATRIK FITZGERALD + THE CARDIACS	£2.00
Saturday 19th March	ZERRA ONE + SCREEN 3 + FAMILY RICO	£2.50*
Monday 21st March	SON OF MAN IN ROOTS + SUPPORT	£2.50*
Thursday 24th March	THE DAMNED + Guests	£3.00
Friday 25th March	THE WAKE + RITUAL	£2.50*
Saturday 26th March	WEAPON OF PEACE + ABACUSH	£2.50*
	All gigs marked* half price to cardholders	
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7th April	PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES	£2.50

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Thursday 17th March	Thursday 24th March
SWAMP CHILDREN	**JOBOXERS**

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MCP presents

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

Plus Special Guests
ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
TUESDAY 26th APRIL 7.30 p.m.
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JOOLZ POETRY THAT BITES BACK FRIDAY 18TH MARCH

MAN MACHINE BODY POPPING/ ROBOTICS/MIME THURSDAY 24TH MARCH. BOTH AT PATMORE YOUTH CLUB, THESSALY ROAD, LONDON SW8 2 PM START

BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH DREAD/DUB/RANT. WEDNESDAY 23RD MARCH AT NETTLEFOLD HALL, NORWOOD HIGH ST. LONDON SE27 (ABOVE NORWOOD LIBRARY) 3 PM

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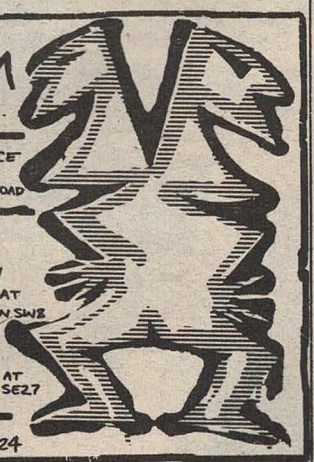

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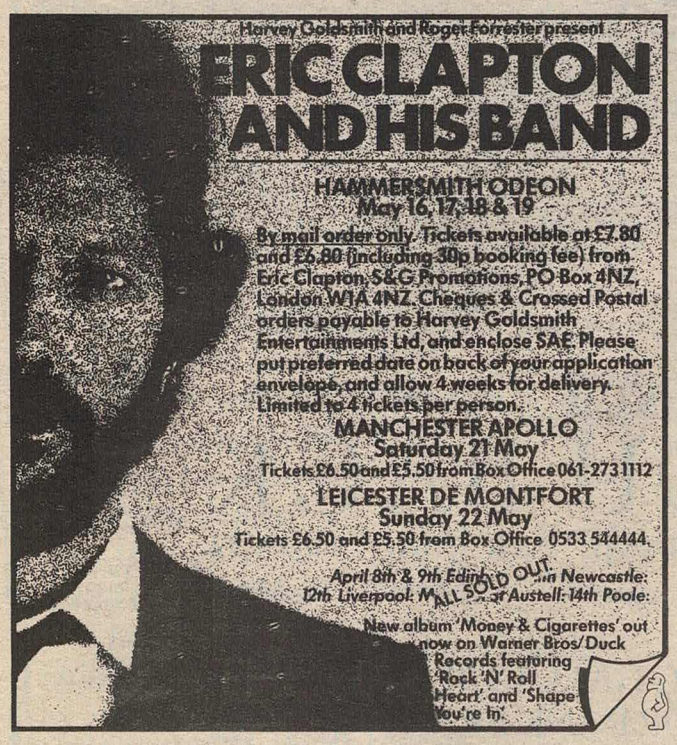

Harvey Goldsmith and Roger Forrester present

ERIC CLAPTON AND HIS BAND

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
May 16, 17, 18 & 19

By mail order only. Tickets available at £7.80 and £6.80 (including 30p booking fee) from Eric Clapton, S&G Promotions, PO Box 4NZ, London W1A 4NZ. Cheques & Crossed Postal orders payable to Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Ltd, and enclose SAE. Please put preferred date on back of your application envelope, and allow 4 weeks for delivery. Limited to 4 tickets per person.

MANCHESTER APOLLO
Saturday 21 May
Tickets £6.50 and £5.50 from Box Office 061-273 1112

LEICESTER DE MONTFORT
Sunday 22 May
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April 8th & 9th Edinburgh: ALL SOLD OUT. ...in Newcastle: 12th Liverpool: M... ...r Austell: 14th Poole:

New album 'Money & Cigarettes' out now on Warner Bros/Duck Records featuring 'Rock 'N' Roll Heart' and 'Shape You're In'.

THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB Tel 828 9441

Doors Open 8.00 pm Main band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

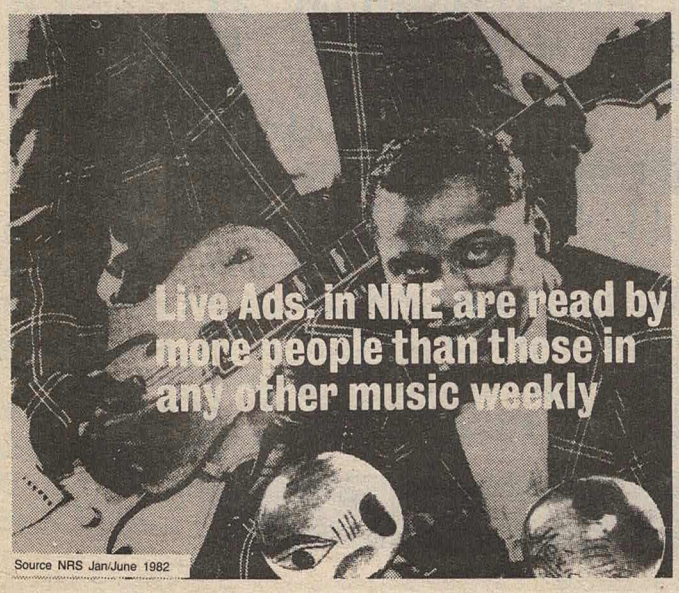
Wednesday 16th March £3.00	Monday 21st March £3.00
CHRIS REA + A BIGGER SPLASH SPECIAL LATE NIGHT **DUFFO**	**THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS**
THE MEZZ BAR 11.30pm	Tuesday 22nd March £3.00
Thursday 17th March £4.00	**THE FALL**
Return by Acclaim **JOHN CALE** A solo performance	Wednesday 23rd March £2.50 Belfast Night with **THE BANK ROBBERS** + Ten Past Seven + Vedettes To be recorded by BBC Northern Ireland
Friday 18th March £3.00	Thursday 24th March £3.00
B.B. + Exposure	Return By Public Demand **HUNTERS & COLLECTORS** + Babaluma
Saturday 19th March £4.50	
BILLY GRIFFIN	

Friday 25th March	COMING SOON	£3.00
Saturday 26th March	ROMAN HOLIDAY	£4.50
Wednesday 30th March	THE DAZZ BAND	£4.50
Thursday 31st March	BO DIDDLEY	£3.00
Tuesday 5th April	L.G.T.	£5.00
Thursday 7th April	ROSE ROYCE	£3.00
Friday 8th April	DURUTTI COLUMN HANOI ROCKS	£3.00

FAC 51
THE HAÇIENDA

Wednesday 23rd March
ORANGE JUICE
Wednesday 30th March
THE UNDERTONES
Friday 1st April
D NOTES
Thursday 7th April
BIG COUNTRY

N.B. Monday-Thursday Admission Free to Members before 11.00p.m.. This does not apply to nights Live acts appear.
Monday night is now funk night with HEWAN CLARKE and special guests.
11-13 Whitworth St., West, Manchester
061-236 5051



nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 17th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Aberdeen The Venue: **Dave Kelly Band**
Andover Country Club: **Dance On A Telephone**
Bannockburn The Tamdu: **Solstice**
Barrow Civic Hall: ***Daybreak* (rock gospel musical)**
Bath Moles: **John Otway**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Great Outdoors**
Birmingham Odeon: **Elkie Brooks**
Blackpool Gaiety Bar: **Divert Off Centre**
Bolton Gaiety Hotel: **Howard The Duck**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Palm Cove: **One Way System/Genocide**
Bradford University: **Mud**
Brighton New Regent: **G.B.H./Gatecrash**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Chris Rea**
Canterbury Kent University: **The Farmer's Boys**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Dana (until Saturday)**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Ex-Directory**
Colchester St. Mary's Arts Centre: **Augmented Johnny Rondo Duo**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Chris Long's Rhythm Clinic**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Damned**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Laslo & The Leopards**
Dartford Flicks: **Swamp Children**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Derby The Olde Avesbury: **Jim Mageean & Johnny Collins**
Dundee University: **Kevin Turvey & The Bastard Squad**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Hank Wangford Band**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Harry & The Headaches**
Glasgow Mitchell Theatre: **Gil Evans Orchestra**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Aztec Camera/Prefab Sprout**
Guildford City Hall: **Marillion/Peter Hammill**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Truffle/Marble Arch**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Stan Tracey Quartet**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Inn: **Limit**
Hereford The Greyhound Dog: **Pictures In A Dark Room**
Hull Dingwalls: **B.B.**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **The Fabulous Thunderbirds**
Liverpool Shrewsbury House Youth Club: **The Faction**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Blue Vein**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The London Cowboys/Hearts Agaz**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Brian Bailey**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Sex Gang Children/Look Back In Anger/Play Dead**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Boys Own/The Big Combo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Inmates/Wipeout**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Lester Bowie Ensemble with Fontella Bass/Sunwind**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Afraid Of Mice**
London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **Evan Parker/Iskra 1903**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Zandy Gordon & Marina Fiorentini Quintet**
London Crouch End King's Head: **The Walking Floors/Artex Wall**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Chris Difford & Glenn Tilbrook's musical *Labelled With Love* (until Sunday and March 24-27)**
London Finchley The Torrington: **John Mizarolli**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Supercharge**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Weapon Of Peace/The Hunter**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Vin Ordinaire**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Dizzy Watson**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **10 c.c.**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Escalators**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **25th Street**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Eddie Thompson & Guests (until Saturday)**
London Marquee Club: **The The**
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **Tokyo Olympics**
London North-East Polytechnic: **The Faraway Stars**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Sketch**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Peter, Paul & Mary**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **Little Brother/Ian Saville/Some Like It Hot/Second Time Around**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Joe Temperley/Brian Lemon Trio**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London SE5 Longfield Hall (3 pm): **Jazira**
London Tooting The Castle: **Red Hot 'N Blue**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Van Morrison**
London Victoria The Venue: **John Cale**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Jazz Suits/The Seychelles**
London Willesden The Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Hoi Polloi/Private Visions**
London W1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **3 Mustaphas 3**
London W1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W11 Tropics: **Duffo**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Decoding Society**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Significant Zeros/Howard Jones**
Manchester The Gallery: **Pallas/Sore Point**
Manchester University Union: **Harlem Spirit**
Newark Palace Theatre: **John Cooper Clarke**
Newcastle Soul Cellar (at Greys Club): **Prefab Sprout**
Newcastle (Wallsend) The Anson: **Damian**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Tears For Fears**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Zanti Misfitz**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Portsmouth Southsea Rock Gardens: **The Equalisers/Safety In Numbers**
Port Talbot Starlight Rooms: **Alternative Vision**
Preston Clouds: **The Enid**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Sheffield City Hall: **U2**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **The Urban Pearls**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **Six Guns**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Skegness Embassy Centre: **Bucks Fizz**
South Shields Barwells Night Club: **Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commandos**
St Ives (Cornwall) Tyringham Arms: **Star Fire**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Liasion**
Weymouth Dorset College: **Shriekback**
Whitehaven Whitehouse Disco: **Roman Holliday**
Whitley Bay Royal Banqueting Hall: **The Toy Dolls**
Wokingham Angie's: **Mono Pacific with Zak Starkey**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**
Worcester Lakeside Club: **Soldier**

friday 18th

Aylesbury Friars: **Marillion/Peter Hammill**
Bath Moles: **52nd Street**
Birmingham Carlton Ballroom: **Amazulu/Ruby Turner Band**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Nightingales**
Birmingham Odeon: **Elkie Brooks**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **The Farmer's Boys**
Bletchley Wilton Hall: **The Searchers**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Panorama**
Bradford St George's Hall: **Gil Evans Orchestra/Lester Bowie Ensemble with Fontella Bass**
Braintree The Barn: **Billy Griffin**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Mainsqueeze**
Bristol Hippodrome: **10 c.c.**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Shriekback**
Cambridge St. Matthew's School Hall: **The Frigidaires**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Pallas**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Zanti Misfitz**
Durham Dunelm House: **Hellan Bach/Avenger**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Edinburgh University: **Aztec Camera/Prefab Sprout**
Feltham Football Club: **Sex Gang Children**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Camp Fabulous/The Jaywalkers**
Glasgow College of Technology: **Rip Rig & Panic**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Solstice**
Glasgow Night Moves: **JoBoxers**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Fun Boy Three**
Glasgow University: **Kevin Turvey & The Bastard Squad/Roman Holliday**
Gravesend Red Lion: **English Rogues**
Hanley The Place: **Visions In Glass**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Tears For Fears**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Tony McPhee Band**
Hereford The Bull: **Xpertz**
Hull Dingwalls: **The Enid**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Discobolisk/Vince Berkeley**
Leeds University: **U2**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Hunters And Collectors**
Liverpool Shrewsbury House Youth Club: **The Faction**
London Acton King's Head: **Paz**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **A Bigger Splash/Any Anxious Colour**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **The Lost Jockey**
London Brentford Red Lion: **G.B. Blues Co. with Root Jackson**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Here & Now/Patrik Fitzgerald**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Little Brother/Ian Saville/Some Like It Hot/Second Time Around**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Shakin' Pyramids/David O'List**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Dana Gillespie Band**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **The Nameless/Equatorial/Starfighters**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Freddie Hubbard Quintet/S.O.H.**
London City Polytechnic: **The Mobiles/Tokyo Olympics**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Weekend/The Big Combo/Match Me Sidney**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Danny Moss Quartet/Jeanie Lamb**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Lindisfarne/Rab Noakes**
London Farringdon The Metropolitan: **Sara Dick/Paul Rutherford/Maury Coles/Hugh Metcalfe etc.**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Kokomo**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Rat Scabies & Paul Fox & Friends/Step By Step**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Jackie Lynton Band/Sleek**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **The Exocetts**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Larry Miller Band/Swingfire**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Kensington Imperial College: **The Impossible Dreamers**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Lambeth Patmore Youth Centre (afternoon) and Earls Court Finborough Arms (evening): **Joolz/Slade The Leveller**
London Marquee Club: **Wendy & The Rockettes (also Saturday)**
London N19 The Boston Club: **Jack Rouan Show Band**
London NW2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Kevin Henderson/Santa Fe**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Masquerade**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **The 45's**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Cambridge City Jass Band**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Tooting St. George's Hospital: **Amazulu**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Van Morrison**
London Victoria The Venue: **B.B.**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Bonsai Forest/The Flips/Second House**
London Woolwich Clockhouse Community Centre: **Seething Wells/Mark Steel/Emile Sercombe/Bernie Cunnane/Rory McLeod**
London W1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Menage A Trois**
London WC1 (Chenies St) Drill Hall: **Sweet Honey In The Rock**
London WC2 School of Economics: **Pentangle**
Macclesfield Lemon Kelly's: **Gags**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Badstone Band**
Manchester The Gallery: **Well Knit Frames**
Newcastle City Hall: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **John Cooper Clarke**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **The Amazing Outer Limits/21 Strangers**
Northampton University College: **Oral Complex**
Norwich Flixton Rooms: **Juju**
Norwich Jacquard Club: **Egotism**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Terraplane**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle Trio**
Preston Guildhall: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Redruth London Inn: **Martial Law**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **The Fabulous Thunderbirds**
Sheffield University: **Gary Glitter**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Southend Queen's Hotel: **Rent Party**
Southport New Theatre: **Bucks Fizz**
St. Ives (Cambs) Manchester Arms: **Trux**
St. Ives (Cornwall) Tyringham Arms: **Contraband**
Stourport Civic Hall: **Pictures In A Dark Room**
Telford Paradise Club: **Ion Age**
Tyldesley George & Dragon: **Ex-Directory**
Weston-super-Mare Playhouse Theatre: **The Spinners**
Wokingham Angie's: **The London Apaches**

saturday 19th

Aberdeen The Venue: **Roman Holliday**
Ashford the Castle: **English Rogues**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Eyeless In Gaza**
Birmingham Kiss Club: **Frankie Goes To Hollywood**
Birmingham Mermaid Inn: **System X**
Birmingham Odeon: **Elkie Brooks**
Birmingham Universlty: **The Mobiles**
Bournemouth Midnite Empress: **52nd Street**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Eddie Upton**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Freddie Hubbard Quintet/Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika**
Bradford The Melbourne: **The Word/The Toyz**
Bristol Hippodrome: **10c.c.**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **The Lurkers/The Destructors/Subculture**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Castleford Trades Club: **Dagaband**
Cheltenham Gloucestr Technical College: **Shriekback**
Chester College of Further Education: **The Enid**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Colchester Essex University: **The Undertones**
Colne Francs: **B.B.**
Corby Festival Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Tokyo Olympics**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Chuck Farley**
Croydon The Star: **Tony McPhee Band**
Dublin Stadium: **Peter, Paul & Mary**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Fun Boy Three**
Farnham West Surrey College of Art: **Tract Nein/Harper's Bazaar/2DP/Five Pence Off/Slak**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Marillion/Peter Hammill**
Galashiels College: **Dave Kelly Band**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Glasgow Pavilion: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Kevin Turvey & The Bastard Squad**
Greenford The Railway: **Arrival/Jade**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Soldier**
Hanley The Place: **Bitter Suite**
Harrow Borough F.C.: **The Nashville Teens**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Short Stories/Egypt**
Hayle The Penmare: **Strategy**
Hertford The Woolpack: **Gothique**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Victor Drago**
Il Dingwalls: **The Fabulous Thunderbirds**
Hull Ice House: ***Daybreak* (rock gospel musical)**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Sunwind**

CONTINUES OVER

Tears For Fears, Culture Club, UFO hit the circuit

THIS WEEK marks the official start of spring, so it's not surprising that the aggregate number of gigs has increased substantially, and that no fewer than nine new tours are joining the large number already on the road. Far be it from us to show any favouritism, so let's list the newcomers in order of appearance:

● TEARS FOR FEARS, who've made a dramatic impact with their first two singles, are now taking the plunge and making their last venture onto the concert circuit. Initially they're at Norwich (Thursday), Hanley (Friday), Leeds (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday), Liverpool (Monday) and Newcastle (Tuesday). And you won't be surprised to learn that their debut album is being released to coincide.

● THE DAMNED don't have a record deal at the moment, so they're not promoting any new material, and their latest outing is just for the sheer hell of it! They'll be whipping up a storm at Coventry (Thursday), St. Albans (Saturday), Hull (Monday), Newcastle (Tuesday) and Sheffield (Wednesday).

● LEO SAYER hasn't had a great deal of chart success recently, but his live popularity is undiminished, and has been further boosted by his recent TV series. He begins a lengthy schedule at Southampton (Friday), Oxford (Saturday) and Ipswich (Wednesday).

● LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III returns to these shores at the weekend — and judging from the amount of enquiries we've had about him, there'll be quite a welcome awaiting him. After an opening show at London Dominion on Sunday, he shoots off to Ireland, and he'll pick up the rest of his UK itinerary later in the month.

● UFO begin their travels at Ipswich (Monday) and Nottingham (Wednesday). And as we reported last week, they're seriously considering disbanding when they've completed their British commitments so this could be the very last chance to see them in action.

● ROSE ROYCE are back after a relatively long absence, and are playing a mixture of cabaret engagements and concert dates starting with a week in Watford from Monday.

● CULTURE CLUB begin a short tour at Cardiff Wednesday and, in view of the many demands on their services abroad, we're not likely to see much more of them until the latter part of the year.

● BO DIDDLEY, that near-legendary and highly influencial R&B giant, is back for another one-nighter series. His first dates are all on the Dingwalls circuit, beginning at London Camden on Wednesday.

● ORANGE JUICE are also playing a string of dates from Wednesday, aiding promotion of their current single 'Rip It Up'. Their first gig is in Manchester.

And a reminder that VAN MORRISON's London season at the Dominion continues this week — he's in residence there throughout the period covered by this Gig Guide with the exception of Sunday.

TEARS FOR FEARS

MORE GIG GUIDE

BOY GEORGE brings culture to the nation from Wednesday —

Leeds Florde Green Hotel: **John Otway**
Leeds University: **Tears For Fears**
Leicester University: **The Daintees**
Leven Golf Tavern doubling Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk: **Solstice**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Aztec Camera**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Mainsqueeze**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **G.T. Moore & The Outsiders**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Orchestre Jazira**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Milkshakes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Studio 2/Ik**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Juice On The Loose**
London Camden Musicans Collective: **The Legendary Champions**
London Central Polytechnic: **Still Life**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Cecil Taylor Unit/Diane McIntyre Dance Company/Howard Kiley & Keith Tippelt**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Shanghai Lil's: **The Heartbeats**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Danny Moss Quartet/Jeanie Lamb**
London Dalston Crown & Castle: **Joolz/Slade The Leveller**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Jackie Leven/Ukraine**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Salt**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Motion Lotion with Jo-Ann Kelly/Transient Life**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Merciful Fate/Savage**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Pat Metheny Group**
London Harlesden The Old Crown: **A Bigger Splash**
London Kensington Commonwealth Institute: **Marc Mathews/Doris Harper/Ras Michael & The Sons Of Negus**
London Kings Cross Union Tavern: **Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl**
London Lee Centre: **Dancette/The Wait**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **John Stevens/Pete King/John Etheridge/Jeff Clyne**
London N.19 The Boston Club: **Stuart Brothers**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio & The Robots**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Little Brother/Ian Saville/Some Like It Hot/Second Time Around**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **London Jazz Big Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Mome Raths**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Band**
London Royal Lancaster Hotel: **The The**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt Quintet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Clear**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Don Rendell**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Van Morrison**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Staunch Poets/John Hegley/Clare Dowie/Tony Morewood**
London Victoria The Venue: **Billy Griffin**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Sun/English Accents**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Climb/Silent Swim**
London W.1 (Conway St) Adams Arms: **Atozoa/The Other Man/Dinah Livingstone/J.C.¼**
London W.C.1 (Chenies St) Drill Hall: **Sweet Honey In The Rock**
Manchester Apollo Theare: **U2**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Badstone Band**
Manchester Barracuda's: **Le Lu-Lu's**
Manchester Polytechnic Students Union: **Jo Boxers**
Manchester The Gallery: **Ipso Facto/The Crawdads**
Northampton Black Lion: **The Jazz Butcher/The Walking Floors**
Norwich Norwood Rooms: **The Searchers**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **Liaison**
Nottingham Union Rowing Club: **The Varukers/Dead Wretched**
Orpington Civic Hall: **Eleanor Rigby**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Moontier**
Perranporth Ponsmere Hotel: **Contraband**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Impossible Dreamers**
Reading Top Rank: **Larry Miller Band**
Redruth London Inn: **Sphinx**
Salford University: **Misty In Roots**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **John Cooper Clarke**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Shoreham Community Centre: **Vince St. John**
Southampton Musicians Collective: **Augmented Johnny Rondo Duo**
Southend Queen's Hotel: **Point Panic**
St. Albans City Hall: **The Damned**
St. Ives (Cornwall) Tyringham Arms: **City Limits**
Stroud Marshall Rooms: **Black Roots**
Telford Madely Court Theatre: **The Albion Band**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Born Loser**
Weston-super-Mare Playhouse Theatre: **The Spinners**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Jeep**
Wolverton Central Club: **The Beat Preachers**

sunday 20th

Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford St George's Hall: **Art Farmer Jazztet/Louis Stewart Trio**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Carlisle Utopia Club: **Dave Kelly Band**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Gerry & The Pacemakers**
Cartoon the Croydon: **Hollywood (lunchtime/The Drivers (evening)**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Joolz/Slade The Leveller**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **U2**
Derby Playhouse Theatre: **The The**
Edinburgh Pavilion: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Exeter University: **Shriekback**
Falmouth The Laughing Pirate: **Martial Law**
Faslane Peace Camp: **Significant Zeros**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
Leeds Warehouse: **Aztec Camera/The Daintees**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Soft Cell**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhytham Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Misty In Roots**
London Brixton The Ritzy: **Sweet Honey in The Rock**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Swamp Creatures**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Christy Moore**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Finchley Torrington: **Juice On The Loose**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Finsbury Park The Other Club: **Biff Bang Pow!/Formica Tops/Dan Treacy/The Laughing Apple**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Afraid Of Mice**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Outboys/Fall Out**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Dana Gillespie Band**
London Greenwich Theatre Bar: **Mike Osbourne Quartet**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **The Jazz Sviners**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Fascination/Clockhouse**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Undertones**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
London Marquee Club: **The Truth**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.19 The Boston Club: **The Antelopes**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Band (lunchtime)/Ken Barton Band (evening)**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Benny Waters/Dill Jones Trio**
London Putney Half Moon: **Jazz Sluts**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Weekend/Everything But The Girl**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Dill Jones**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime: **Radio Radio/Crime Of Passion/Tax Dodge**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Loudon Wainwright III**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Serious Drinking/Look Mummy Clowns**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Community Centre: **Little Brother/Ian Saville/Some Like It Hot/Second Time Around**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Brian Leake's Sweet And Sour**
London W.C.2 (Earlham St) The Warehouse: **The Lost Jockey**
Manchester Ashton Metro Cinema: **Gary Glitter**
Manchester Palace Theatre: **Tears For Fears**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Exploited**
Newbridge Club & Institute: **Pallas**
Newcastle City Hall: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Newcastle Playhouse (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton Five Bells: **Soldier**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Steppin' Out**
Poole Arts Centre: **10c.c.**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Marillion/Peter Hammill**
Poynton Folk Centre: **The Albion Band**
Preston Charter Theatre: ***Daybreak*** **(rock gospel musical)**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Saltburn Philmore Country Club: **Rules Of Croquet**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Punilux**
Southampton The Crown: **Unicorn**
Sunderland Empire Theatre: **Kevin Turvey — The Bastard Squad**
Tilliecoutrie Country Club: **Solstice**
Walsall Town Hall: **The Spinners**
Wokingham Angie's: **A Bigger Splash**

monday 21st

Bradford Five Bar: **Precious Little Idols**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **B.B./Da Gamba**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Silent Movies/The Diggers**
Chester Sophie's: **Le Lu-Lu's**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Large Portion**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Soft Cell**
Edinburgh Caledonian Hotel: **Solstice**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Misty In Roots**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Roman Holliday**
Hull City Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
Hull Dingwalls: **The Damned**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **UFO**
Leeds Playhouse Theatre: **Sunwind**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Tears For Fears**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Ulterior Motive**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Cayenne**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Son Of Man/Brigandage**
London Camden Dingwalls: **John Mizarolli/25th Street/Restless Element**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & His Savage Mooses**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Shriekback/The Box**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Games To Avoid/Greeting No.4**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Bruce Boardman Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Tiger Tiger**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Afraid Of Mice/Objet D'Art**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Count Letloose**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Wicked Kitchen Staff/Stax Century**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **U2**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Neville Dickie & Guests (also Tuesday)**
London Marquee Club: **Pallas**
London N.6 The Earth Exchange: **Joolz/Slade The Leveller**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Human Beings**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Dave Shaw Quartet**
London Putney Half Moon: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Buddy Rich Orchestra (for a week)**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Limehouse**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Van Morrison**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Shakin' Pyramids/The Fabulous Thunderbirds**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Conflict/Chaos**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Coolies**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Corngods/The Kray Brothers**
Manchester The Gallery: **Red Hot Stiletto**
Newcastle City Hall: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R & B All Stars**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Undertones**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **John Cox Quartet**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Fast Bern & The Reactors**
Reading Five Bar: **The Seychelles**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Fun Boy Three**
Southend Zero Six: **The Enid**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **10c.c**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **Rose Royce (for a week)**

tuesday 22nd

Aberdeen Ballroom: **Misty In Roots**
Birmingham Odeon: **Bucks Fizz**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Sphere**
Brighton New Regent: **The Impossible Dreamers/Frank Chickens**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Undertones**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Marillion/Peter Hammill**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Herb Miller Orchestra**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Zodiacs**
Douglas I.o.M. Villa Marina: ***Daybreak*** **(rock gospel musical)**
Glasgow Henry Afrika's: **Roman Holliday**
Glasgow Joanna's: **Significant Zeros/Valerie & The Week Of Wonders**
Kingston Flippers: **Larry Miller Band**
Leeds Brannigans: **B.B./Da Gamba**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
Liverpool The Attic: **Le Lu-Lu's**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Spy vs. Spy**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Juice On The Loose**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Kick Partners/Moscow**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Jay Stapley & The Chiswick Flyovers**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Ekome/Orchestre Jazira**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Don Weller/Mike Garrick Trio**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Billy Jenkins Collective**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The London Cowboys/Brigandage**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Johnny Pinko**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Voodoo Child**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Elkie Brooks**
London Hammersmith Palais: **U2**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Leicester-Square The Tribe: **Ritual/New Model Army**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **John Mizarolli**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Body Heat**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Crown Of Thorns**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Van Morrison**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Fall/Felt**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Mono Pacific/Kissedair**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Deluge/The Moths**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
Manchester Apollo Theare: **Fun Boy Three**
Manchester Ashton Metro Cinema: **Amazulu**
Manchester Barracuda's: **Le Lu-Lu's**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **RNCM Big Band**
Manchester The Gallery: **Mainsqueeze**
Newcastle City Hall: **Tears For Fears**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **The Damned**
Newcastle Tiffany's: **The Farmer's Boys**
Plymouth Mercury Club: **The Searchers**
Richmond (Yorkshire) Terrace House Hotel: **XL Band**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **A Mirror Crack'd**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Southend Talk of the South: **Billy Griffin**
Southport Theatre: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
West Bromwich Four Ways: **Sub Zero**
York Arts Centre: **Sunwind**

wednesday 23rd

Aberdeen Valhalla: **First Priority**
Aylesbury The Britannia: **The Blood Oranges**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Bradford Fagins: **The Skeletal Family/The Tour**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Bristol Avon Gorge Hotel: **Sunwind**
Bristol Dingwall: **B.B.**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Culture Club**
Derby Blue Note: **John Cooper Clarke**
Falmouth The Laughing Pirate: **New Jubilee Band**
Hereford The Bull: **The Banque**
Ipswich Albion Hotel: **Joolz/Slade The Leveller**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Leamington Spa Hinton's: **Kangaroo Court**
Leeds Brannigans: **King Kurt**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Higsons**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Popsicle**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Frontline: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bo Diddley**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Geraint Watkins & The Domino Bros.**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **The Albion Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Tommy Whittle Quartet/Barbara Jay**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Eko Eko**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Original UK Subs/Aritza Blaze**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Elkie Brooks**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Paul Metsers**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Fred Hunt & Guests**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Coolies**
London Norwood Nettlefold Hall (3pm): **Benjamin Zephaniah**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Legend**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ken Colyer Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Parker/Stan Greig/Dick Charlesworth**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Neapolitans**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Van Morrison**
London Trent Park Middlesex Polytechnic: **The Sinatras**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Bankrobbers/10 Past 7/Vendettes**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Friction/Rococo**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Prime Cut**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Marillion/Peter Hammill**
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: **Howard The Duck**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Orange Juice**
Manchester The Gallery: **True Life Confessions/The Caramels**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Fun Boy Three**
Newcastle Tiffany's: **The Farmer's Boys**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**
Norwich Gala Rooms: **The Enid**
Nottingham Rock City: **UFO**
Nottingham Vino's Wine Bar: **Dana Gillespie**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **10c.c.**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Hollywood Sex**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **The Damned**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Roman Holliday**
Sheffield University: **Kevin Turvey & The Bastard Squad**
Southsea South Parade Pier: **The Searchers**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stirling University: **Significant Zeros**
Swindon The Solitaire: **The Scene**
Weymouth Verdi's: **Unicorn**

ORANGE JUICE tour opens Wednesday

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+ Aritza Blaze

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MARI WILSON
with the **WILSATIONS**
FEATURING The Marines AND The Marionettes
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KEITH PROWSE PREMIER BOX OFFICE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS

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HOWARD JONES
DAVID JENSEN Monday March 21st 8.00 pm.
Session produced by DALE GRIFFIN
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MATCH ME SIDNEY
8pm
LATE BAR
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RONNIE SCOTT'S, FRITH ST, W1
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EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL
8pm
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100 West End Lane
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+ The Flips
+ Second House

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SERIOUS DRINKING
+ Repulsion

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LOOK MUMMY CLOWNS
+ Hagar The Womb

Monday 21st March £1.50
CHAOS
THE DESTUCTORS

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MONO PACIFIC
+ Kissed Air

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FRICTION
+ Rococo

Thursday 24th March £1.50
T34
+ The Legendary Kippers

AT LAST
Marshall Arts present
PAT METHENY GROUP
FEATURING
LYLE MAYS (KEYBOARDS) PAUL WERTICO (DRUMS)
STEVE RODBY (BASS) PEDRO AZNAR (PERCUSSION)
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SAT 19th MARCH at 7.30pm
TICKETS £6.00, £5.00, £4.00 AVAILABLE FROM THEATRE BOX OFFICE TEL. NO. 01-748 4081 AND USUAL AGENTS
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AZTEC CAMERA
Thursday 24th March
RIP RIG & PANIC
Sundays gigs 7.30pm-10.30pm

THE SID PRESLEY EXPERIENCE
CAPO DI TUTTI CAPI OF ROCK N' ROLL
Rocking at
The Fridge, Brixton,
Saturday 19th March
Broadway, Clarendon
Hotel, Hammersmith
Friday 25th March

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THUR 17
THE INMATES
SUPPORTED BY
WIPEOUT
FRI 18
RETURN SHOW AFTER AMERICAN TOUR
SHAKIN PYRAMIDS
WITH GUESTS DAVID O'LIST
SAT 19
STUDIO 2
FROM YORKSHIRE IK
MON 21
JOHN MIZAROLLI + JOHN THOMAS BAND
TUES 22
BATTLE OF THE BANDS NIGHT
KICK PARTNERS
MOSCOW
WED 23
BO DIDDLEY
WITH SPECIAL GUEST.
THE COBRAS
& TOP AUSTRIAN BLUESMAN
HANS THEESSINK
THUR 24
HELEN SHAPIRO
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
FRI 25
NO DICE
WITH GUESTS
STYLEE

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Waterloo St. City Centre, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne.
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WED 16
B.B.
THUR 17
REGGAE SPECIAL
TRIBESMAN
FRI 18
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
SAT 19
ARMAGEDDON
MON 21
RADIATION
TUES 22
THE DAMNED
THUR 24
REGGAE SPECIAL
B.B. ASSIGNMENT
FRI 25
THE METEORS
SAT 26
ORANGE JUICE
WED 30
START OF FORTNIGHTLY RESIDENCY
EAST SIDE TORPEDOES
COMING IN APRIL...
WED 6
THE UNDERTONES

BRISTOL
The Pithay, All Saints St. City Centre, Bristol.
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WED 16
THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS
THUR 17
CHRIS REA
FRI 18
MAIN SQUEEZE
FEATURING: DICK HECKSTALL SMITH, VICTOR BROX ETC.,
SAT 19
FROM AUSTRALIA
HUNTERS & COLLECTORS
MON 21
RADIO BRISTOL
6 O'CLOCK ROCK SHOW
PRESENTS
SILENT MOVIES, THE DIGGERS
WED 23
B.B.
THUR 24
BO DIDDLEY
WITH SPECIAL GUEST.
TOP AUSTRIAN BLUESMAN
HANS THEESSINK
FRI 25
SCREAM+DANCE
SAT 26
CHRIS FARLOWE
WITH GUESTS
GONZALEZ

LIVERPOOL
Brownlow Hill, Mount Pleasant, Liverpool 3.
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THUR 17
FROM USA
THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS
FRI 18
FROM AUSTRALIA-
HUNTERS & COLLECTORS
SAT 19
R&B NIGHT
MAIN SQUEEZE
FEATURING: DICK HECKSTALL SMITH, VICTOR BROX ETC.
MON 21
PHIL EASTON CITY SHOWCASE
BAD TO THE BONE
OPEN MIND
NO EXIT
TUES 22
UNOCCUPIED EUROPE
CROSS TALK AV
GREEN CUBE
THUR 24
B.B.
FRI 25
BO DIDDLEY
WITH SPECIAL GUEST.
TOP AUSTRIAN BLUESMAN
HANS THEESSINK
+ BIGMAMA HILL BAND
SAT 26
SILVERWING

SHEFFIELD
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FORMERLY THE BIER KELLER
WED 16
FROM USA
JOHN CALE
THUR 17
THE URBAN PEARLS
FRI 18
FROM USA
THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS
SAT 19
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
TUES 22
MIRROR CRACK'D
WED 23
THE DAMNED
THUR 24
STOCKHOLM MONSTERS
FRI 25
B.B.
SAT 26
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WITH SPECIAL GUEST.
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FORMERLY THE BIER KELLER
WED 16
TRIBESMAN
THUR 17
B.B.
FRI 18
THE ENID
SAT 19
THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS
MON 21
THE DAMNED
TUES 22
COLD DANCE
WED 23
REGGAE SPECIAL
AMAZULU
THUR 24
THE METEORS
FRI 25
LIMELIGHT
SAT 26
MAIN SQUEEZE
FEATURING: DICK HECKSTALL SMITH, VICTOR BROX ETC.
TUES 29
ORANGE JUICE

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

HEAVEN
VILLIERS STREET WC2
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+ SPECIAL GUESTS THE BOX
MONDAY 21st MARCH
9-30pm
ALL TICKETS £3·00
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM PREMIER BOX OFFICE, KEITH PROWSE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, ROUGH TRADE, STAR GREEN AND USUAL AGENTS

DOMINION THEATRE
HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS present
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Thursday 21st April 8pm
TICKETS £4.00 £3.50
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THE GO-BETWEENS
Thursday 31st March 7.30pm
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PLP present
LIVE·FROM·THE·U·S·A
TWISTED SISTER
PLUS infidel
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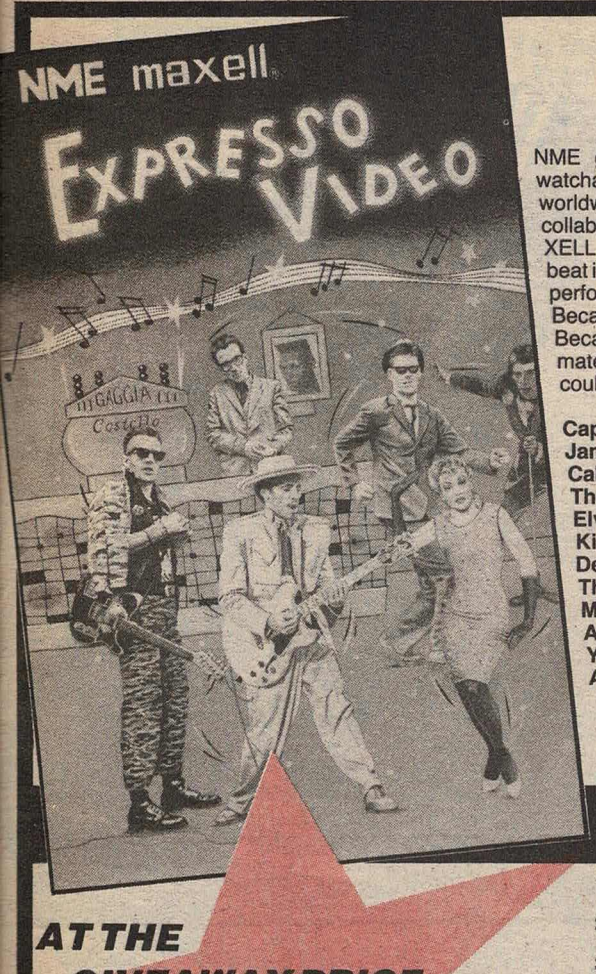

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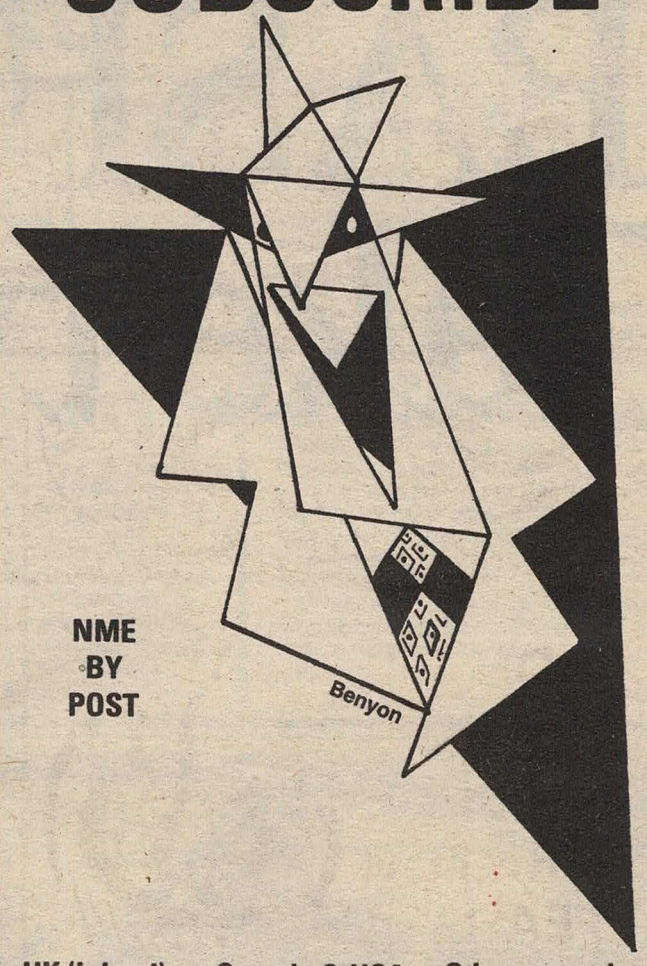

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LIVE!

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY
EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN
MALARIA

London Lyceum

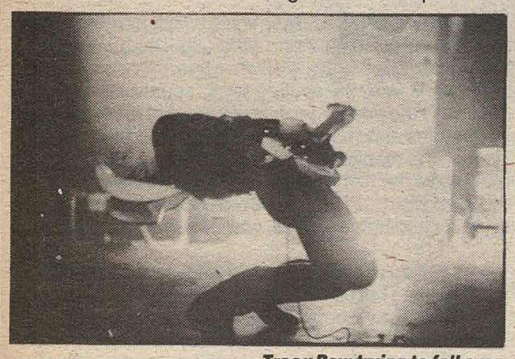
IGNORE THE periphery, strike to the heart of the matter — plumbing the depths can bring rewards direct from the feverish pastures of dreams.

What did it matter that this performance was not The Birthday Party at their painfully soul-wrenching best? What did it matter that the Lyceum's sound system reduced the total apocalypse of Einsturzende Neubauten to a disruption of modest megatons?

What *is* important is that two of the bands on display here provide an insane and wonderful force that sends the status quo reeling beyond recovery, all the rest is mere trivia.

To condemn The Birthday Party because they failed to reach the terrifying heights attained on the earlier part of the tour would be to fall into the trap of the superficial, amongst all the morons incapable of seeing more in this band than a bunch of high priests of the old time black religion. Or — God forbid — Devilfathers of a Death Cult. No, if you do more than scratch the livid skin of the beast on display tonight, you discover a manifestation of hideous but instinctively attractive depth.

The darkness on show tonight was no simple

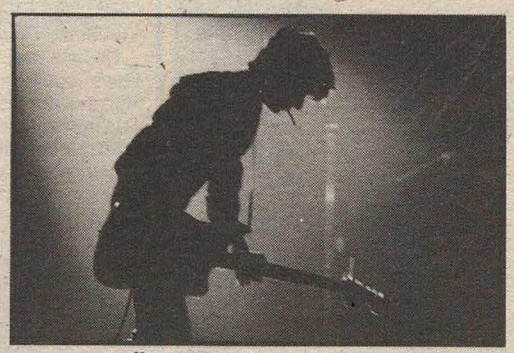


Tracy Pew trying to fall over.

dabbling, this was no Denis Wheatley admiration conference, this was the altogether more tangible and more terrifying darkness of the human soul. The Birthday Party's horrorshow is a neat reversal of the norm, it makes a pretence towards trash aesthetic but the taut plastic mask can't conceal the tendency to burst into terrifying bouts of reality.

Poor Malaria, to these ears untutored in Teutonic ways, seemed out of their depth in this company, their disease seeming uncreative in comparison with the feverish brilliance of the other two. They struggled away willfully, but never succeeded in sounding like anything beyond the reach of the products of these shores. If I imagined for a moment I could understand the lyrics, I was confronted with a nightmare vision of Danse Society. This I did not discover to be a rewarding occupation.

Einsturzende Neubauten, on the other hand, were a phenomenon totally unfamiliar in their inspiration and totally inspiring in their destructiveness. One figure, trapped in white light, screamed a frenzied



Howard standing over a chasm of turmoil...

release into a microphone while another hammered on an unidentifiable percussive device with a huge staff and a third roamed the stage, his shirt abandoned, arms swinging, fixing the audience with an eye-popping stare of malicious delight. Einsturzende Neubauten were pure, caressing hatred, an enlivening phenomenon concealing a level of terrifyingly bleak alienation. That concept may be tiring, thanks to the plethora of pretenders who brandish suicide-note lyrics, but with this band there is an infinitely more profound vein of self

Nick Cave plumbing hideous but instinctively attractive depths... ***All pics: Bleddyn Butcher***

destruction, transformed and directed into a positive force.

From the pneumatic drill violence to the misty Suicide-like flaming torch atmospherics of their slow climax, Einsturzende Neubauten are lovers in wolves' clothing.

This isn't hatred, this is love — which is where The Birthday Party come in.

The Birthday Party are a band frightened by their own sensitivity, constantly straining to conceal their own significance behind a defensive wall of self-parody. Sometimes they succeed.

At Leeds Polytechnic at the beginning of the tour The Birthday Party were left naked, standing over a chasm of turmoil; Nick Cave was the half hero, half gargoyle spluttering soul in a semi-epileptic intensity. Just sufficiently in control to continue, he had his fingers down the throat of love up to the elbow.

At the Lyceum there was more pseudo-Shakespearian parodic drama than Dostoevskian depth, as the set started with 'Hamlet' and plumetted into the junkyard, while Cave struck out towards the balcony with flamboyant sweeps. This was The Birthday Party self consciously retreating into the rock garden. The format of rock, though, is never big enough to hold this band — even in the phenomenal silliness of 'Six Strings That Drip Love' with Cave indicating the hunched Howard's guitar with an awe that veered well into the ludicrous, there's a certain spark of danger, a certain glint of that old distinguishing factor.

As opposed to the Leeds performance where a brand new collection of deep grinding blues kept the distance and the depth to an unbearable intensity throughout, here it was 'The Bad Seed' material that stood as the stark flash of genuine energy against the virtual vaudeville of the remainder of the perversely and deliberately meaningless performance.

The Birthday Party, in a true definition of 'genuine', don't wear their hearts on their sleeves, their vital pulse for the most part is hidden and finding it requires plumbing the depths. Just listen to the blinding light culmination of 'Deep In The Woods' as Ca[illegible]owls with actual love-struck desperation arising from a welling wound not a surface scratch: *"Love is for fools and God knows I'm still one"* and then you'll understand.

Don Watson

VIVE LE SLEAZE!

SOFT CELL

Hammersmith Palais

THE ART OF FALLING APART

THERE IS always a wild schizophrenia about Soft Cell; a primal confusion that renders the duo helpless in front of their own squalid splendour. Undoubtedly it is this inability to control the beast that has pronounced their fate; every spirited turn, every grotesque twist owes its birth to this quirky stability. Maybe it is this volatility that boosts the performance and shores every blemish on the seven faces of this evening. Maybe it isn't; with Soft Cell there is always that delicious ambiguity.

This split is the event's main source of cohesion, its rhythm; a ten minute break saw Marc change from red to black and the sound move from a loosely clad shot of sex and swing to a more atmospheric, darker aspect.

Demolition Dwarf ***Pic: Chris Clunn***

NUMBERS

"Sweatsville" (as Marc was wont to call the blistering Palais) found its halls wedged with Cell mates and older voyeurs." Yet the double edged blade that Almond toyed with (throwing soft words to some, sarcasm to others) cut through both youths' scrambled desire and maturities lurking cynicism with ease. The crowd praised them and stood in awe before this work of art; something which ultimately the Cell could not honestly give nor the audience readily accept. This Soft Cell is an unwrapped present. This night belonged to everybody.

UNTITLED

Alone in the light it is the frail Marc that is the most pained, the man so obviously smitten with the world that he catches in his lyrics: or is it that tonight the world has framed this man so well? Whoever the catcher, Almond embodies each figure perfectly, contorting and eventually squeezing the cruelty — the life blood — from each strangled persona, each agonised lyric. Somehow this is more than just a one man show.

LOVING YOU

Dave Ball, raised on a podium and doubling on guitar and synth, is this composer's strength; sometimes the background is merely a mirror, at other times it is the crowing shadow to every sentiment. Occasionally Gary Barnacle spears the silence with a burning sax. And on every refrain the four backing singers echo the lust, the hurt, the pain that runs almost thematically through the first half. 'Loving You, Hating Me' with its downbeat spiral of love, dances in its own spite and confusion — whilst 'Numbers', recounting the hollowness of one-night sex, is laced with the pure essence of irony; according to Phonogram ("The shit of the earth," according to Marc) this was a non-desirable release, but the *real numbers* break the silence with a frenzied repartee with their hero, concluding with a real 'Body Count'. How sweet is this irony? Who can gauge it? But by now bras, blushes and bodies are all heading in Marc's direction. Imitation of life or bigger than life? For some this *is* life.

'Bedsitter' clawed at the pithy reality of high rents for unfurnished lives; at times Soft Cell's genius borders on something akin to a musical interpretation of Eliot's *The Wasteland.*

HATING ME

The first set finished with 'Youth'. This death bed elegy for paradise lost is a fitting link for the set to come — the realisation of the anguish on the other side of life. The despair of the 'Baby Doll' is mirrored by one girl's ardent search for Marc's groin. It is here that his white, cold arms wave in futility — in emptiness as though purging some inner fear; for this song at least he is the central figure — the stripper stripped of pride.

Encores are cried for and with their usual fetish for the slummy side of *rock'n'roll* are answered with a six cylinder burst of Suicide's) 'Ghostrider'. Foetus joins the show with an impassioned screech and a ton-up trip to hell. Still it is the fond farewell 'Say Hello, Wave Goodbye', with its sly line/role reversal that really burns the wound. For Marc it is the ultimate horror and the wry admission as he sings to the fans *"I never knew you — you* never *knew me!"* In this final, desperate fling the barriers go up — this stage, this cabaret is his only protection from the realities of his world and the horrors of theirs. So it is with a final camped farewell that this 'act', this daring, exquisite conceit, climaxes and closes.

For all their ambivalence, Soft Cell strike a double blow at the heart of the English disease — and for that we should be grateful, and scared.

David Dorrell

REDRESSING THE RIFF

A GUSHING TRIBUTE TO BRUM'S MOST UNPALATABLE MINGEBAGS BY ***AMRIK*** *'I WAS THERE'* ***RAI.***

THE AU PAIRS
JUNK!

Sheffield Leadmill

OF THE assembled myriad of genitalia exhibitions and 'really outrageous' performance artistes that graced this benefit for Manifesto — a budding multi-media co-operative — only Junk! rose above the prevailing college-kids' deviationist mediocrity.

A budding six-piece, Junk! hurtle through a frantic, jazzy mesh of rhythm and tacky dramatics. Tonight they're forced to compensate for the absence of their blind but brilliant sax player, and the bass hammer and trombone clamour seems much more cataleptic than usual. But undeterred, oblique and antagonistic, Junk! still rush through such sex horror incantations as 'Bring On The Dog': a wall of whipping rhythms plays soundtrack to a female chauvinist guest star walking her naked male 'dog' across stage.

As a nauseatingly trite MC ushers on The Au Pairs, the traditionally hearty welcome is laced with speculation and scepticism concerning their new line-up and 'sound'. I've often wished they'd show less armpit hair and more musical flair and now, more by hard necessity than choice, it seems they've finally realised their potential to be something other than a gang of musical malcontents ensconced in fruitless vandalism of the big, bad establishment.

The new line-up of one month's standing sees the nucleus of Lesley (vocals), Pete (drums) and Paul (guitar) being joined by a Brum-born team of Caroline Howes (keyboards), Nick O'Connor (bass), Jane Morris (electronic percussion) and Graeme Hamilton (trumpet).

The change, drastic as it may seem, is of course not entirely different. 'America', 'Inconvenience', 'Heachache', 'Fiasco' and 'It's Obvious' are still as slating and abrasive (and almost as unpalatable) as ever, despite a new regime of jazz-based (as opposed to riff-based) structuralism. And the new songs, 'She Runs With Honey', 'Beast Of A Machine' and 'Driving To Us', still ring with a gritty dissonance despite discarding the machismo guitar of old and adopting Lesley's taunting vocals and Graeme's searing trumpet as lead instruments, with an enticing support role for Jane and her shivering syn-pad percussion.

Now, like Gang Of Four and Delta 5 — their partners in subversion and post-punk, agit-funk — The Au Pairs have let loose the floodgates and admitted more than a trickle of structure and humour into their deadpan countenance. So this is Romangst? Well, I don't mean to say they're suddenly as bright and shiny as Kajagoogoo (Australian for sheep dip). Indeed, the political dogma is still there in buckets but, as Ian Penman might have said, The Au Pairs now have a decided wiggle in their walk.

Amrik Rai

LIVE!

TEST DEPARTMENT

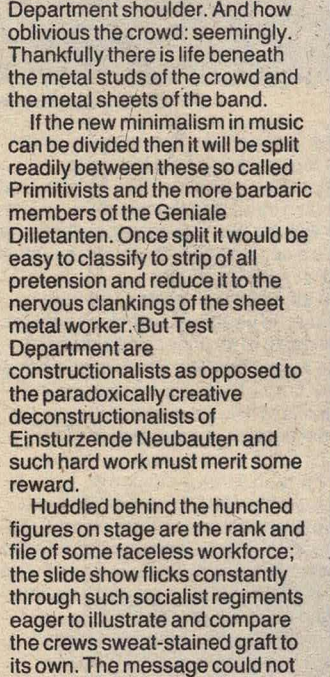
London Son Of Batcave

HOW BEAUTIFULLY cluttered both stage and floor are tonight; how beautifully, creatively cluttered. And it is out of this dark Miltonian chaos that inspiration and discovery will come: hopefully. And how confused the hod of juxtapositions and allusions that the Test Department shoulder. And how oblivious the crowd: seemingly. Thankfully there is life beneath the metal studs of the crowd and the metal sheets of the band.

If the new minimalism in music can be divided then it will be split readily between these so called Primitivists and the more barbaric members of the Geniale Dilletanten. Once split it would be easy to classify to strip of all pretension and reduce it to the nervous clankings of the sheet metal worker. But Test Department are constructionalists as opposed to the paradoxically creative deconstructionalists of Einsturzende Neubauten and such hard work must merit some reward.

Huddled behind the hunched figures on stage are the rank and file of some faceless workforce; the slide show flicks constantly through such socialist regiments eager to illustrate and compare the crews sweat-stained graft to its own. The message could not be clearer as when the slides disappear and only the Department's brooding shadows scale the walls.

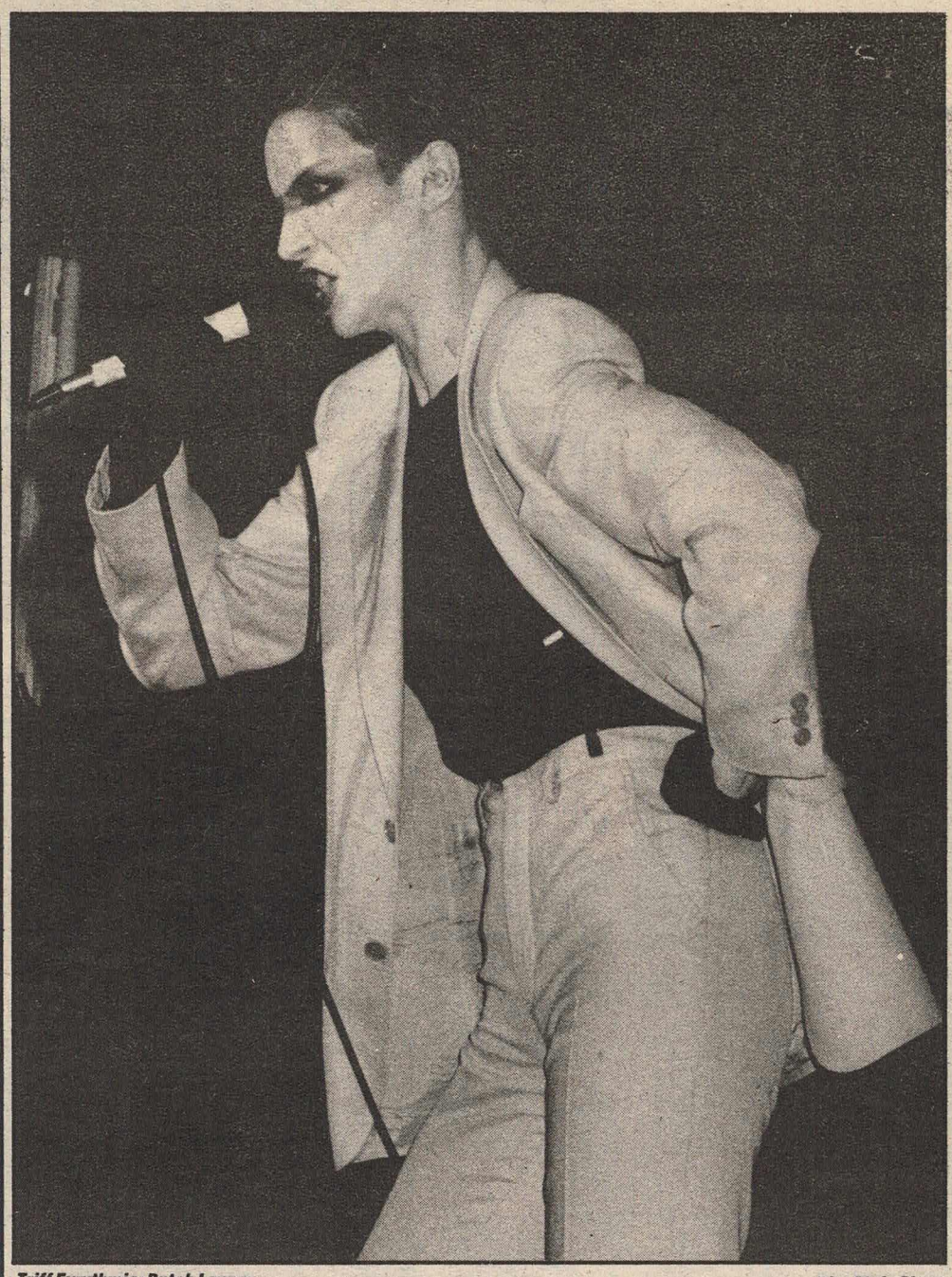
At times there is only a sparse, brittle sound: sometimes nothing. Empty gas cylinders, springs and lumps of cold, grey metal propel the set through a barren, industrial wasteland that is shot with the occasional blast of trumpet or the desolate cry of some desperate labourer. The only constant amidst the supple, muscular ebb and flow of the rhythms is the ever pounding bass drum, a dynamo for the austere grinding of the Department's dynamics.



Pic: Chris Barclay

The set is short and finishes abruptly; the senses, beguiled by the raw, heavy aphrodisiac of sweat and power, are left hanging in a state of redundancy. It is a disturbing truth that in these days of crippling unemployment work, should be elevated to an artform: worse still that it should be regarded with awe. In the murky halflight that the band throw upon the situation there is still some hope. And yet it is sad that bands such as Test Department exist — to stand as some aching indictment of the lifelessness that is settling over the country. It is for people of such mettle to shake this lethargy from our minds. To drum up some action. That is the real test for this steely eyed union.

David Dorrell



Triff Eurythmic: Butch Lennox *Pic: Chris Clunn*

TRIFF!

EURYTHMICS

Manchester Hacienda

THE CHOIR are one of those support acts guaranteed never to outshine the headliners; a Playwright For Today's idea of a Top Rock Band. Strident, straight-leg conservatism, jaws jutting in monstrous unison and 'Kickers' stomping. If you listened closely you'd have heard 'just a face in the crowd' being made to rhyme with 'shout it out loud'.

When the stage had been cleansed of all trace of The Choir and prepared for Eurythmics, the countless keyboard constructions and big backing screen made it an approximation of the interior of the Starship Enterprise. There was a taped introduction in French with appropriate spacey swirlings, the crew beamed themselves up and then there was this Grace Bowie creature with its clockworks unravelling furiously. Annie Lennox works much better as a swashbuckling principle boy than she did as the Zany Lady she affected with The Tourists, it seems to have given her the freedom to match the attack and vigour of Eurythmics' live sound.

Despite the clusterings of synthesisers, the sound is that of a blues-rock band — hard and precise. They swept along on the positive high that comes with a 45 clambering up the charts and the exhileration was transmitted to the audience who responded athletically. High spot of the performance was a rendition of Lou Reed's 'Satellite of Love', all shivery and pearly. Next single, please.

The musicians, Dave Stewart, Nick Gallagher and Clem Burke, kept a sedately low-profile apart from some disturbing snatches of ululating 'axe' that kept filtering through. Unless this was a member of The Choir practising off stage, this was inexcusable.

Co-vocalist, Sadina Reader, has a *terrific* voice which permits Annie Lennox to bounce about in coltish abandon without gaps appearing in the singing. It was the interaction between the two women which made the performance special. Reader, executing sassy squats with arms aloft like Theda Bara, was the perfect parody of a red-hot momma and Lennox, now minus shades and jacket, made a great Rod Stewart. She even did the one foot on the monitor and leaning into the audience exercise. Somebody show her to the poolroom! And to answer the question that must be on every girl's mind: how did Annie resolve the conflict between breasts and braces? Well, she wore hers round the outside.

The affair was so very 'Rock Follies'. The audience looked as if they hadn't stirred since the series left our TV screens. Also notable was an unusually high proportion of gay women who seem to congregate around any act that carries the merest hint of 'tomboy'. Everyone was thrilled with the high-spirited version of 'Sweet Dreams', especially the bit where Annie held her microphone out so the audience could sing the refrain. Cue 'Sailing' . . .

Cath Carroll

RETURN OF THE ROCKIST ⑱(X)

BILL NELSON'S INVISIBILITY EXHIBITION

Liverpool Polytechnic

MANY IMPASSIONED young 'artists' have been heard whining recently about the outmoded 'live' set up, as they earnestly explain their reluctance to gig until they can come up with an original way to present themselves on stage. So saying, most crawl off to hide in a studio or think that by hiring a few dancers to join them they're being pretty damn radical.

There's been lots of grand claims but precious little that's tangible. With the second Invisibility Exhibition, though, Bill Nelson does present a genuine challenge to the stale old format.

Sheffield's Yorkshire Actors were the first alternative entertainment, with their version of 'The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari' (a 1919 German expressionist film) complete with chilling soundtrack provided by Nelson. I found the gothic horror tale of a murderous somnambulist (yeah, really) unwieldy and pompous. Much the same could be said about the big oafish Scotsman who invaded the stage and recited a monologue called 'I Remember Thomas' in a well over the top, dramatic fashion.

I'll tell you, I preferred Richard Jobson when he ranted nursery rhymes about Albert Tatlock. Oh, how these poor artists suffer at the hands of uncultured youth!

The next turn was the Brechtian cabaret of Japanese female trio, Frank Chickens, whose charming vocals chime out over some intriguing karaoke (orchestral backing tacks of popular music). They enchant as they move easily from militarist type numbers to lovely dreamy ballads, change costumes, run through co-ordinated dances and perform the liveliest between-song raps you'll ever hear. Everything's done with a wickedly girlish sense of humour — the dance accompanying a song about earthquakes is a hilarious visual masterpiece.

Those who only came to see Nelson do his thing with a guitar were probably disappointed because he only used the guitar for about half of the specially recorded 'The Imagination Chamber', with only one vaguely 'heroic' solo. The unassuming Yorkshireman improvised with guitars, percussion and keyboards over tapes recorded on low-tech domestic equipment at his 'Echo Observatory', accompanied on stage only by a sax player who blended perfectly with the enchanting musical landscapes.

Tonight it didn't quite come off, but the Invisibility Exhibition is a worthwhile experiment which showed that there are new avenues to be explored in and around presently limiting confines. The fact that an act as un-rockist as the Yorkshire Actors won warm applause must say something about the unusually condusive atmosphere of the event.

Kev Mc

FOREPLAY DOUBLE-BILL

'DEJA VU' 'THESE FOOLISH THINGS'

Islington Old Red Lion

REPETITION, Johnson's modern outfitting, brothel-creepers, Clash records on the radio, stilettoes and black strapless evening frocks, leopardskin coats and red vinyl cushions, hi-tech interiors and low-tech dialogue, re-runs and the runaround, power plays and ploys, black stockings and black humours, red shag rugs and digital radio, TV overload and false timidities — all these ingredients of Modern Romance comic-style are thrown together in the formats (if one may call them that) of Philip Davis' duo of new plays at the Old Red Lion.

The Red Lion recently scored big with its debut of *Crystal Clear* — now downtown at Wyndham's, one of the few theatres in our capital city which isn't currently 'dark'. *Deja Vu* and *These Foolish Things* are far more slight and far less successful, yet both are well-acted (each is a duet piece) and neatly directed.

Both dramas involve replay as well as foreplay, and each is presented in a cryptic, post-Pinter vien which will be familiar to fans of Mike Leigh (in whose plays author Davis has appeared as an actor). Both seek to replace one cartoon universe of sexuality with another...just as dehumanised and unworkable and false as the first. The inescapable banality and occasional boredom of this dramatic tack are greatly forestalled, however, by the enthusiasm and imagination of the personnel involved (playwright Jonathan Gems' turn as director on *Deja Vu* removes a lot of its ponderousness, and balances Corinna Seddon's heavy-handed Janet a bit by maximising colleague Malcolm Kaye's skinny-but-deft skill at being equally daft).

These Foolish Things fares less well as writing, but Janine Duvitski's parody of passive resistance prods its lack of action along good-heartedly. The real plus, however, is the design of both plays by fringe vet Paul Dart. Figuratively dripping his diamante among glossy dexion shelving and neon striplights, it is Dart who's set for a real rendition of sexual absurdity, romance-comic style.

Cynthia Rose

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Friday frolic

REGGAE RUNNINGS

DOWNSTOWN youth present A Cultural Evening on Friday — 7pm to 11.30 — at Downstown youth club, Downs Road, Clapton, E5 feature **The Dynamic Yaa Asantewa Dancers, South African Freedom Fighters Pitso,** plus **Anum I Yapo** and other poets. Art. Ital food. Sounds by **General Eastman.** Admission 50p.

Also on Friday is a Rub-A-Dub Dance to be held at Edmonton Banqueting Hall, Swimming Baths, Edmonton Green, N9 — from 8pm until midnight — rocking to **Seven Warriors** sound system — North London champion sound plus **Frontline International** — first time in dis yah area plus **First Choice International** with Leo the crucial operator and Moses the overseer. Licensed bar. Admission: £3.

At the Tavistock Youth Centre, Tavistock Road, Harlesden, NW10 on Friday is a night of yard style dance with **Hawkeye International** & **Diamond** sound. Also late film. £1.50 at the gate.

And a late session on Friday at Spots Club, 1 Nine Elms Lane, New Covent Garden, Vauxhall, SW8 — 9pm till 3am — features **Mighty Crusader** sound system with **TWJ** disco.

Keith Douglas: Kilburn's cool crooner. Pic: Joe Mannering

MEET Keith Douglas: one of the most popular upcoming young singers on the lovers rock circuit. Originally from Kilburn he begins his musical career as DJ with local sound Mighty Terror and local label Burning Sounds, for whom he first records as Imperial Keithey with 'Struggling' and 'Blessed Is All Of Me', but makes his biggest impression to date with 'Cool Down Amina' for Fashion, which reaches second place in the reggae charts last July. Just prior to this his first release under the nomeclature Keith Douglas is for the same label with 'I Specialise In Good Girls' and his current outing, also on Fashion, is 'Try Love Again'.

Dominic Kenny

Body music

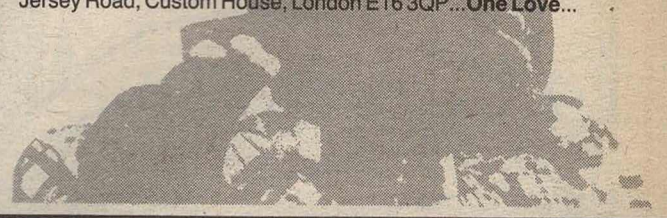
LATEST Body Music and subsidiary Live & Love discomix: **Marie Murrain,** 'How Can Love Be So Cruel' c/w **Lee (Sooty),** 'Cruel Version' (BMDIS 5) — produced by Cedar Roots; **Sandra McFarlane,** 'Crazy In Love' c/w **Reculars & Friends,** 'Crazy Dub' (BMDIS 6) — produced by Patrick Reculars; **Cedar Roots,** 'Night Club' c/w 'Fight Them' (LLDIS 114); **Vincent Taylor,** 'Living A Lie' (LLDIS 115) and **Al Charles,** 'Young Free And Single' (LLDIS 116).

Teen jam

RELEASED this week on Kingdom is the latest LP from toaster Trinity, a nine track self-produced effort recorded at Channel One and entitled 'Teen Jam', which also features accompanying contributions from new DJ Little Culture.

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — moan, moan, for still I thaw...live onstage Saturday at St Lukes Hall, Strafford Street, off West Ferry Road, Poplar E14 — from 7pm until 1am — Marcus Nolan and Black Starliner from Isle of Dogs + Mighty Invasion from Chelmsford + the Mission Band featuring Tony Mahoney from Stoke Newington. Sounds entertainment by City Dred. Adm: £2.50. Refreshments on sale...**or give me help**...a night of super fiesta part two will be held this Saturday night when TJ, RD and Jah Coffenhead present a live recording dance at 1 Sandringham Road, E8 with Unity Hi Power featuring bredda Robert at the mantrol and Roy Ranking mike mc plus 'nuff super duper. Late session... **throw down those imps, and give me victory**... also on Saturday the Ladywell Action Centre annual fundraising Dance at the Dome Hotel, 51 Camberwell Church St, SE5 features Guy Jones and the Checkers plus Len Robinson sound. Licensed bar, creole cuisine and free rum punch. £4.50 at the door...**let me hear other groans, and trumpets blown of triumph calm**... also on Saturday at Wessex Banqueting Suite, 1a St Johns Hill, Clapham Junction, SW11 the Lambeth Enterprise Cricket Club hold a presentation dance featuring live onstage Family Love with music by Tubbys Hi-Fi. Ticket details 01-350 1374...**and hymns of festival**...this Sunday afternoon at the Commonwealth Institute, High Street Kensington — from 2pm until 5 — is a theatre matinee of *Reflexions* starring Ras Michael & Sons of Negus with Congo Ashanti Roy, plus Keith Waite, poet and dramatist Marc Matthews, Brent Black Music Co-op plus costumes by Doris Harper Wills & West African Drummers and Dancers. Tickets £2 in advance on 01-451 0376...**from the gold peaks of Heaven's high-piled clouds**...and on Sunday night at the Peoples Club, 5a Praed Street, Paddington, W2 sounds by Danny Cassanova and Frontline International. Doors open 10pm...**voices of soft proclaim**...next Monday at the Ace in Brixton is live onstage Son Of Man plus support from Brigandage and sounds from Brixton's own Nasty Rockers. Doors open 7.30pm...**and silver stir of strings in hollow shells**...and next Tuesday (22) Camden Festival presents an Afro-Caribbean evening at the Round House, Chalk Farm Road, NW1 with Ekome + Orchestre Jazira for a session of traditional drumming and dancing and Ghanaian highlife. Information: 01-267 2564...**and let there be beautiful things made new for the surprise of the sky children**...finally, issue number 13 of reggaezine *Small Axe* features Yellowman (cover), Mikey Dread, Congo Ashanti Roy, Phillip Frazer, news and reviews. Price 35p from Ray Hurford, 17 Hume Point, 2 Jersey Road, Custom House, London E16 3QP...**One Love**...



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CLUES ACROSS

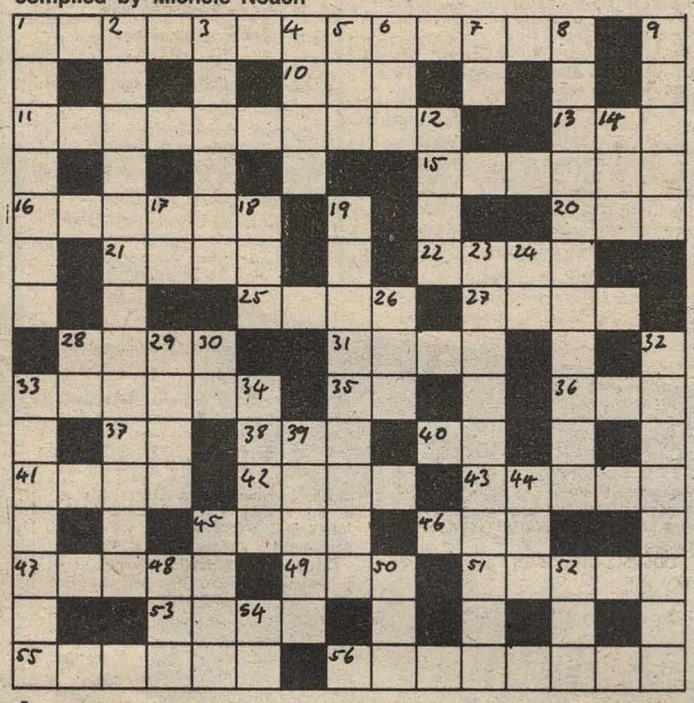
1+9D. Toon currently tipping the scales in the charts (3-3-7-5)
10. Once housed primitive man, but it's been repackaged (3)
11. Chrissie takes a sedative in the form of Ray Davies (1-2-2-5)
13. Concert, performance etc (3)
15. Stiff lady off on world tour this week (6)
16. Comic Clash man (6)
20. The insect in ole King Cole (3)
21. One of Dylan's ladies, found in a desert? (4)
22. see 51A
24. Ochs/Collins (4)
27. That was the comedy that was (4)
28. Seven or 12 (4)
31. Lady whose voice sounds like death cooled down messed up in iconoclasm (4)
33. *"Now ------ round people, wherever you roam"*, from 21A (6)
35. One of the 'Works' men, initials (1-1)
36. Janis' latter half also in her former (3)
37. Who shall overcome (2)
38. Abba got married five times (1-2)
40. The guy who keeps adding comments all over this paper (2)
41. Film type, or should I say genre (4)
41. Jaames, as in *The Godfather* (4)
43. What Joe Walsh was, very American certainly (5)
45. Le men that absolutely don't take polaroids for some reason or other (4)
46. Er, some new filing system or something (3)
47. Back in the '60s (cue rose-tinted glasses) it was of honey (5)
49. Initial initials before Young joined them (1-1-1)
51+22A. More lame goofs from Cabaret Voltaire (5-4)
53. '---- You Hit The Road', old Dionne Warwick number (4)
55. Female songstress sounding like a cross between toffee and a desert creature (6)
56. Bred from the sex gang (8)

CLUES DOWN

1. Once it throbbed (7)
2. Making a quick step into the charts (8-5)
3. see 6D
4. Has Nelson had his sunburst finish already? (4)
5. Up and coming all over the place Brixton venue (3)
6+3D. John, who got canned by the heat (3-6)
7+50D. Rip Rig lady gets split in two (2-3)
8. see 33D
9. see 1A
12. To hype or advertise (or block a sink) (4)
14. Those who arranged 32 Down's recent London performance (1-1-1)
17. Needed by live bands (1-1)
18. Preceded the scratch fad (3)
19. But..but I thought they played their farewell gig three weeks ago at ULU; obviously been saving themselves for a rainy day (9)
23. What world for Johnny Nash? (1-9)
24. Who Human League weren't sure you wanted (2)
26. Cautious/---/Service, Blondie and Costello (3)
28. Exhume Tull, I want the flautist's initials (1-1)
29. Sonny's partner is expensive in Paris (4)
30. Well, Cliff doesn't mean much to me either (2)
32. United Statesperson (8)
33+8D. Still in the dark about chromosome manipulation? (7-11)
34. *"It ain't Coca Cola, it's ----"*, 'Combat Rock' words (4)
39. Do this on a telephone, did you? (5)
44. Much fuss over Shakespeare about nothing? (3)
45. Much a part of 33 down and Ian Dury reckoned he was sweet (4)
48. He waits at the heart of Saturday night (3)
50. see 7D
52. Madness' house, but this one was no fun (3)
54. She's married to John Dankworth and famous in her own right, initials (1-1)

NME XPRESS WORD

compiled by Michele Noach



LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Spandau Ballet, 7 Lucy, 9 Underpass, 10 and 32A Nobody's Hero, 11 and 32D Happy House, 12 Bitch Is Back, 18 Ring Of Fire, 20 Gift, 21 and 17D Dark Side Of The Moon, 24 Run, 25 And I Love Her, 27 Eagles, 28 See 33 across, 29 Police, 31 Sue, 32 See 10 across, 33 and 28A Uriah Heep, 35 Spys, 37 Toto, 38 Used, 39 Twinkle Brothers, 40 Edge.

DOWN: 1 Southern Death Cult, 2 Andy Partridge, 3 Dirty, 4 Be Stiff, 5 See 7 down, 6 Tubes, 7 and 5 down Lydia Lunch, 8 CBS, 13 Cliff, 14 Ice, 15 Beki (Bondage), 16 See 19 down, 17 See 21 across, 19 and 16 down No Self Control, 20 Gene October, 22 David Essex, 23 Oh Happy (Day), 26 Relf, 30 See 34 down, 31 Shake, 32 See 11 across, 34 and 30 down I Die: You Die, 36 Shot

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Source NRS Jan/June 1982

From page 21

there. Nassau Coliseum was the same kind of feeling, being mesmerised.

"But I think watching Julian trying to drown himself in a swimming pool was one of my fondest memories — after having consumed, like the rest of us, probably more tequila than we'd care to remember the following day. He was trying to play Brian Jones or something."

"No, no, no," Glenn interrupts. "He was trying to see how many times he could clap his hands in a swimming pool before going under, and he suddenly thought, *Fuck me, this must be how Brian Jones died!!*"

Any regrets?

Chris gets serious. "I think one of the regrets the whole band should have is that they didn't talk enough among themselves about what was going on. It was very much a family when it began — but I think once we changed management and Julian left, it became a more insecure home to be in, like your parents had gone and your brother had gone too. Then after Jake (Riviera, the band's second manager following Miles Copeland), yet another change, and I think it just became more and more lonely, if you like.

"I think definitely the saddest moment was coming offstage in Jamaica (Squeeze's final, disastrous performance, at the Jamaican World Music Festival) — when we realised that really was the end of the band. Because although everybody was shocked when we told them, there was like a month before the band stopped working, so at least we were actually talking to each other.

"I don't think it really hit everybody until we walked down the stairs off the back of the stage. I have this everlasting memory of walking down the hallway in the hotel to get into the lift, and I knew that both John and Gilson were behind me, and I knew we'd get into that lift — and I was trying to compose in my head what would be said. All of the rest of the entourage with us actually stopped at the end of the hallway and let us walk on toward the lift, because they didn't want to be involved in it.

"And we got into the lift and I don't think anything was said. See you later, y'know?

"I think that's pretty sad — because I haven't seen them since"

Glenn: "It's all you can say really."

Chris: "Yeah, what more can you say? Suppose you'd better buy a *Melody Maker*..." He laughs, embarrassed. "Perhaps you'd better not print that."

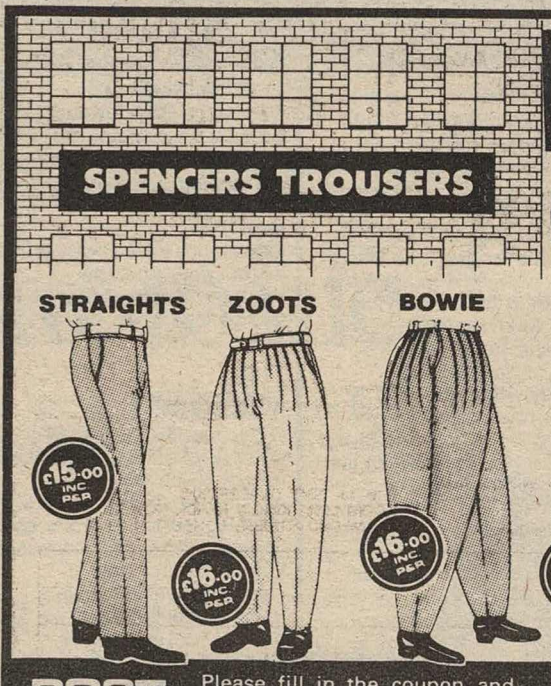
IN COMMON with the majority of the British public, buying *Melody Maker* is something which Difford and Tilbrook most emphatically won't be doing. Their diary now seems as full as it ever was.

As soon as *Labelled With Love* finishes in Deptford (though everyone is hoping for a *Yakety Yak* style West End run), Chris and Glenn are to work on another musical commissioned by Granada TV and due to be filmed in May. This new play will be based on an old Difford/Tilbrook song cycle called *The Elephant Girl*, concerning the problems of an Indian girl who falls in love with a white boy. Although they've already written about 15 songs for it — never aired — they intend to add fresh material.

They've also written the theme tune for a new Channel 4 comedy series starring John Alderton, and they have "several other projects up our sleeves".

As for another group...in time, maybe. "I'm by no means a member of the school that thinks being in a rock band is a treadmill," Tilbrook asserts. "I enjoy playing and I enjoy touring. But sometimes you get to a stage where you just want to rest a bit."

DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY



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PROTECT AND SURVIVE

The Truth Game (28/2/83). It is intersting to note that the IBA are waiting seven weeks before showing their programme designed to 'broaden the debate a bit'....Just enough time for most people to forget all about *The Truth Game*.
Neil, London E8.
***"But you and me know better/It's only propaganda,"* sang Kirk Brandon. Therefore, does it really matter? They (the Establishment, Big Brother Beeb, the IBA) refused to show *The War Game* and are obviously intent on covering up anything that smacks of the truth about this nuclear *danse macabre*. Fortunately most of us realise the 'truth' and the 'game' — only now we must start to change the rules — DD.**

MAD (MUTUAL ASSURED DESTRUCTION)

I'm worried. Heaven is at one end of the M4 and I'm at the wrong end. Is someone, somewhere (*in Summertime — Simple Minded Ed*) trying to tell me something? One knock for 'yes', two knocks for 'no' and three knocks if you didn't understand the question.

The question was simple. In the event of nuclear war, what happens next? I mean, after we're all dead, who gets all the thousands of unused bombs that are left over?
Joey Parrat, Barry, S.Glam.
Who knows ? The Government won't tell us. Probably the Queen or somebody that has an ermine-lined fall out shelter—DD.

FINLANDIZATION

I must agree with the ex-patriot Londoner, Sweden is indeed the ideal country. Just think of what they've contributed to world culture — the Volvo, Abba, and not forgetting good old Britt Ekland. I mean, where would we be without them?

Then there's the national sport of hunting elusive submarines (although it won't catch on here), and whether you care to admit it or not the suicide rate *is* one of the highest in Europe. Perhaps it's not quite the perfect country.

Quite frankly though, I'm surprised ex-patriot Londoner bothers reading a British music paper. Surely with the enormous output of creative Swedish music there's an alternative to the *NME*? *An Anglaise Rose (token foreign word)*, not *New Barnet*.
Swedes? They're vegetables. ain't they? — DD.

CIRCULAR ERROR PROBABLE

For those of you who tried to read my London Drugs Report last week and wound up with a headache, don't blame yourself — or me. The last third of the piece (starting "City Road is the only...", and ending "...A lot of them are going to need some serious help.") got transported into the middle and made garbage of the totality. I suppose I should come up with a good old quip about 'someone must have been on drugs or something' — but I'm not in the mood.
Andrew Tyler, London.

DO THE APOCALYPSO

In 'Positive Punk' (*NME* Feb 19) you mention a step forward through old ideals of peace and love. Myself, I'm tired of the old "I hate everything" punk, but reverting to the ideology of the hippies is not a step forward, it's a 20 year leap backwards. What's needed now is not a firm stand on a different pose, but a cold hard look at reality. And reality is something you Brits can't deal with.

You demonstrate against nuclear missiles one day, then wave your flags and shout 'Kill the Argentines' the next. You talk about Vietnam and Watergate, but how about your problems? When Americans demonstrate against America, that's *reality*. When Brits demonstrate against America, that's just covering up the fact that Brits are too smug to admit their own country is fucked up beyond repair.

Brits block out the reality of their own problems in two ways, one way is to pay no attention to British problems, by saying that America has similar problems and is worse off. The second way to block out reality is to hide in a new fad such as Positive Punk.

A new fad won't end the war in Northern Ireland, won't end the racism against blacks in the UK, won't end the National Front or your fascist monarchy.
Ed Norton, Allentown PA, USA
Of couse most of us aren't blind to the nasty facts of life in Britain. And of course it would be *so* smug of me (and so bloody easy) to mention El Salvador, the Klan or your demented dictatorhsip. Or the damage you seem intent on doing to a decaying country (and world). More to the point — who told you that 'Positive Punk' is anything more than a musical trend? Even if it was more, what's wrong with a little hope amongst today's youth? It would be more than bloody foolhardy to look to your side of the Atlantic for anything more than despair, ignorance and complacency — DD.

FLEXIBLE RESPONSE

Leaving music aside for a moment (let's have more Tracey Thorn!), I wonder whether you're interested in the fact that I find your left wing bias utterly boring too (re letter from 'A devoted reader', *Gasbag* 5.5.83).

You know that old adage 'If you're not socialist by the time you're 20 you've got no heart and if you're not Conservative by the time you're 30 then you've got no head'? It isn't true. The majority of my friends, including those on my Politics and Government degree course at Polytechnic, are not Labour supporters and many are Conservative — not because we're blind, selfish, bigoted or stupid, simply because we've arrived at certain political viewpoints through thought, experience and instinct.

Why is it that nearly all the *NME* journalists who ever express a political preference take a unilateralist and socialist stance, while any nationwide survey of 'young people' would indicate a wide range of views? I don't mind reading things which I disagree with (I buy the *Guardian* and the *Sun*) but I much prefer to read a spread of opinion, and I'm sure most people do too.

If you're going to include party politics among your (excellent) music coverage you've got to have some spread of opinion, otherwise you lose credibility. Your coverage of the music scene caters for a range of intelligent and interesting tastes, just as the music industry as a whole does. The political content of *NME* is concentrated in one area of the political spectrum, and it's boring.
Jeremy Hye, London E9.
Boring? A Doctor writes: "You are suffering from terminal exposure to Partly Satirical Broadcasts from the CONservative Party. Only continued reading of Plutonium Blondes and the present unemployment figures will cure you." Come on — come clean — you can't really believe in Toryism. "Thought, experience and instinct"? What experience have you ever had in your Poly's narrow confines? I can't wait to see you change when they axe your grant... — DD.

CIVIL DEFENCE

"Of course, the tragic level of unemployment in Great Britain is very sad (sic)." Just fuck off, 'Devoted Reader', if you knew anything about economics, as you claim, you could understand that the 'natural' state of unemployment so beloved of monetarist politicians could still be millions of miles away, especially considering our brave new scientific age.

The race for profits lurking in capital intensive industry is pushing forward, and nowhere in more prominence than in the arms industry. The proportion of GNP spent on arms in this country, and the USA and the USSR is increasing yearly, bringing us nearer and nearer to a choice of whether it is the people or the paranoia which matters most. And nothing protects high income investment better than low inflation, yet doesn't it all seem pointless if this investment just means profit for manufacturers and is intended never to be used?

If your 'Devoted Reader' could only feel the pain these policies have on the millions, not just in this country but worldwide, just for one second — no, but wait, I suppose he's alright, in fact he doesn't give a shit for the kids in Glasgow or elsewhere screwing themselves up on junk or even less for the people who can't even afford food, let alone junk.

And if this has nothing at all to do with music, as your demented reader might cry, I would care to remind him that Van Morrison many years ago now once mentioned: *"Everybody feels so determined not to feel anybody else's pain, No one making no commitments to anybody but themselves."*

And that man *is* music, even though he's not playing up north this time around — just in case nobody can afford the price of the tickets, so it seems.
Carl Lee, Firvale, Sheffield.
Sorry Carl — you obviously lack the 'thought, experience and instinct' that our old pal Jeremy knows so much about. Then again...and it's an interesting theory...maybe you're right. Which logically speaking (and all Tories know about logic) means that the Tories are wrong. Amazing! I've just come out with another typical *NME* left wing bias — DD.

ONE MEGATON

Paolo Hewitt, you are a BORE!! Your review of the Sex Gang record was a joke. Can you see what you're saying? Won't you realise how old and unfresh you sound? Why do people always try and compare bands like Sex Gang, SDC, Danse Society to punk? Well, the first mistake was the *NME's* label of 'Positive Punk'.

How can you slag off someone for looking a bit influenced by Johnny Rotten? You seem to still think wonders of the old punk days or you wouldn't mention how your extremely cool self "experienced it the first time around" maaaannn!!! Oooh! Very impressive, Paolo darling. I suppose the original punks had absolutely no influences and no one ever tried to look like any of their heroes, Bowie, New York Dolls, Iggy Pop, Lou Reed etc etc.... Oh silly me! What a ridiculous thought!

Now don't get me wrong, I don't know if there ever will be anything like punk again, but if there is, don't *you* ever hope to catch on to it, you've grown up and you've lost your edge.

OK, Marvin Gaye's 'Sexual Healing' is brilliant, but it's not half as sensuous as watching Andi of Sex Gang dance. When I first saw them (before I knew about them, or this "positive punk") I got very excited and I thought it looked sexy, *very* sexy.

No one goes to Sex Gang gigs to find answers or to escape — they're fun. You get dressed up and you go and dance. So there's "no future" in this? Tell me how many times, when you were 17, you thought about that. Who cares? It's only gigs, records, clothes and haircuts. You sound like someone's parents! Look, why don't you forget about trying to analyse this. You don't and can't appreciate it. In the meantime, why don't you flick through a few old copies of *Sniffin' Glue* and let us young whipper snappers get on with it!
Sacha
Sacha, congratulations! You win first prize in our *There-Must-Be-Something-Sensible-In-Positive-Punk* competition. Your prize — a holiday in a fall-out shelter with Andi, plus the new Blood And Roses single. Or as always, you can take the equivalent in cash — 35 pence to be exact — DD.

Andi and his ex-Panic Buttons (what a difference a new name makes) are a load of old bollocks. Let's face it, the Sex Gang Children have about as much talent as Adam Ant's left nipple. Do we really need another Bauhaus? Come on *NME*, leave 'em out!
Doddy Enatovich, Truro, Cornwall.
Close, but not close enough, Doddy. I must admit, though, we all laughed at the way you finished the tie-breaker 'Sex Gang Children what a kick, Andi Heyward what a....'. And we were thinking that you just couldn't rhyme 'panic' with 'kick'....brilliant. Wharragag! — DD.

EARLY WARNING SYSTEMS

I would like to say that according to my mum, when I was a wee small child in Pampers, I was heard to utter the word 'Kajagoogoo' and then be copiously sick. This confirms my undoubted status as one of the premiere visionaries of our time.
The Prophet Margin, Fulwood, Sheffield
Very Freudian this one, Mr Margin. But I like it. Unfortunately our 'Prophet Of The Week' award goes to a Mr.N.Tebbit who reckons that he once saw the end of the dole queue — DD.

DRAG EFFECTS

I gave up buying *NME* a few months ago because I couldn't afford it and I found it boring and unnecessary, anyway. The first issue I've read since then was the Feb 19 issue, at a friend's flat, with the 'Positive Punk' piece and the 'Flux Of Pink Indians' LP review.

The 'Positive Punk' article was the usual pretentious rubbish, though it was nice to see The Mob get their name dropped in such a hip manner. It's quite amusing really — the one-time local(ish) heroes are becoming almost fashionable (they come from Yeovil originally) but The Mob don't really fit easily in any musical category ("punk" is a pretty redundant word) and lumping them in with such boring poseurs as The Southern Death Cult and Sex Gang Children seems particularly strange.

All they have is your so-called "dangerous style", whose roots you accurately traced back to the Ants. Dangerous? Oh yeah — that Kirk Brandon punkabilly quiff and the sleeveless leather jackets really shook society to its foundations. I love silly hair and eye make-up and silly dayglo clothes (I'm notorious for it) — but it's because they *are* silly, and as for "style", "aesthetics" and so on — those were among the first ideas punk was supposed to have thrown out the window.

"Style" can be anything, it's a meaningless word. Anyway, it *was* good to see that someone's finally noticed that there are still punks around with some kind of imagination — though I'm sorry to disappoint you, but — it's the same old story — they've always been there.

Southern Death Cult, Sex Gang Children etc are boring because they pose without purpose. Enjoyable maybe, but they don't have the life of bands like The Mob or Flux — which brings me to... the LP review.

This was a cynical little piece, from the comment about "pin-up

Illustration: Peter Muller

DAVID DORRELL gets into heavy water with readers' letters.

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piccies of starving children" to the usual Garry Bushell-ist "hippy" accusations. Granted, putting pictures of the world's horrors on a record sleeve could be seen as the sickest extreme of consumerism — in any other context. But Flux aren't playing for money — they're passing on information, ideas and images which people might not get from any other source.

Are Flux's ideas really "an anachronism"? Of course they're idealists — not "pitifully implausible" though; you *have* to have some vision of the sort of world you want to live in if you're going to change the world you've got, however impossible that vision seems. The ideals of — dare I say it — love and peace don't go out of date, like a fashion — they apply now even more than ever, no matter how miserable Don Watson may be about the future.

Flux's ideas aren't "simplistic" either — just the expression of them; you try cramming all that horror, disgust, idealism and information onto one LP, it's not possible. You have to simplify and symbolise some things.

So "it's not violence but *mindless* violence that's the problem"? I don't agree, and neither do Flux. There's nothing "wet" or "hippy" about it — violence breeds violence, and as a result doesn't solve anything. If you don't believe that, there's no point in me trying to convince you — I haven't the space. All I can say is that you plainly don't know enough about the politics of anarchy, non-violence, and ecology to criticise it. I used to think Crass's lyrics were paranoid over-reaction too — but recent experiences have convinced me otherwise.

Your comments about "wet lefty stupidity" ("lefty"???) and "recreating the iron age",, etc betray your lack of knowledge. A good place to start is *Ecology For Beginners* published by Writers And Readers, a daft but alarming book which should convince you of the sense in the (admittedly clumsy) lyrics you quoted. The earth, and the human race are literally dying because of "progress", and quicker than you think (though, having grown up in the '70s and '80s, I prefer cities to the country anyway!)

Flux are not "hippies in punk's clothing" — they are not hippies or punks, they are people, justifiably angry, but thoughtful. Their anger would seem "misdirected" to you, because it's directed *at* you, along with everyone else who still finds violence between human beings acceptable.

You will not change people by destroying them — but you will make yourself as bad as them. Destroy power, not people. Flux stand for this, not wet hippy soggy liberalism but for care, humanity and real political suss — and that's something I, for one, *cannot* do without.

But then I'm obviously a hippy in punk's clothing — I mean, look how I'm going to finish this letter ... LOVE, PEACE, ANARCHY & All That Stuff — how *passe*, dahling.
Andi, Portland, Dorset

FISSION PRODUCTS

Due to circumstances beyond my control, I missed your weekly organ for the past year. However, a friend of mine has remained faithful to you and on recent discussion (of the same organ) has informed me that quite a few bands have split up since I stopped buying it.

He could only remember a few, so do you think you could publish a list of all the bands that have ceased to exist since April '82. The ones that I know about are — Duran Duran, The Who, ELO, Tears For Fears, Dire Straits, Orange Juice, U2 and The Undertones.
Paul McCafferty, Derry, N, Ireland.

Well, apart from the ones mentioned I can't think of any bar The Banana Gals — they've definitely split. Oh yeah — The Suitcases, they've packed it all in as well. Wait, wait, I've just heard that Collapsing New Buildings have crumbled and that 24 Hours have called it a day..... — DD.

T-ZERS

GET ON UP! Get get get on down and welcome to the funkiest *T-Zers* in town. Yes Sir! We all got a bad case — and I mean a *b-a-aaa-d* case of the old boogie-itis in us this week, so stick around ya Mothers because I, **Captain Funky** of the **Solar Patrol,** sho'nuff got some h-ooo-t! gossip flying round this funky stratosphere . . . *(Oh God, a whole column of ersatz street jive ahead — Ed)...*

Where to start my funkified children?

On the 8.10 from Weybridge to Waterloo, where startled business persons opened up their *Times* Monday morning, pens at the ready for the jolly old crossword, and found themselves subjected to an interview with that coolest of cats **David Bowie.** Yes that mother was burning let me tell ya.

Rapping about his new film, *Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence,* and his director, Japanese funkateer **Oshima,** Bowie says, "Oshima would set a parameter, describe the nature of a scene, state what he believed the conclusion should be and say, 'Right, what would happen?'. Then **Tom Conti** (Bowie's co-actor in the film) and I would say, 'Right, what would happen?' and work it out. We'd tell him we had an idea of how it would work and he would say: 'Okay; we shoot, go!' — and that was it.

"It was just like being in a workshop. A workshop with an enormous budget — for a Japanese movie that is." Sure sounds wild to us, but what of his new LP 'Let's Dance', what's the grooveline there? " 'Let's Dance' is probably the simplest album I've ever done. In fact, it was quite complex to put together, but I hope the overall impression is that it's one of the most positive, emotional, uplifting albums I've made in a long time."

Confirming his plans for a six-month world tour, David goes on: "I believe that there is a thread of meaning running through my life at the moment that I have no wish to break. I think that it's all leading somewhere very fulfilling and positive. And if I feel that way, I'll make every effort to make that part of my music . . ."

Sure sounds like he's getting down to us. Wish him a funky good luck y'all . . .

HE-A-VY VIBES my babies when Britain's new fighting sensation **Marc Almond** played with **Matt Johnson** at The Marquee last week. Outraged by a particular section of the crowd who were throwing plastic beer mugs still full of beer, Almond lashed out with his guitar and cut an audience member on the head.

Full of retribution after the show, Almond offered to buy a new shirt for the cat as his existing one was covered in blood. Let's hope that if he does, Marc picks a far *funkier* item than the threads he is currently sporting around town . . .

Hey! Fiery lady! The somewhat sexist jibes made at **Clare Grogan** by her former producer **Martin Rushent** on *The Tube* did not go without comment in the **Altered Images** camp. The increasingly big-headed Rushent was seen to mutter something about the 'flat' nature of a certain part of the Grogan anatomy (her palms?) And the Images riposte? Totally unfunkiably printable actually, apart from the fact that it refers to a rather more sensitive part of Rushent's not-so-fine white frame (his ears?) . . .

Richard Carpenter, although grief-stricken by the death of sister **Karen,** has revealed through a spokesperson (a person who wears spokes) that he plans to carry on with **The Carpenters** and is searching for a replacement. On Captain's funky short-list for likely contenders are **Boy George, Lydia Lunch, Andi** of the **Sex Gang Children** and **Vaughn Toulouse.** Well, it was just a suggestion . . .

More scam about the bereaved and the deceased. **John Belushi**'s widow **Judy Jacklin** has finally decided to come funkin' clean and tell the 'truth' about JB to *People* mag. And it was . . . just the fact that John gave her a bass before the Great Funkmaster called him away, and she's composed a musical tribute to him entitled 'West Heaven' which will premiere on American TV. Oh, yes. She's found someone else that "means to me I can truly accept John's death . . ."

And still groovin' you wild eyed funkateers, what's this?

Is it the Godfathers of heavy, heavy funk? Are they **Mr. Superbad** in disguise? No, just Aberdeen funky-punky-funksters **APB** walking round with brown trousers and glazed expressions having learnt that they are to support none other than their hero — ladies and gentlemen would you please welcome the hardest working man in showbusiness, **Ja-aaames Br-ooo-wn!** — at New York's Brooklyn Zoo club on March 25th . . .

Okay all you light-fingered cats out there, let's just get serious for a funky minute or two. Here's **Shaw Taylor** to tell you that **Kinks** bass player **Jim Rodford** had something like £3,000 pounds worth of equipment nicked from his car on Thursday. He'd parked at the junction of White Cross Street and Old Street, left his car for five-ten minutes and on his return found that he was missing a Fender double neck guitar, a Fender precision bass, an Hayman short scale bass, one Hagstrom bass/synth, one synth module and one Aria PGI500 bass. Any information concerning said above artefacts should be forwarded to Val in the Arista press office on 01-580 5566. While you're there see if you can blag a copy of **Mahogany's** 'Ride On The Rhythm'. Sure is a mother of a tune . . .

Among the burgeoning entourage on the just finished **Madness** tour were four wives, three girlfriends and a dog. The nutty mutt is called **Chappie,** belongs to keyboard maestro **Mike Barson** and even accompanied the band to their shows in Scotland. Didn't do anything in Crufts this year though . . .

Bow Wow Wow's plans to enlist Stiff supremo **Dave Robinson** in the making of their new video came to an abrupt halt after Robbo took one look at their chosen location — a stately home in the countryside — and decided the project was not for him. "Make mine a Guinness," he shouted in his rich Irish accent as he made a quick exit for London, the result being that the video has now been shelved . . .

Typical! Ten million people in 23 countries will be turning on their sets to catch **Sunny Ade** and **Kevin** 'Little Boy' **Rowland** and **Dexys Midnight Runners** at the Rockpalast annual event in Germany. Everyone except *us* because the funkin' BBC have refused to buy the show for transmission. Makes you glad to be British, eh? . . .

Watch out for Channel 4's new project entitled a *Partly Satirical Broadcast.* Presented by 19 year-old **Niki Berou,** the programme will attempt to explore why young cats like us don't go for the political beat . . .

Watch out also for our own **Richard** 'Positive' **North** who will be appearing, along with **Brigandage** and **Blood And Roses,** on London Weekend's *South Of Watford* to discuss, eh, 'Positive Punk'. The presenter is **Michael Moorcock** whom Richard, in a rare show of eloquence, described as "eh, positive, very positive . . ."

Leeds Detroitophiles (?) **Sisters Of Mercy** finally got round to recording their version of **The Stooges** '1969', a longstanding feature of their mother of a live set. Only the master tape has been stolen. By **Iggy Pop.** Apparently the tape was presented to the Ig by Sisters producer and **Psychedelic Furs** guitarist **Jon Ashton,** whereupon our Jimmy did a runner and now refuses to hand back the offending article. Meanwhile The Sisters are now including another cover version in their set, a version of **Dolly Parton's** 'Jolene' no less. Will she be similarly offended we ask ourselves?. . .

Back at *The Tube,* seems as if they're going out with a bang! Lined up for their last show is an interview with **David Bowie, The Clash** live at the Shea Stadium, unseen footage from **Dexys** performance on the show, plus **U2, Big Country** and **The Undertones** live in the studio . . .

Elton John consulting with **Liza Minnelli** for a film project which has involved both parties submitting to a very degrading screen test. Singing to each other maybe??? . . .

Simon Le Bon quoted as saying in *Sunday* magazine that he believes that both *New Musical Express* and musician's fanzine *Melody Maker* "wanted to smash the group into little pieces". There's still time Simon, still time . . .

Hey man! Like 1967 again. Apparently the **Echo And The Bunnymen** tour kicked off in Iceland, followed by gigs in the Isles of Skye and Lewis in the Outer Hebrides, because their manager believes there to be a ley-line joining all points. Pass the mushrooms and pass out . . .

Cock-up time. For a promo jape, CBS printed up 1,000 copies of **Toto's** horrendous hit 'Africa' in — hey, great idea this — African shaped picture discs. Only trouble was, the map they used for the record was something like 100 years out of date with most of the states — bearing names like Rura Urundi, Tanganikya, and French Sudan — named having now gained independence. A CBS spokesman said, "Yes I know about the record, but I don't want to see it in *T-Zers.*" You flatter us Graham, you really do . . .

London's squatting! A vicious rumour swirling round the office at the moment is that **The Clash** are now hiring out squats in which to conduct interviews with wide-eyed boys of the press. Also the old line they keep handing out about earning just £100 a week is apparently untrue. Double that sum six times and you'll be getting nearer the truth . . .

Chris Bohn near to tears as the news comes filtering through that Kraftwerk have turned down **Rusty Egan's** proposition to them to play at The Palace. According to **Florian,** Kraftwerk's leader, the stage just isn't big enough. Bleep! Bleep! y'all . . .

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